AUSTRALIAN

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*
AUGUST 1982 $2.50*

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL: INSATIABLE PORN QUEEN MARILYN CHAMBERS

LUXURY CARS: PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE BEST BUYS UNDER TWENTY GRAND

WINTER WINES: THE BEST REDS TO DRINK NOW AND LATER

OIL: THE CRISIS THAT NEVER CAME

Marlboro

Come to where the flavour is.

LEO BURNETT 2 2134 CC888/82

Chopard

GENEVE
St. Moritz LA COLLECTION SPORTIVE

The watches are equipped with the latest 2.5mm thin quartz movement with date and second hand. The cases are milled out of special stainless steel and 18ct gold. A scratch and shockproof sapphire crystal protects the minutely-worked dials. Each watch is guaranteed to a depth of 60m. According to the Chopard tradition, only a limited number are created and each watch carries its own serial number.

SYDNEY
Percy Marks PTY. LTD.
Jewellers, Opal & Gem
Merchants since 1899
79 Castlereagh Street
Phone: 233 1355

MELBOURNE
THEODORE
FINE JEWELRY
Southern Cross Hotel Foyer
THEODORE AT BUCKLEY'S
163 Collins Street
259 Little Collins Street
271 Bourke Street

BRISBANE
Xennox
Queensland's Award Winning Jewellers
Shop 68
City Plaza Brisbane
Phone: 229 6126
Cavill Mall
Surfers Paradise
Phone: 38 8652

ADELAIDE
Congdon's
TIME CENTRE
26 Rundle Arcade
Phone: 212 5897

PLAYBILL

REMEMBER the gloom of a couple of years ago? The stories about petrol costing more than any of us could afford, and how we'd all be riding around on pushbikes unless an alternative energy source was found immediately, if not sooner? Well, the good news is that it hasn't happened. Oil is getting cheaper. The bad news is that this is having a disastrous effect on Australia's oil exploration projects. Regular contributor **Chris Pritchard** this month examines a rather murky situation.

Whether oil is on the slide or not, it's going to be some time before we're driving block-long V8s again. And if you're in the market for a car right now, you could do worse than peruse motoring editor **Rob Luck's** guide to Lease-Limit Luxury Cars. Luck picks the best available buys for execs and aspirants under the $20,000 limit on tax deductible leases. **Howard Archbold** shot the accompanying photographs.

Still in a motorised movement vein, writer **Robert Reid** presents a moody and fascinating reminiscence on his misspent motor-cycling youth. Reid has been two-wheel cruising for a quarter of a century and he's seen all the trends come and go from *The Wild One* through to *CHIPS*. And he's still in love with leather and chrome.

Our interview is with writer/researcher/protestor/would-be barrister Wendy Bacon. The *enfant terrible* of the Sydney literary and academic scene of a decade ago — who outraged the judiciary when she appeared in court in a nun's habit emblazoned with obscene slogans — has matured into a quietly-spoken champion of the underdog, whose causes range from the fight against police verbals to the right of every woman to abortion on demand. Over many hours spent with writer **Liz Porter,** Bacon gave PLAYBOY her frankest interview ever.

When Mark McCormack cast his eyes around the centre court at Wimbledon a few weeks ago, he must have been pleased with what he saw. The clock, the hospitality tents, the soft drink trolley and most of the players were his, the property of his giant International Management Group. But McCormack's control does not rest with tennis, nor with golf. The man who trade marked Newk's moustache is the biggest wheeler-dealer in the world, as **Peter Ross Range** reveals in an absorbing profile.

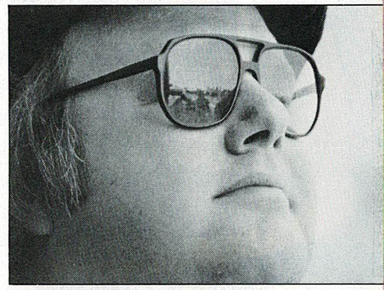
Entering now into the depths of winter (or the best we can muster in Australia in the way of a winter), we thought it timely to examine the state of the art of drinking red wine. A fine red can be just as pleasurable in midsummer, of course, but for our money a fireside night in late July is just about right. To help us in this endeavor, we enlisted the services of experts **Robert Mayne** (wine writer and former wine promotions man), **Sam Orr** (well-known humorist and lush) and **Mike Lawrence** (writer and general bon vivant). The result is a useful and highly entertaining guide to the best and worst in the old red ned.

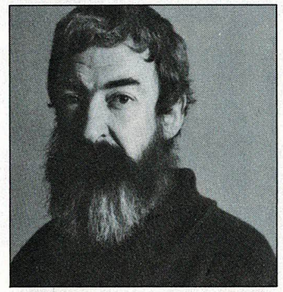
Elsewhere this month, **Tom Passavant** and **Conan Putnam** present a 10th anniversary audit of the industry that emerged from Watergate (the money involved will blow your minds); **Stephen Brouwer** contributes a fine piece of fict (or faction) about gentlemen who grow things in the Riverina; **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane de Simone** conclude Man and Woman; resident audio expert **Richard Timmins** looks at the new digital systems, and features editor **P.D. Jack** presents his second report from the Sinai.

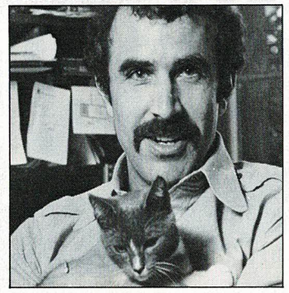
Our cover story, 20 Questions interview and lead pictorial is, of course, the insatiable queen of porn, Marilyn Chambers. **Neil Jameson** popped the questions (and there are some balltearers), while photographer **Graham McCarter** clicked the shutter during Ms Chambers recent, eventful Australian tour.

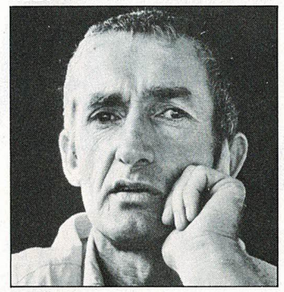
But the pictorial pleasures don't stop there. In addition we give you Playmate of the Month **Dani Ruechert,** lovely **Lourdes Estores,** shot in Hawaii by **Ken Marcus,** and 1982 Playmate finalist Elizabeth Chapman, photographed in Victoria's picturesque Otways by **Rennie Ellis.**

PORTER

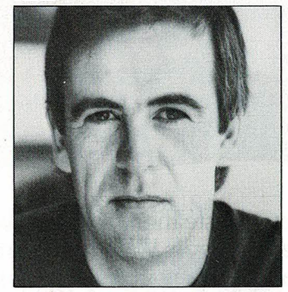

PRITCHARD


ORR

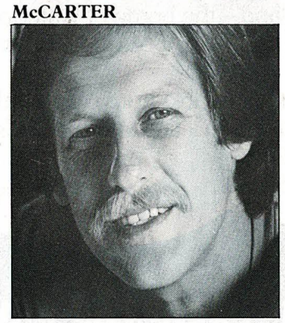

RANGE

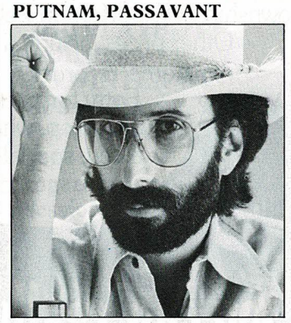

REID

TIMMINS


McCARTER

PUTNAM, PASSAVANT


BROUWER


MARCUS

2 WAYS TO TASTE THE WHISKEY IN WATERFORD.

1. New Waterford Cream is a skilful blend of fresh Irish cream and fine old Irish Whiskey. We say "skilful blend" because the whiskey is not drowned out by the cream and the cream is not overpowered by the whiskey. So when you take a sip—the first sensation is one of smooth mellowness followed by a delicious bite of whiskey as it goes down.

No other Irish liqueur can match new Waterford Cream. So the first way to taste the whiskey in Waterford is to buy some.

WATERFORD CREAM

IRISH CREAM LIQUEUR

Old Irish Whiskey

2. The second way to taste the whiskey in Waterford is to enter the "Taste the Whiskey in Waterford" competition.* Two lucky people will win an all expenses paid trip to the beautiful township of Waterford in Ireland—the home of Waterford Cream. Other prizes include a trail bike or $1,000 cash or a video home recorder.

Entry forms are available from your local hotel or wine shop, where you'll find Waterford Cream at a very special introductory price.

*Competition open to all people 18 years of age and over.

A.B. 1808/82

You can really taste the whiskey in Waterford Cream

DDB/MIS/340

PLAYBOY

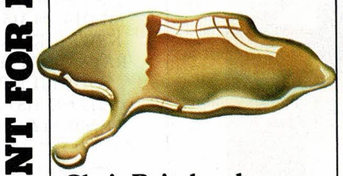
AUSTRALIAN ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
FORUM 15
MOVIES 18
BOOKS 20
MUSIC 24
BOOZE 28
ADVISER 31

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

Feminist, writer, academic Wendy Bacon, speaks out . . . 35

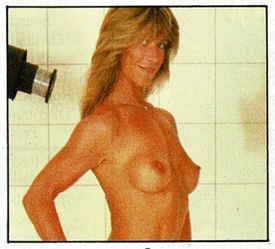
OIL: THE CRISIS THAT NEVER CAME



Chris Pritchard explains why the country's not running on empty 40

MOTOR CYCLE MADNESS
Robert Reid recalls the chrome and leather days of the Fifties . . . 44

MARILYN CHAMBERS IN AUSTRALIA

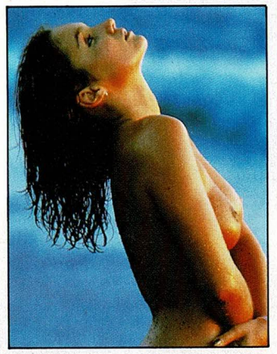


The queen of porn answers 20 Questions from Neil Jameson and poses for an exclusive pictorial by Graham McCarter . . 48

WATERGATE, INC.
Tom Passavant and Conan Putnam present a 10th anniversary audit of the industry that emerged from a petty crime 59

MARK McCORMACK, SUPERSTAR
Peter Ross Range profiles the man who owns Wimbledon and sold the Pope to England 62

DANI



Playmate of the Month, Dani Ruechert, photographed by Jurgen Domnich 68

LEASE-LIMIT LUXURY
Rob Luck presents an apres-tax survey of deductible wheels . . . 82

LEGLESS IN GAZA
P.D. Jack continues his fascinating Our Man In Sinai series 88

MIRACULOUS LOURDES

Delightful Lourdes Estores, photographed in Hawaii by Ken Marcus 93

GUIDO
Stephen Brouwer contributes a fine piece of fiction 102

PRISONERS OF CULTURE
Diane deSimone and Jo Durden-Smith conclude their Man and Woman series 106

DIGITAL DYNAMICS
Richard Timmins looks at sound ideas in laser technology 110

ANOTHER INDIA
Ian Jack explores the empty beaches of a crowded country . . 118

COOL CHANGE

Farewell, Elizabeth Chapman. Photographed by Rennie Ellis 121

THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO WINTER WINES
Robert Mayne, Sam Orr and Mike Lawrence get together for a drinking session 128

PIPELINE
Caviar 141
Hayman for the layman 145

AUGUST 1982

Cover: Marilyn Chambers
Photo: Graham McCarter

"Wine experts have called this Australia's classic white burgundy. But I'd be interested in your opinion."
"Could I have another?"
For wine lovers. Houghton White Burgundy.
HOUGHTON
White Burgundy
OF AUSTRALIA
A full-bodied, dry white wine which is unique to Western Australia and developed as a distinctive style from the noble Chenin Blanc and Tokay grapes. The Indian Ocean plays an important part in the production of this Wine. The long dry summer and cool ocean breezes at night combine to reduce the acidity found in grapes grown in colder climates. This wine leaves a pleasing softness on the palate and is usually served chilled.
WINE MADE IN AUSTRALIA · 750ml
VINTAGED & BOTTLED BY HOUGHTON WINES, PERTH W.A. H215
11% BY VOLUME ALCOHOL
McCANN HW017 AB1821/82

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher

PHIL JARRATT
editor
KEITH DAVIS
creative director

EDITORIAL
CAROL ASHDOWN production editor; SUSAN KUROSAWA copy editor; NEIL JAMESON, P.D. JACK features editors; KAY KLIMA assistant to the editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; WENDY ADNAM fashion editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, TONY MAGUIRE, CHRIS PRITCHARD contributing editors.

ART
BRUCE NICHOLSON art director; PAUL LACEY art assistant.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director (02 331 6566); PETER NOLAN sales manager; NANCY GRAY sales executive; victorian sales LEN DERRICK (03 519 984); queensland TERRY GARRY MEDIA (07 367 877); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); new zealand HENRY NEWRICK, (wellington 04 728 231); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DE FILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185); MONIQUE PASILOW traffic manager; MICHELLE BAKER administration.

FINANCE
BRUCE CARNELL financial controller; RONALD HOOPER credit manager; CONSTANCE CONNOR accounts payable.

CIRCULATION
TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
HARESH SHAH quality control (foreign editions); MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN FREEHILL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

Australian PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746 Darlinghurst NSW 2010, Telephone 331 6566 on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. Typeset by Get Set Pty Ltd Darlinghurst, Telephone 357 4276. Printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co. (HK) Limited. Distributed in all states by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, Sydney, Telephone 268 0666.

© 1982 Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd © 1982 PLAYBOY as to material published in the June and July issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia $2.50. New Zealand $3*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $30; Overseas, $A40 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
Elizabeth Chapman (Pages 121-127): Location courtesy of Scoop Asbury; hair, Michele of Acha. Luxury cars (Pages 82-87): Photos of Audi 5+5, Mazda 929 Sedan, Bill Forsyth.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

FRONT TO BACK

I have been a regular reader of Australian PLAYBOY since it was first released and I have never been disappointed in the magazine, until recently.

One of your trade marks was letting readers enjoy a story from start to end without making us skip from page 19 to page 120 to finish it. That trade mark, I thought, was unique. But, in recent issues, you have reverted to the likes of your American counterpart and other national magazines.

Why don't you go back to your original idea and make Australian PLAYBOY the unique magazine that it was?

D. R.,
Launceston, Tas.

We believe that a certain amount of "skipping" or "spilling" of articles at the back of the magazine makes for better balance of words and pictures — Ed.

REDS

I am writing to protest about your centrefolds. I will admit that an all-over sun-tanned body looks great and very sexy, but let's face it, not every woman is so blessed.

What about all those redheads out there? What have you got against freckles and ginger pubes? An un-tanned skin can be just as sexy (ask my husband).

I collect issues of Australian PLAYBOY and I've yet to see a real redhead in the centrefold. Why don't all you guys out there write and protest!

Chris,
Perth, WA.

I am writing in support of M.A.'s letter (April) titled Red Alert. As a redhead myself, I believe we are a suppressed minority. There is almost a practising discrimination against us; so many people have preconceived ideas about redheads, eg "All redheads are temperamental, hot-headed, stubborn and passionate."

Redheads are even considered by some narrow-minded people to be insipid and weak, especially here in this sunburnt country where the ideal is the "blonde bronzed body".

I'm one of the few fortunate redheads who can tan naturally so I don't stand out so much in a crowd in summer. But I still come in for a lot of stick over the other stereotyped conceptions.

Red hair is not a handicap. Some people find it very attractive. So how about giving us a fair go . . . and for Chrissake, don't call me "Blue"!

Amber,
Marmion, WA.

GREAT STUFF

Congratulations on the Billy Joel interview in May PLAYBOY. It was great! Of all the Billy Joel interviews I have read, this one would have to be the best.

Keep up the good work and we hope to read many more interviews of this standard in future issues of PLAYBOY.

F.M. and J.B.,
Perth, WA.

LAURELS FOR LYNDA

I'd just like to say how much I liked your May cover of Lynda Stoner. I thought it was fantastic.

Congratulations to Lyn Barron for being named Playmate of the Year. She is beautiful. Keep up the high standard of work.

Michael Hayes,
Salisbury, SA.

I was deeply touched by your interview with Lynda Stoner.

I am also deeply involved in the seal campaign situation. It's a pity some people get so rapt up in themselves (Ron Casey) that they can't see this disgusting slaughter facing the world. Keep up the good work Lynda, you're a truly remarkable woman and I'm on your side.

S.J.,
Ingleburn, NSW.

I really enjoyed your interview with Lynda Stoner in the May issue of PLAYBOY. She is truly one of the most beautiful and intelligent women I've seen. The full-page picture of her on page 61 is a real turn-on. Overall, your May issue is one of the best ever and I will keep it for a long time.

Scott Archer,
North Turramurra, NSW.

DISAPPOINTED

I would like to congratulate you on the quality of your publication but I was disappointed that there were only two pictures of Lynda Stoner with the article on her in May PLAYBOY. After seeing her on the cover, I expected more.

One more thing — after the promotional visit by Marilyn Chambers to our shores, what about a feature story and color pictures in an upcoming issue?

S. Rentel,
Mortlake, NSW.

See our exclusive pictorial beginning on page 48 — Ed.

DON'T THROW CLONES

Neal Akerman's critique of *60 Minutes* (May, 1982) was one of the *silliest* reviews I have ever read.

Here is someone writing for PLAYBOY — of all magazines — bemoaning the fact that the name and format of a television program are copied from the American original.

But that little hypocrisy is just a taste of bitter things to come. "Most stories in *60 Minutes,*" writes Akerman, with nose-twitching disdain, "have already appeared in newspapers and magazines."

My God, how penetrating! What a stunningly succinct condemnation of all television public affairs. When *60 Minutes* takes you inside Soviet-occupied Afghanistan, or allows you to see first-hand the effects of Agent Orange within Vietnam, or shows you Professor Fred Hollows treating eye disease in the remote outback — that's all a waste of time because all those things have been mentioned in print some time, somewhere.

Mr Akerman, of course, only needs to add — to round off his analysis — that most stories that appear in newspapers and magazines also appear in other newspapers and magazines. Why should *The Bulletin,* for example, bother with the Falkland Islands when *The Australian* has already done a story?

I don't know where Mr Akerman comes from, but I know where he could go as a self-styled television critic. And as for PLAYBOY — people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw clones.

Gerald Stone,
Executive Producer,
Sixty Minutes,
Willoughby, NSW.

COMIC RELIEF

When reading your article on censorship in Australia (April), I was reminded of some good that came from such action.

During the two decades that the importation of US comics was banned (1940-1959), a small but thriving local comics industry emerged.

Although this product was also subject to some censorship (eg guns, and even cigarettes were often carefully "whited" out), at least it proved that Australian comic book story tellers/artists could equal, and even surpass, the quality of their American counterparts.

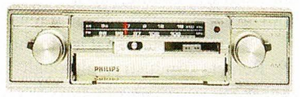
The advent of television was one of many factors that led to the ultimate demise of the industry, although there are still a few artists who have been able to remain in this field. Most notable of these would perhaps be John Dixon (*Air Hawk* adventure strip) and Jim Russell (*The Potts* daily cartoon strip).

Nat Karmichael,
Pearce, ACT.

Swing high, sweet chariot.

AC748S AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Auto reverse, built-in FM noise blanker, locking fast forward/rewind.

AC998 AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning for five pre-selected stations, built-in FM noise blanker, auto reverse, locking fast forward/rewind, fader control, key-off eject.



AC738S AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Auto tape eject, built-in FM noise blanker, locking fast forward/rewind.

AC818 AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning for six pre-selected stations, auto tape eject, locking fast forward/rewind, IAC (Interference Absorption Circuit) on FM, automatic switching from tape to radio.

AC918 High Power AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning, separate bass/treble control, locking fast forward/rewind, auto reverse, *Dolby Noise Reduction System, tape selector for normal/chrome/metal tapes, built-in high power amplifier.

'Ferrofluid Cooled' Speakers.

EN 8875

EN 8855

EN 8875 Dome Co-Axial System.
2x60 W. max. 165mm diameter.
EN 8855 Dome Co-Axial System.
2x50 W. max. 130mm diameter.

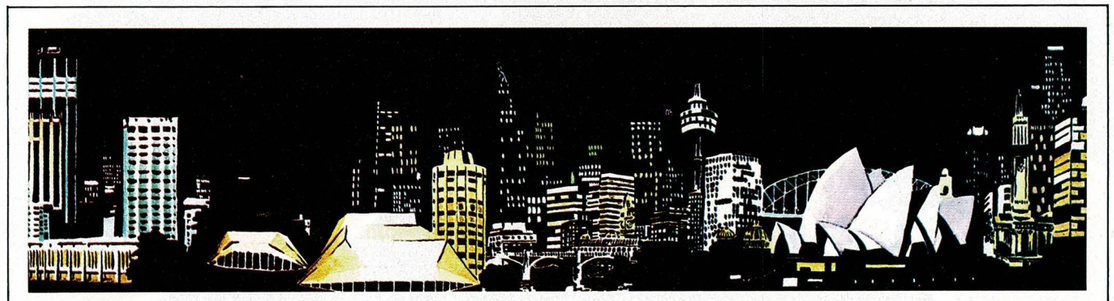
*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

PHILIPS

PHILIPS **We want you to have the best**

McCANN PCPD 3005

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CREATIVE WRITING

Members of the New York Police Department recently listed some examples of drivers' descriptions of their accidents in 30 words or less. Here are some of the smashing replies:

"An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle and vanished."

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him."

"The indirect cause of the accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth."

"I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car."

"I was on my way to the doctor with rear-end trouble when my universal joint gave way, causing me to have an accident."

And we thought it was the New York *subway* that was supposed to be dangerous!

SCOOP

Daniel Samper Pizano, a columnist for Bogota's *El Tiempo*, noting that Latin-American governments collapse with alarming frequency, has concocted an all-purpose coup story that can be used over and over again. It reads:

"Last night, General . . . declared a state of emergency in . . . for reasons of national security. The exact whereabouts of . . ., president of the principal workers' group, was unknown. After dissolving the unions, General . . . went on TV to explain the martial law. The army interrupted all communications to the outside and suspended publication of . . ., . . . and . . ..

The president of neighboring . . . gave his clear support to the new government and warned other nations against anyone opposing General . . ., 'his old friend and ally'."

DEAD ON TIME

And we thought Telecom could do with a kick in the arse . . . in Thailand, the Telecommunications Authority had been ordered via the courts to pay 20,930 baht ($840) compensation to a man whose wife died of shock after receiving a wrongly-worded telegram.

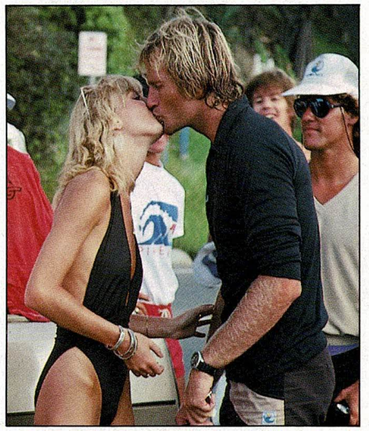
The man's daughter, Oy, sent the telegram to her parents. It should have read: *Oy thung Kaeng Khoi laaew* — Oy has reached Kaeng Khoi already. But, the actual telegram opened by her mother read: *Oy thung kae kam laaew* — Oy is dead.

We feel a bit sorry, too, for the crowd who attended a recent fun fair near the northern Thai town of Chiang Mai. A grenade fell off a soldier's belt while he was dancing at the fair, injuring 46 and killing four of the festive throng.

FOWL PLAY

At the request of a local police chief, a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates has introduced a bill to outlaw sex with animals — especially chickens. According to newspaper accounts, the delegate claims that the chief had had a case of suspected chook abuse and he couldn't make hen houses safe until such a law was adopted.

The chief did say that the problem wasn't exactly reaching epidemic proportions but he noted that when the legislature revised West Virginia sex laws in 1977, the prohibition against bestiality was somehow deleted. He recalled that there had been a celebrated case of someone sexually molesting a llama at the National Zoological Park in Washington DC but he also admitted that the story had never actually been confirmed by zoo officials.



Simon Anderson (above), a place-getter in the recent Surfing Special charity event staged at Kirra on Queensland's Gold Coast, added to his score by homing in for a congratulatory kiss from lovely Lyn Barron, our Playmate of the Year.

Meanwhile, police in Miami Springs, Florida, found a badly-injured duck near a parked car containing numerous feathers and took the dying bird to the nearest medical centre where doctors pronounced the injuries, "compatible with sexual assault".

The police later arrested a man whose clothes were infested with duck feathers and charged him with cruelty to an animal.

HALF-FARE

Full marks to the driver of a Sydney bus on route 374 along punk-infested Oxford Street. When a youth sporting spiky multi-hued hair loudly inquired the fare to Martin Place, the driver quickly replied: "Thirty cents for you mate, and 15 cents for your parrot."

FANCY FITNESS

According to the management of the recently-opened Centre 67 on the top floor of Sydney's MLC Centre tower, this sporting club is the largest and best-equipped complex of its kind in Australia.

Managing Director, Alf Moufarrige, believes the new club fills the need in Sydney for an exclusive sporting complex along the lines of the Honolulu Club, New York Athletic Club and top clubs in Europe.

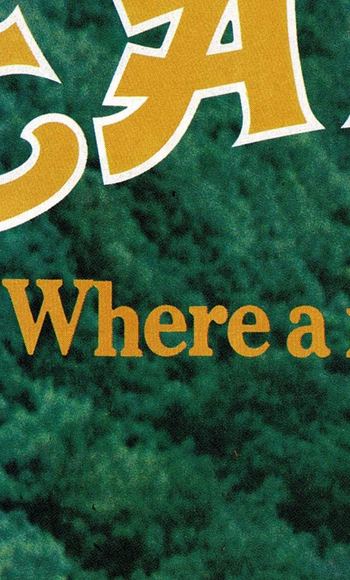
67 features separate male and female gyms, mixed and segregated saunas, an 18-metre swimming pool, squash courts, restaurant and bar.

The Centre has been designed around the aerobic circuit training method which involves raising the heart beat to the desirable level for the individual and maintaining it at that level for the period of exercise. Using this method, 20 minutes of exercise three times per week is considered sufficient for the average man or women to achieve fitness and to stay fit.

Annual subscription and joining fee for all this sophisticated suffering is $400. Early membership figures show that top-level executives have been quick off the mark to join the race against fat and fatigue.

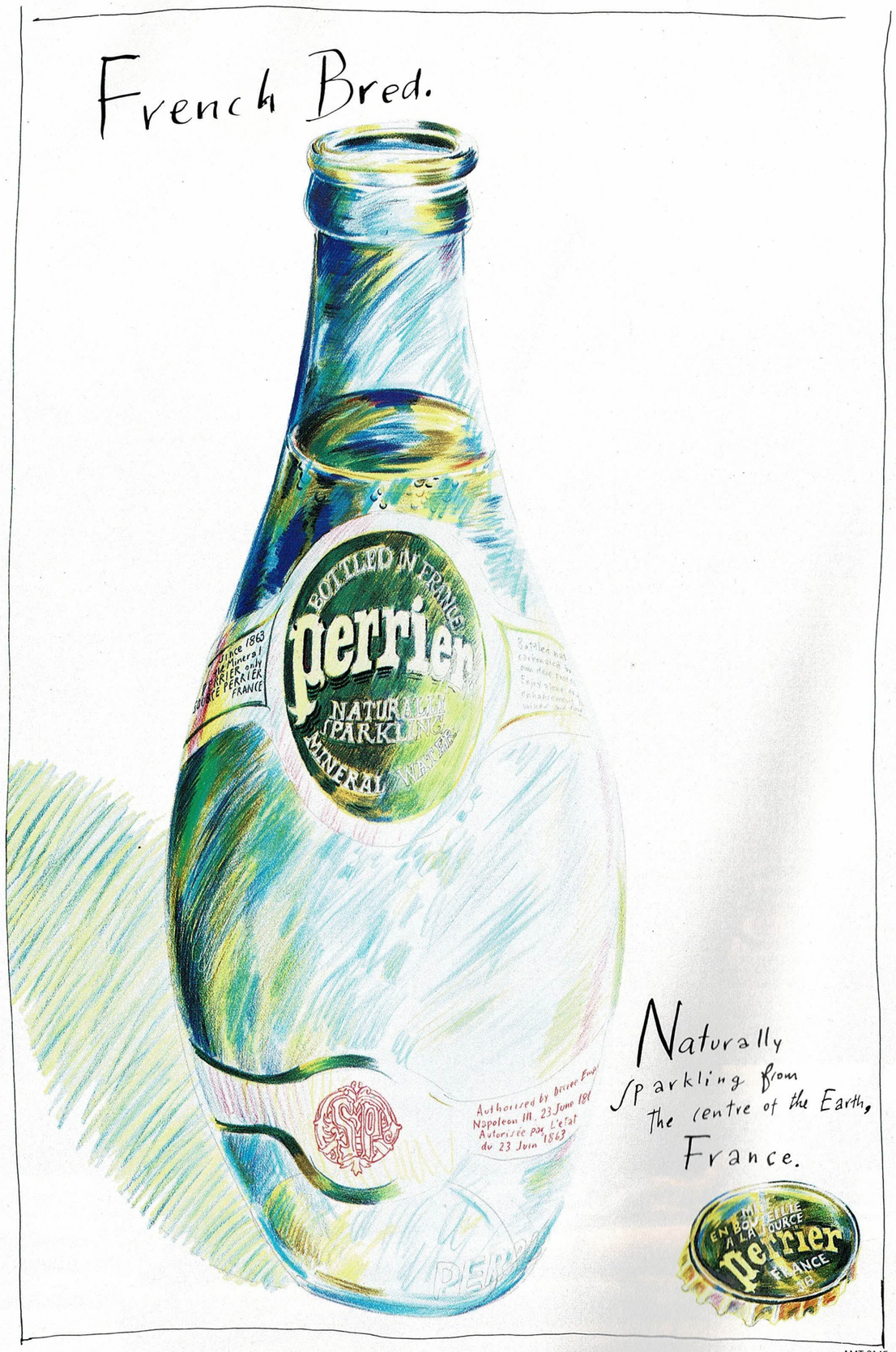
CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

RJR 3787
CC.856/82



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SIDE BY SIDE

South Africa and Australia are among the most developed countries in the southern hemisphere and, as such, have important roles to play in the progress and development of this sector of the world and especially of their regional neighbors.

Deriving largely from common stock, their peoples should co-operative fully to this end, but unfortunately — many feel — such co-operation is not as close as it might be and should be.

As a magazine editor in Australia and with influence to mould trends, you would, I presume, be interested in factual information about progress in South Africa and about the potential implications for Australia.

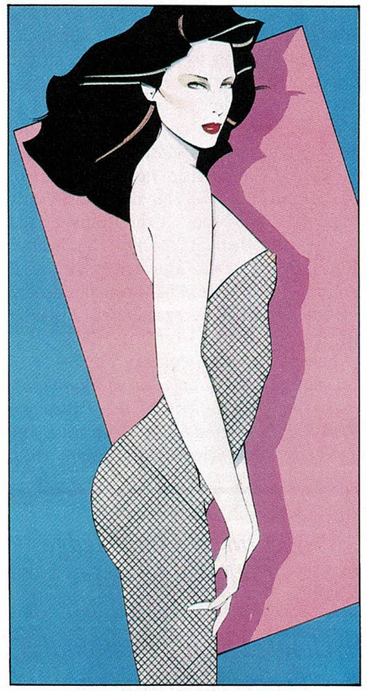
Mineral deposits found in South and southern Africa are considered, in many respects, to be vital to the Western economy. Some even, are only to be found in either South Africa or Siberia. Should the subtle strategy, designed by Lenin and practised by his successors, to throttle the Western world's supply of raw materials succeed, Australia would also most certainly be disadvantaged.

The F/A-18 Hornet fighter planes recently ordered by the RAAF from McDonnell Douglas are likely to contain an important range of components manufactured from, or consisting of, South African non-fuel minerals, vital among other things to modern aircraft technology.

Traditional lines of co-operation and communication between Australia and South Africa should be maintained and not allowed to deteriorate progressively. They could even be enhanced by a far more comprehensive alliance to protect the interests of the Western World against the "resources war" now being launched against it. Australian exports to South Africa have shown an increase over the last three years from $65 million in 1978/79, $95 million in 1979/80 and $132 million in 1980/81 in spite of a strained political relationship between the two countries. The potential market has thus far been only superficially exploited and leaves vast room for improvement.

The strained Australia/South Africa relations have in recent years become an anomaly, if seen in trade as well as general terms, and seem to fail to keep pace with developments.

Revolution, insurrection, destabilisation — any of these manifestations in South Africa would not only ensure Marxist expansion into this vital region (that safeguards the West from the ill effects of a stranglehold on raw materials and strategic minerals as well as a jeopardised sea route — the sea lane carrying the heaviest traffic in



the world) but would also decimate the present economy which provides employment, training and an ever-improving life style to Third World peoples within South Africa and the independent neighboring states.

Under present circumstances, a change in Australia's attitude towards constructive engagement in South Africa will be in line with major forces in the West and open up a host of new opportunities for Australia.

W. Bosman,
South African Embassy,
Canberra, ACT.

Mr Bosman's direct mail advertisement for his government's policies has been shortened for publication. You didn't miss anything important. The onus is — as it always has been — on South Africa to rethink apartheid before our links can be renewed. And that goes for cricketers as well — Ed.

FLOOD OF LETTERS ON THE FRANKLIN

James McQueen's article on Tasmania's Franklin River (PLAYBOY, April) has brought a veritable flood of correspondence. The letters we've received have been either very complimentary or harshly critical. Here's a sampling of those in the latter category, with replies by McQueen:

The factual errors in your article on the Franklin River are incredible. If Mr McQueen is a resident of Tasmania, it's difficult to understand why he's not aware, for example, that the Franklin is no-where near the last wild river in this State. His reporting of the political scene may be entertaining, but is completely misleading. A few examples:

- He omits to mention Doug Lowe's less than helpful role in the 1979 Federal ALP campaign in Tasmania.
- Unions did *not* demand a shorter week.
- Doug Lowe was *not* opposed to the Franklin scheme from the start. He changed his mind more frequently than Don Juan changed lovers.
- No mention is made of one of Doug's major flaws: he'd promise anything to anyone.
- McQueen failed to check several points with the Miscellaneous Workers' Union even though he gives this union a prominent role in his article. In particular, he states that the union is headed by Leo Brown who is also ALP President. Mr Brown does not head this union and doesn't even represent it at ALP or Trade Union meetings. He represents the Gas Employees at meetings of this nature.
- It is completely untrue that the ALP "machine" forced Doug Lowe to drop the "no dams" option from the referendum.
- His claim that the "Broad Left" dominates all issues is absurd.

Mr McQueen may, as you say, be a Taswegian, but his article shows no evidence of having tried to find out what really happened or what were the real motives of his very limited range of interviewees. Were your photographers to adopt the same approach with their work, your Playmates would appear in raincoats and we'd all be left wondering what's really under there.

Much of Mr McQueen's interpretation of reality, whilst perhaps harder to disprove than the points mentioned earlier, is equally off the mark. The intellectual capacity of State Parliament may not be very imposing, but to describe Mary Willey as a "born operator, quicker and smarter and probably more intelligent than anyone else in Parliament," makes one suspect that he only spoke to Willey and Lowe.

Perhaps next time you have an article on Tasmania, you'll find someone who is less partisan and/or incompetent.

N. T. Hanscombe,
Branch Secretary,
The Federated
Miscellaneous Workers'
Union of Australia,
North Hobart, Tas.

James McQueen replies:

When I did the research and interviews for the article on the Franklin River, I was

continually being confronted with people either directly or indirectly involved with politics. Not unnaturally, I found that seldom did two of them have the same version of events, personalities or issues.

When that happens, there's a number of things you can do; you dig further, you can look for corroboration, you can take cross-bearings. But truth, at least in politics, is like a floating crap-game, hard to pin down. And in many cases you have, in the end, to make your own judgements. When this happened to me, I always asked myself the question: Cui bono?

If readers wish to test the relative veracity of Mr Hanscombe and myself, they may well ask themselves the same question.

John Green, a barrister and solicitor of Moonah, Tasmania, wrote us a lengthy letter dissecting McQueen's Franklin River article. Green maintains that as a member of the Tasmanian ALP for 18 years and a member of the House of Assembly from 1974-80, he is in a better position than McQueen to comment upon the State Party.

Paraphrasing the contents of Green's letter, he states that Lowe *did* receive a very large vote in 1979, but that was not a personal vote because the ALP conducted its campaign around Lowe as a leader, and a vast majority of the $80,000 or so spent by the State ALP gave personal priority to Lowe himself. He further comments that Lowe's record in other elections was less impressive — he was defeated when he first stood for Parliament, and was elected on the preferences of other Labor candidates when he stood for the House of Assembly seat of Franklin in 1972.

Green questions the tactics employed by Lowe to gain the votes needed to dominate the Cabinet elections after the 1979 State election. He also questioned Lowe's treatment of speaker Davies and minister Eric Barnard during the course of those Cabinet elections.

Green claims that McQueen's statement that Lowe had "rejected, quite brusquely, a (union) demand for a 35-hour week," is not accurate. Green says Lowe had thrice indicated he would accede to that demand, but later he publicly repudiated that promise.

Green disagrees with McQueen's description of the broad Left of the ALP, and he defines that faction as: "A meeting of ALP members, both branch members and union officials, some of whom were socialists, most of them were less ideological and it was neither conservative nor anti-conservationist. Most of the people who were considered to be Lowe supporters were at one time or the other members of the broad Left."

Green goes on to advise that there are many union officials in Tasmania who would oppose the flooding of the Franklin River, but the rank and file of those unions hold a contrary view and those union leaders are bound by the decisions of the rank and file as expressed through the State Councils and State Executives of those unions.

Green refutes the information given on Mary Willey in McQueen's article particularly regarding her personal popularity and reasons for leaving the ALP. He chronicles the steps leading to Lowe's downfall and concludes that he fell because, "He just was not capable of doing the job."

Green states that he was the only Labor candidate who was opposed to the flooding of Lake Pedder when he first stood for Parliament in 1972, he has consistently opposed the flooding of the Franklin, and he is sympathetic to McQueen's beliefs. But, "McQueen's knowledge of ALP politics is limited and has been clouded by his emotional beliefs regarding the Franklin River," concludes Green.

James McQueen replies:

I may be a bit paranoid about information emanating from officers of the Tasmanian ALP, but their record for telling the truth over the past year or so doesn't inspire much confidence. So I'm a little sceptical about Mr Green's letter.

"McQueen's knowledge of ALP politics is limited and has been clouded by his emotional beliefs regarding the Franklin River."

Once again, there seems little point in arguing about minor points. Green won't persuade me, nor I him. I would only point out that the information in my article came from a number of sources, both inside the ALP and out. Mr Green's remarks seem a half-hearted attempt to justify the actions of the Tasmanian ALP in one of the most despicable and cynical exercises that Australian politics has ever seen. It is interesting to note that neither he nor Mr Hanscombe will go into print on the point that is crucial; the cynical and expedient use of the Franklin dam issue by the Tasmanian ALP in an endeavor to save a political party that has long since ceased to be worth saving. The Holgate government has tried to sell off the Franklin for a little longer in office. It hasn't worked, and no amount of nit-picking by Mr Green will make it work.

UP THE DRAFT

I would be interested to hear comments from other readers on the reintroduction of conscription. Surely this would be an ideal way to help the high rate of unemployment and crime by channelling the energies and skills of our young men into worthwhile service for their country. This would also act as a deterrent for those migrants who just see Australia as an easy place to live but not a country that they'd fight for.

R.L.
North Adelaide, SA.

A YEN FOR STYLE

I've enjoyed the motoring columns in the last few issues of PLAYBOY very much and find it a relief that your writer has been testing decent, gutsy European cars instead of boring old Jap claptraps. I'm sick of having Datsuns, Toyotas and the like shoved down my throat. They may be economical but they sure lack any real style or quality and surely that's what the joy of motoring should be all about.

F.N.
Nedlands, WA.

POLLY PAY

When I was a schoolboy, I was in favor of paying politicians fairly big salaries, because I swallowed the line that unless the material rewards were there our best brains would go into business rather than into working for the nation. Perhaps I was so gullible because I hoped one day to become a Member of Parliament, but nevertheless there was a logic to the argument.

Now, 20 years later, I note politicians' salaries have been constantly going up — even more than the rate of inflation — and yet I detect no great exodus from business of the best brains to go into government. Instead, there is the usual bun-rush of minor real estate agents, failed stock-brokers, and second-rate "executives".

Further, if we look back over the past 100 years we see politicians' salaries have always been on the way up (in real terms); yet there has been no great increase in the quality of people elected to Parliament. Name ten 1982 backbenchers (if you can) and I'll bet they are no less lazy, incompetent, or venal than any 10 backbenchers of Alfred Deakin's time.

Simply, is Malcolm Fraser, on $100,000 plus a year, better than Billy Hughes, who did it for peanuts?

The next time I read the arguments these bragging oafs put up to justify them filching an ever-increasing proportion of the public purse, I will say a prayer for any wild-eyed revolutionary who picks politicians for this target.

As if it was not enough for us to put up with the results of their stupidity, but pay them good money as well.

Just another point: if they really believed, as they claim, to be able to cure inflation and unemployment, they could agree to take salary cuts every time the CPI or unemployment figures went up. Had politicians done this since 1952, they would now be paying money back to Treasury, instead of being the bloated drain on it that they are.

G.B.H.,
Earlwood, NSW.

New Toyota Corona.

You'll find some startling changes between the new Corona and its predecessors. Style strikes you immediately – refined lines with improved aerodynamics for less drag and greater fuel efficiency.

Inside, space is the big surprise. More headroom, greater rear passenger legroom and new, body contoured seats. The steering wheel and dash are also new, with highly styled dials for easy readability.

Out on the road, further revelations. Precise handling, thanks to Toyota Suspension Tuning, smooth, dependable 1.9 litre power and a quietness of ride that betters anything in its class.

The top-of-the-line XX model gets 5 speed transmission matched to an all new 2 litre power plant with an alloy cross-flow head and electronic ignition. And the CS model has the option of 5-speed manual transmission.

The new Toyota Corona goes anywhere in style. And adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else. Optional extra: Toyota Air factory integrated air conditioning.

Something special for you.

TOYOTA

AMF8271

MOVIES

Old joke: why is the Australian male like a koala? A: Because he eats roots and leaves. It's a gag that uncomfortably reappears out of the mists and swamps of the Neanderthal landscape of *Quest For Fire,* a stunning exercise in science fantasy so outrageous that it almost defies you not to take it seriously while all the time knowing that it's got you hooked.

French director Jean-Jacques Annaud's primeval personnel stumble around his breath-taking locations displaying bad posture and even worse habits and generally pulling off the old eats/roots/leaves routine in the manner of both eucalypt and pie-eating Australians. But once you tune into the slapstick slap'n'tickle that Annaud injects so enthusiastically into his film, the enormous scope of the movie becomes apparent.

Quest For Fire takes us back 80,000 years to when fire was man's (and half-man's) most prized possession. The tribe that had fire, had power. It also had defence problems as Annaud loses no time in showing us. He serves up some gruesome mega-violence — all legitimate, of course — to emphasise that these weren't the days of "excuse me buddy, can you give me a light?" In such a bloody encounter, the Ulam tribe loses the fire it needs to stay alive and a little hit squad is recruited to set out in search of it. They have no knowledge of its creation, so the lost flame must be stolen back.

It is a savage journey through an aggro world in which other human life, wild beasts and natural elements all had Zero Population Growth on their minds. It is also a journey of enthralling discovery for the Ulams. They add love, jealousy and humor to a repertoire of emotions that previously consisted of hunger. They discover several applications of the maxim that where there's smoke there's fire, they discover the moon as a sex aid, missionary position coitus and the galling fact that women have been a bit brighter than men from the beginning.

Prominent in the production's skite list are Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris, of all people, who created special languages and body language/gestures respectively. Fair enough, without an identifiable word in the whole movie, they do manage to communicate with each other and, eventually, with us.

The cast notable is Rae Dawn Chong who plays the world's first groupie and who, it turns out, is the daughter of Cheech & Chong's Tommy Chong. And a big Bronx cheer to associate producer Michael Moore who dared to give us sabre-dentured tigers and flokati-covered elephants as mammoths. It doesn't matter much where you put *Quest For Fire* on the credibility scale . . . it'll snap your brain before you begin to analyse it.

Rae Dawn Chong as the world's first groupie in Quest For Fire.

Ontkean and Jackson provide a heterosexual interlude in Making Love.

Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek as Horman's loved ones in Missing.

●

"As each era comes along," says director Arthur Hiller, "you deal with what is relevant to that period." It's just a bit of a worry because he's comparing his 1970 success, *Love Story,* with his 1982 hopeful *Making Love* . . . and the new message is that if your marriage partner turns homosexual, be a good sport about it.

John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* actually charted this territory 10 years ago, and with a good deal more depth. But Hiller's is a sensitive film, and honest too in that it never pretends to say other than that homosexuality must not be accepted merely as an alternative lifestyle. After eight years of marriage, Claire (Kate Jackson) and Zack Elliot (Michael Ontkean) appear to have it pretty much together. Shock, horror, then, when we find that Zack is also getting it together with Bart McGuire (Harry Hamlin).

Zack is a doctor and Bart a novelist who cruises the gay bar scene without ever committing himself to a relationship. In discussing his problems with Dr Zack, he becomes the alarm bell in Zack's sexual awakening.

Making Love succeeds both as an effective human drama and as effective "Gay is Good" propaganda in depicting the scenario as what could be the classic eternal triangle if it wasn't for the fact that it's the two guys who are getting off together.

The promo calls it, "the sensitive story of a courageous husband and wife who deal honestly with their problem." That's some clue to the understatement.

●

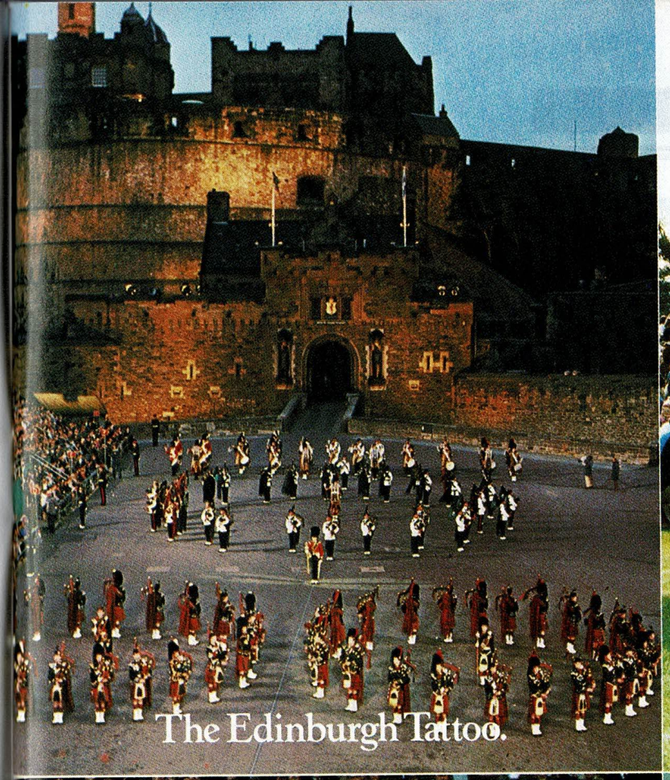
The aggressive stance that has become the signature of director Costa-Gavras on films such as *Z, The Confession* and *State Of Seige,* is as indelible as ever on his latest offering, *Missing.* Based on the story of Charles Horman, a young American writer and film maker who disappeared during the right-wing coup in Chile in 1973, *Missing* provoked the US State Department to release a highly-irregular statement on sensitive issues raised in the film.

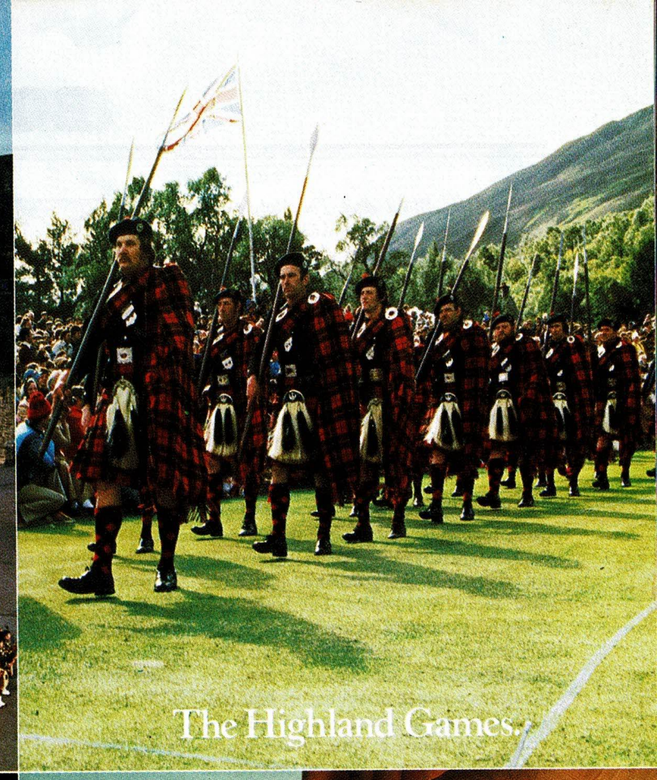
At the height of the military coup that overthrew the Allende government in Chile, Horman and his wife, Beth, became separated during a curfew. When she returned home, the house was ransacked and her husband gone. Neighbors reported that he had been taken at gunpoint to a truck. A witness saw the vehicle enter a soccer stadium used by the police as a camp for political prisoners. Horman was never seen again. The circumstances of his disappearance and death were never explained.

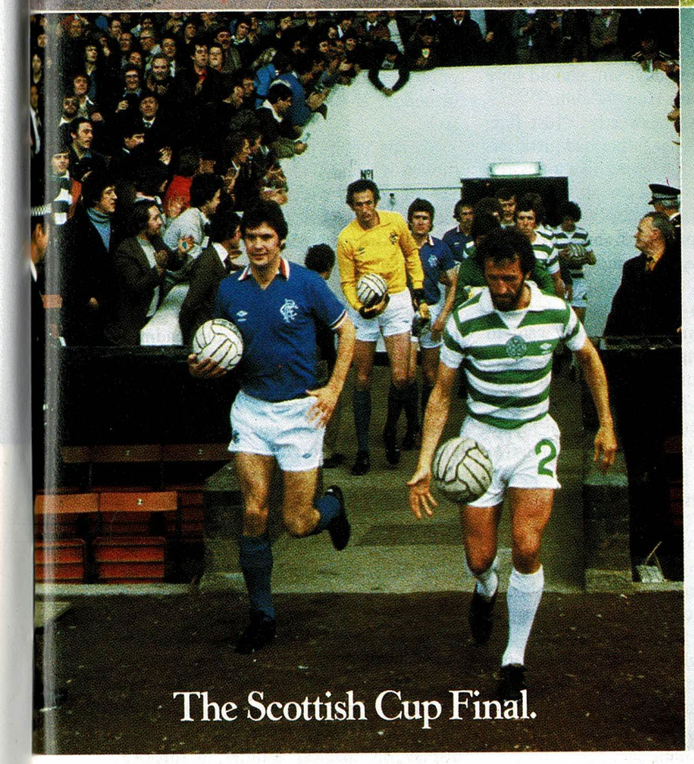
Newcomer John Shea plays Horman in the movie but the major roles are those of his wife (Sissy Spacek) and father (Jack Lemmon). Pseudo-documentary and particularly subjective pseudo-documentary, doesn't allow much latitude for the injection of personality into the roles, but here there is a nice inter-action between Spacek as the wife and Lemmon as the father. She loves her missing husband and shares his values. His father loved him but was unable to comprehend his values. It is not only good acting, but good directing of good acting.

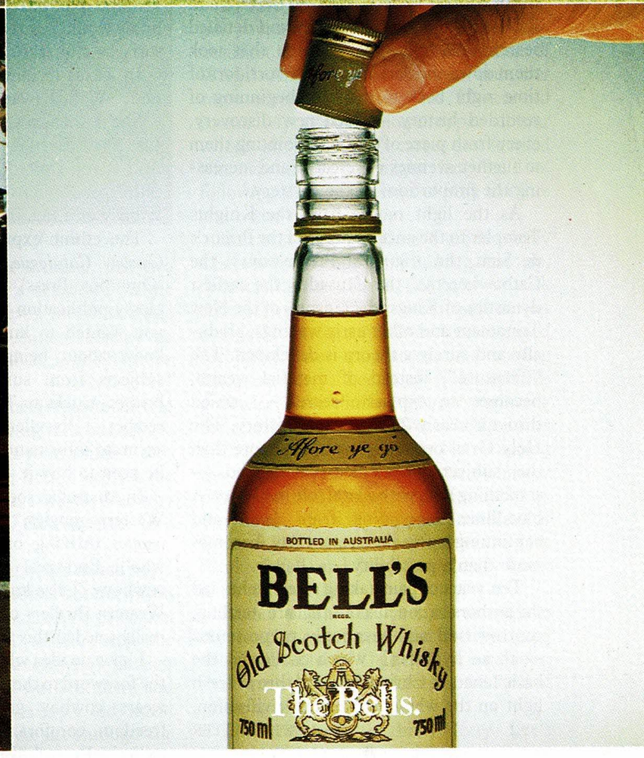
Costa-Gavras spares no emotion in delving into Horman's disappearance and bouncing the impact of his postulations off his loved ones. "In a country where 20,000 people were suddenly dead or missing, what does one life matter, more or less? It has to matter or we are less than human," says Costa-Gavras. *Missing* makes a detective of every member of the audience, yet it is a mystery with no solution. One man's conclusion, however, makes compelling cinema.

— ROBIN INGRAM









The most popular opening ceremonies in Scotland.

Bell's. The most famous Scotch in Scotland.

CR001/PL/FMMH

AB1025/81

The Holy Blood And The Holy Grail (Jonathon Cape) by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln begins as a tale of buried treasure, but soon turns into a taunting historical detective story, a tantalising quest for the hidden truth.

In 1969, Henry Lincoln read a story about treasure found by a village priest, in the year 1891, in an old church in the south of France. During restoration work, the priest unearthed from beneath the altar four parchment scrolls containing mysterious coded messages. In some strange way these documents brought enormous wealth to the previously struggling priest of the village of Rennes-le-Chateau.

Lincoln was intrigued, not merely by what the story revealed, but by what it appeared to conceal. A cursory investigation served only to deepen the mystery and plant firmly in his mind an enigma of such significance that it would not let him rest.

Lincoln, an historian, mythologist and writer, was joined by two equally ardent historical researchers, Michael Baigent and Richard Leigh, in the lengthy and detailed search that followed: a search that took them down the dark and musty corridors of time right back to the very beginning of recorded history — each new discovery, every fresh piece of evidence pointing them to further avenues of research and increasing the proportions of the mystery.

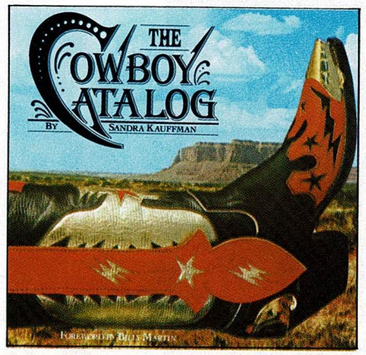
As the light moves from the Knights Templar to the ancient order of the Prieur's de Sion, the origins of Freemasonry, the Cathar heretics, the Crusades, the earliest dynasties of Kings, the Gospels of the New Testament and other early writings, gradually and surely a theory is developed. The "Treasure", instead of material wealth, becomes an explosive secret — carried through nearly 2000 years of history. The Holy Grail becomes something more than the subject of a medieval legend — something real, with a vital role in history. A bloodline, descending from Jesus and continuing up to the present day, becomes more than a possibility.

Ten years of painstaking research has led the authors to conclusions that are startling, controversial and seemingly preposterous — to an hypothesis which challenges the basic tenets of Christianity and throws fresh light on the whole of Western civilisation.

— LEWIS WALTER

●

Transport your mind to Texas. You've been invited to a family's home for dinner and greeting you at the door is the 17-year-old daughter wearing an amazing pair of boots. They're sort of napkin brown with a silver star on the toe. On the sides are hand-painted Texan flags and the name of the State is both painted and stitched across the top. In yellow. She's wearing Levi jeans



that hold her very close and the dandiest satin, cowgirl shirt that's ever bulged.

She blinks her bovine, blue eyes and she speaks in a voice like water over rocks. "Well, howdy. If I knew *you* were comin' I'd have baked a cake."

What do you say? "That's okay, I had a hamburger on the way," or "I don't like cake, thanks," or "I'd rather eat *you.*"

Nope. Definitely nope. That mink-eyed hussy would retort: "San Antone! You're as sorry as a buzzard's guts. Vamoose!"

In Texas terminology, you should have said: "Well, I swan. How ya' doin'?"

She'd then answer sweetly: "Just fine. Just fine." Even if her father had just died. And if you started grinning like a possum eatin' persimmons, that evening, you'd be as busy as a tick in a tar bucket.

The ethnic expressions come from the *Cowboy Catalogue,* by Sandra Kauffman (Omnibus Press) which is a very large, glossy publication that tells you everything you wanted to know and didn't want to know about being a cowboy. It covers subjects from suits to spurs, boots to bridles, trucks to Texas talk and rodeos to recipes. Excellent photographs and accurate information — but you'd have to be keen to buy it.

In Australian society, so well-schooled by Western movies, it's mainly rodeo *aficionados* thriving on American emulation who'll find real value. And the urban cowboys. (I also knew a writer who churned Western thrillers out of his Bondi flat. He really needed this book.)

I have no idea who Billy Martin is, but in the foreword to the book, he explains that he wears cowboy gear because it means freedom, comfort, individuality, romance, unlimited possibilities.

Well, old Billy sounds as slick as owl grease. Durned if I know where the individuality comes in. Cowboy gear in America is a bit like thongs and singlets in Australia, though in comparison, there is a greater range in cowboy clothes.

Still, one may be as cynical as one wishes, but cowboy fashions are with us and will remain so for some time. But remember, being a true cowboy is lonely. According to a section on cowboy codes of ethics, when two men meet, speak and pass on, neither man must look back over his shoulder. (Such a look is an indication of mistrust, a sign that the man doing the looking expects a shot in the back.)

It's also ill-mannered to ask any man his name. (It may be that for some reason, he cannot afford to bring notice to himself.) It made me wonder how the homosexuals survived; but that was one subject the book didn't cover.

— STEPHEN BROUWER

●

At the risk of being pursued by members of the Australian Illuminati, I must confess I was a bit disappointed (just a bit, mind) with *The Rebirth of Magic* (Corgi) by Francis King and Isabel Sutherland. I realise now that perhaps I was looking for something I could use or someone I knew.

From the title I had anticipated more of an exposition of the current magic scene; instead it's a small history of Western magic traditions and magicians, in particular the "rebirth of magic" that occurred in the last century. Some account is given of contemporary organisations but they appear very orthodox, "red-brick" and 19th century in style.

Shortly before the turn of this century, there was founded the well-known "Golden Dawn" society and the most famous of its members was the "Great Beast" himself, Aleister Crowley, 666. However Crowley's brand of sexually-oriented "Magick" caused the more conservative members of the order, such as the Irish poet Yeats, to regard him as an "unspeakable madman" and, after a series of hexing duels in which no one got *too* hurt, Crowley departed to found his own order(s).

There are many quaint and curious practitioners of forgotten lore throughout this history, attracted it seems like moths to a flame. Another associate of Crowley, C. S. Jones, took over from him, the running of an organisation called OTO (Ordo Templis Orientis — Order of Eastern Templars) or rather the American branch of the organisation. As King and Sutherland tell it: "He (Jones) decided that his occult knowledge was so vast that for him 'all veils were open'. To make this clear to all, he took to walking the streets wearing nothing but a raincoat, now and then opening it wide to display his magical abilities to surprised pedestrians."

It's not a bad little book: there's a good bit of interesting reading in it, here and there. Just the sort of thing to read on the plane/train/bus/boat — until someone spots what you're reading. But no real secrets are given away.

●

Readers of John Le Carre, Len Deighton

The million-dollar quartet: Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash.

and other leading spy novelists will already know the world of the "mole" — that "deep penetrating long term Soviet agent" who keeps such a respectable face to the very society whose secrets he is betraying to the Russians.

These works of fiction have been made believable by the series of public scandals that surfaced from within Britain's M16 organisation during the last two decades.

Burgess was the first and then came Maclean. Together they defected to Russia in 1951. The Third Man was, of course, Kim Philby, dubbed "the Spymaster" by the press in 1962. But the biggest shock of all was probably the surfacing in 1979 of Sir Anthony Blunt, a servant of the Royal Household and knighted by the Queen, years before.

A new book has appeared to shed light on this ever-extending network of moles. It's *The Seventh Man* by Graeme Garden (Eyre Methuen), or rather by Geoffrey T. Alsop as told to Graeme Garden.

Mr Alsop is a former member of M16 and therefore in a position to give a first-hand account of things. Just as many public servants do, he worked his way up through the ranks, to the position of Head of W (Western) Sector, MSI (Medium-Sized Islands) Section and had actually spoken with Burgess, albeit at a urinal, just two weeks before the latter's departure for the USSR. Later he had even met Blunt at a gentlemen's club in London. Finally he became personally involved in the hunt for "the next man".

"The wise men of the Department had nodded their heads, saying they had always known there would be a fourth man," says Alsop. "Dobbs was the first to express the opinion that, if there was a fourth, then why not a fifth? And a sixth? Or a seventh? Or a 107th?"

These were turbulent years inside M16. Life went on much the same, but the way in which the tracks were covered, revealed that there were moles still active within the department. The key was somehow the first man, Burgess — a trail was still there and was quite discernible. Alsop's old world sense of duty led him to sift through the twilight world of memories, through the seemingly unrelated pieces of information and departmental intrigues, through point and counterpoint and then, to drive alone through the night in quest of an answer.

His journey makes fascinating reading.

— PETER CULAINN

●

Almost everybody with half a grasp of rock and roll history has flashed on THE photo at one time or another. It must have been taken in 1955 and shows seated at a piano a fresh-faced Elvis Presley flanked by Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis. There is a lot more than American music history tied up in the four careers of those guys but it is the life and times of one which Robert Palmer has isolated in *Jerry Lee Lewis Rocks!* (Omnibus Press).

Palmer's document is not merely a biography of the former bible institute student who kicked on to pioneer rock and roll's more outrageous traditions. It's also an insight into the times and influences responsible for moulding Jerry Lee and how he reacted to those influences. For Palmer, the distinguished rock historian and critic, there are few more fertile domains. Jerry Lee (The Killer) Lewis is like nobody else, while his rock and roll contemporaries roared along in the fast lane, Jerry Lee was on the wrong side of the median strip. And the collisions were frequent.

Bigamy, shootings, sexual corruption, pill popping and boozing binges ran him headfirst into the stonewall conservatism of WASP America. But the real cruncher came when he married his 13-year-old cousin, Myra. That union dropped all four wheels off The Killer's career and totalled whatever hopes he might have held of following Elvis to the land of pink Caddies and white mansions.

But, according to Palmer's profile, Jerry Lee was never capable of making that trip, disasters or not. The Killer believed rock and roll was the Devil's music and he was possessed by Satan. Palmer cites a taped recording, later transferred to a bootleg disc, of Jerry Lee and Sun Records producer, Sam Phillips heatedly debating the spiritual merits of Great Balls of Fire during the session set aside for recording the hit. Lewis, striving to reject his demonic possession, was against recording the song. For Lewis, the song's carnal statement of fire and lust took the audience to the very brink of hell, and Jerry Lee already knew what that was like.

Palmer pursues the premise through to the conclusion of rock and roll being an absolute cult form. "I guess," he concludes, "that makes Jerry Lee Lewis some kind of priest or shaman."

The text expertly links Jerry Lee's lifestyle with his musical delivery, a device those readers familiar with the piano pumper's good rockin' will appreciate. The perfect match is a refresher course on Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On, Break-Up, Crazy Arms, High School Confidential and the rest chased down by a few fingers of Palmer's expert prose. Great balls of the most readable rock history.

— NEIL JAMESON

You'll love the night life at Jacob's Creek.

The remarkably mellow red from Orlando.

PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIA

ORLANDO

JACOB'S CREEK*

CLARET

SHIRAZ, CABERNET, MALBEC

NAMED AFTER JACOB'S CREEK, SITE OF JOHANN GRAMP'S FIRST VINEYARD.

G. GRAMP & SONS PTY. LTD. ROWLAND FLAT

*REG.T.M.

750ml

F 40

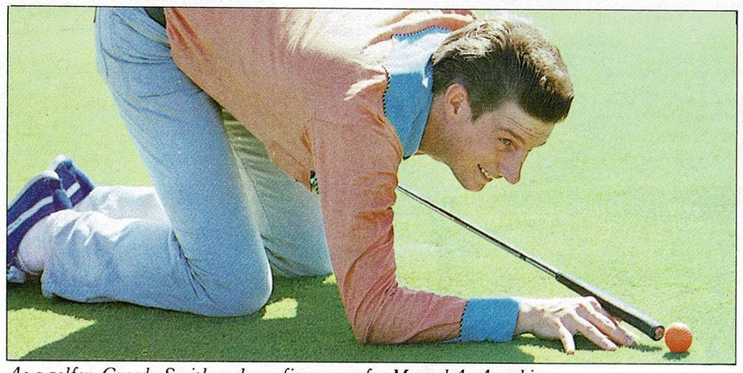
AB1771/82 069.P.035

Mental As Anything emcee Greedy Smith is a genuine original. The man with the mile-wide smile and looks lifted straight from an *Archie* comic is fast on food and drink, competent on keyboards, long on laughs and flashes the sharpest wit in Rockarama. A brilliant rapper he might be, but a gift of the gab is no asset when it comes to carding near-par golf. *Celie Gannon* caddied for PLAYBOY as Greedy attempted to introduce manager Leon Concannon to the golfing passion. As Gannon reports, timing is definitely the key to golf and gags, but out on the course, Greedy's swing wasn't exactly connecting.

GREEDY: Have a swing Leon, get comfortable. It's best to hit the ball the first time on the first hole, mainly for your morale.

PLAYBOY: Is that you in the rough, Greedy?

GREEDY: Well, yes, you could say that. In fact, those white markers say that I'm out of bounds. I have to be careful of my left arm, that's my drinking arm.



As a golfer, Greedy Smith makes a fine emcee for Mental As Anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you drink a lot?

GREEDY: Not when I'm playing golf, but that's when I feel I need a drink most. That's one of the ironies of the game. Okay Leon, you have to go to that flag up there.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell which flag to go to next?

GREEDY: I played here once before and I just followed the guy in front of me. I'd like to become a professional golfer. I'd be lousy, but after all, there are lousy professional singers. I'd just make all my money out of appearances. Ah, where did it go?

PLAYBOY: In the rough over there.

GREEDY: Leon, pay attention to the game. Do you want to learn anything or not?

PLAYBOY: He's admiring the view.

GREEDY: Well, that's one of the hazards of the game.

PLAYBOY: Is "hazard" the right word?

GREEDY: You can't fault my vocabulary. I get it from reading rock magazines, they use all the big words in there. I don't get it from golf mags, believe you me.

PLAYBOY: What about your academic background? Which school did you go to?

GREEDY: North Sydney Boys High, then I went to art school. That's really a half-way house for people who don't know what they want to do. Not that you actually do anything there. The amount of work you do in the full-time course can be done in about three hours and then you just go over to the pub. A few of us got together there and started playing music.

PLAYBOY: Are your parents from Sydney?

GREEDY: My mum is from good farming stock and my dad is a metallurgist. Here he comes, look out. That's the way we should have done it, Leon.

PLAYBOY: Do you get your sense of humor from your mum or dad?

GREEDY: It's hard to say, really. But I had to develop a sense of humor because I couldn't really play any instruments.

PLAYBOY: Which instruments can't you play?

GREEDY: I can't play harmonica and keyboards, but I can play the fool.

PLAYBOY: When did you learn to play keyboards?

GREEDY: Only about two-and-a-half years ago, but don't tell anybody that. Before that I used to play harmonica and sing the occasional song, but then Martin (Plaza) forced me to get an organ.

PLAYBOY: Why did he think that keyboards would suit you?

GREEDY: They needed another instrument and I was the only one not doing anything with my hands. So, I got a beautiful wedding reception organ from an old-time dance band. I'm still trying to learn. I wouldn't take piano or golf lessons because I wouldn't want a professional to see how badly I play. I like it and although I'm not very good I still persist. Golf and music are very similar.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

GREEDY: You need a good swing for both. Now, let this fellow play through. Let's get out of the way.

PLAYBOY: Do you write your songs on the piano?

GREEDY: Half on keys and half on guitar.

PLAYBOY: How did you write Too Many Times?

GREEDY: Well, that song came out of a problem. I was drinking too much at the time. When you are in Melbourne and you don't know anyone, you end up staying up all night and drinking. At least, I did. It was nine am and I was with John Swan (he's old enough to know better) and the song's mainly about hangovers and having them too many times.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as an artist or a musician?

GREEDY: A popular recording artist. I'll just see if I can hit this seagull. Really, I think of myself as a con artist. So have you got that? A con and popular recording artist.

PLAYBOY: Are there any similarities between sex and golf?

GREEDY: Well, if I played golf like I make love, then I think I would have the worst rhythm on earth, and I'm not admitting anything. But some people think it's a fair indication.

PLAYBOY. What's your handicap for both?

GREEDY: I'm the main handicap with both sporting events.

PLAYBOY: Which do you enjoy most?

GREEDY: That's a hard one because they are both spiritual. Let's just say that in golf you cover a lot of lush, fertile ground. When you think about it, it's all very phallic — the ball in the hole stuff. But, I think basically, there's less religion in golf.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious?

GREEDY: Only when I'm really out of it, or really drunk.

PLAYBOY: What do you drink?

GREEDY: Basically Scotch, which is a real shame. I have been known to drink a lot of it. I didn't have a drink the other night and I couldn't get to sleep at all. It's an occupational hazard of both golf and music. This is a long one Leon.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen any other famous celebrities on the course?

GREEDY: No. In fact, it's the only place that I don't get recognised.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that is?

GREEDY: It's a fairly daggy sport. That's why I play it. But I think you'll find that if people get a bit randy, instead of taking a cold shower, all they do is think about golf. It's that kind of game.

PLAYBOY: Do you find the club house an exciting form of social intercourse?

GREEDY: Are you kidding? It's certainly not like a singles bar. You'd think that because a stud like me plays golf, the club house must be the happening place. I haven't met any swinging golfers at this stage but I suppose I could organise it. Where are you Leon?

PLAYBOY: What sort of influence do you think you have on the band?

GREEDY: Well, musically, we all write. Out of the last three singles, I wrote one, Martin wrote one and I think the next one to be released was written by the drummer. So, that's pretty much a group thing. And then, when we work live, it just works out easier for me to emcee. I seem to have more time than the others because I pay less attention to things like my amp working properly and things like that. So I just introduce the songs and chat to the audience.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the group has an identifiable sound?

GREEDY: It's hard with so many people writing and singing lead, but I think that now people tend to think we have more of an identifiable sound than we have ever had.

PLAYBOY: Why are you chosen as the spokesman for the band?

GREEDY: I'm hammier than the rest of them. The other guys tend to get sarcastic when they are interviewed. Quite often I have walked out of interviews because of them. They know it really irritates me when they get sarcastic.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are very different from the others?

GREEDY: No, not really, but basically, I think I'm more hygienic. Well, that's my theory and I'm sticking to it. It's Leon's influence on me, he's very neat. Actually he's looking scruffy today. But, usually, there's no toilet talk for Leon. He'd die rather than say a bad word.

PLAYBOY: Oh, that's cheating isn't it?

GREEDY: Pretend you didn't see it. Now, where was I? Yes, Leon would like to run the Squeaky Clean Record Industry.

PLAYBOY: Why did you change your name from Andy to Greedy?

GREEDY: It was Reg Mombassa. He thought of it. Once I ate too much and I have been trying to live it down ever since. I used to be quite portly once, but I'm not now.

PLAYBOY: Is it the golf that has trimmed you down?

GREEDY: No, I think that it's because when you play in a band you only get two meals a day. You don't get up till 12 so you only get lunch and dinner. Gee, that's a good one, Leon.

PLAYBOY: Here's a deep, meaningful question for you now. Is there sex after golf?

GREEDY: Is there life after death? You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. A man who doesn't lie has nothing to say.

PLAYBOY: That's your own original saying isn't it?

GREEDY: Yes, I think it's mine. What are you doing down there Leon? Is there sex after golf?

PLAYBOY: Well, put it this way, are you religious?

GREEDY: About golf or sex? There is sex during golf because I'm playing so badly that this game's fucking me up. There is sex after golf provided you haven't played 18 holes. Sex is definitely better than golf because it's cheaper. Look, now Leon is winning. This is absolute masochism. I don't know why I'm playing this game.

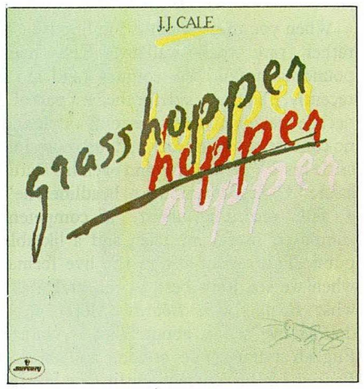
PLAYBOY: Which is better, a hole in one or a one night stand?

GREEDY: I haven't had a hole in one so I wouldn't know.

PLAYBOY: What about a one night stand?

GREEDY: Of course I've had them, but that's not what rock'n'roll is all about. People think it is. One night stands are not exclusive to rock'n'roll. Hey, Leon, I'm the star here, you are supposed to let me win. I've changed my mind, I don't think there is sex after golf, it makes you too tense.

PLAYBOY: But golf is meant to make you relaxed.



GREEDY: People who say that are either liars or virgins. But there is drinking after golf so let's get down to the Bondi.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any top golfers requesting to play with you?

GREEDY: Well, I hope that this interview will attract a sponsorship for me and I hope I get big money for it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have much money?

GREEDY: No, I've hardly got any.

PLAYBOY: What about all the hit records?

GREEDY: I haven't even got a car or a driver's licence.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the norm three hit records and then a house?

GREEDY: Houses have gone up more than records. We don't get that much and we don't pretend that we are doing better than we are. We are not a big mystique band. We are very approachable and accessible to our fans. On my birthday, the audience at Maroubra Seals sang to me. That was really touching, but I doubt if the same thing would happen to the Angels.

PLAYBOY: Do the rest of the band mind you playing golf?

GREEDY: They hate golf. They hadn't thought about it at all until I decided to play, but now they hate it. I'm not sure how I feel about it now; being beaten like that by a complete amateur.

●

In the confusion of one hot sensation tripping over yesterday's best new act it's a comfort to know an old guitar picker is least likely to let you down. That's why the works of Roy Buchanan, Ry Cooder, Leo Kottke, Eric Clapton and fellow pickers are greeted with relief by the punters who refuse to take too many risks with their $10 album budget.

J. J. Cale is another who fits the category, and his latest album, *Grasshopper* (Mercury) makes no apologies for sticking to the formula. Cale is as laid back as Viv Richards, and the secret of his simplistic playing is timing. That means the spaces are almost as important as the individual notes; and J. J. refuses to hit one more string than is absolutely necessary.

Like Cooder, Cale is a sponge for other influences, soaking them up and adapting them to his gritty, countryfied form. Forever the gypsy, he has rambled from home to home and the geographical drifts between Tulsa, Los Angeles and Nashville are evident on his milestone albums *Okie, Really* and *Naturally*. *Grasshopper* was recorded in Nashville and Hollywood with the more elaborate (if that's the word for Cale) pieces bashed out in Nashville, where he surrounded himself with a scrum of distinguished session players. The title cut is a brief, but memorable instrumental showcasing Cale's deft electric playing. You Keep Me Hangin' On (no, not the Holland-Dozier-Holland song) highlights David Briggs' piano and will surely become a Cale classic by virtue of its C and W simplicity.

Don't Wait, co-written by Christine Lakeland and revealing the hot harmonica playing of Terry McMillian, just might be the best cut on the album, for what that's worth. Cale's technique is to light up the mood from almost the first bar and take the listener through on a mood of laid-back indifference. It's worked on his previous albums and it sure works on *Grasshopper*.

●

It might have been one of the oddest but enjoyable movies of the year and the album fits the same description. *An American Werewolf In London,* a film by John Landis, is almost certain to become a cult movie purely because laugh-along horror yarns are few and far between. Meco Monardo has scored movies like *Star Wars, Close Encounters Of The Third Kind, Raiders Of The Lost Ark* and *Superman,* but he didn't score *Werewolf*. In fact, there is no scary music in *Werewolf* with Elmer Bernstein's score totalling only seven minutes of music.

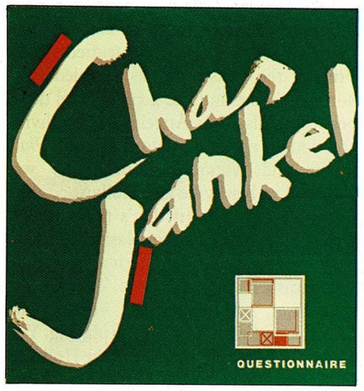
Landis invited Meco to provide his concept of the movie in album form and the result is *Meco's Impressions Of An American Werewolf In London* (Casablanca). It has to

MUSIC

be one of the year's more radical releases and features a brilliant session team sinking their teeth into Van Morrison's Moon Dance, John Fogarty's Bad Moon Rising, Hart and Rodgers Blue Moon plus the Yeston-Randell song, No More Mr Nice Guy.

●

Bullamakanka might be Australian country music's equivalent of Zappa and the Mothers. The formula for the self-titled album (Mercury) is rollicking parody, smart musicianship and the impression these six guys know that working in a bush band is worth a laugh or three. Try on a song title like Blowflies, Guitars and Ten Gallon Hats and a range of acoustic instruments which includes the standard guitar, fiddle, banjo, drums, harmonica format in addition to Dave Ovenden's lagerphone.



The band is best known for the single Home Among The Gumtrees, but their Slim Dusty tribute and the popular Orange Blossom Special display their vitality. They're as exclusively Australian as Redgum and the Bushwackers, but are dupes of neither. In the broadening field of groups claiming to be ethnically Australian, Bullamakanka are as genuine as Vegemite and billy tea.

●

It's called two birds with one stone. The two birds in this scenario are Renee Geyer and Bonnie Raitt. Take two female singers (one Australian, one American), the same backing band, same production/engineering team and book them all into the same studio for a certain period of 1981. Throw the Aussie girl's vocals aboard 10 songs and call the album *So Lucky*. Try the American lady over a different 10-cut course and call that album *Green Lights* (Warner Bros).

The result is two for little more than the price of one. We reviewed Geyer's *So Lucky* earlier and in trying for an opinion on Raitt's *Green Lights* we can find obvious dissimilarity in the vocals and the odd guest appearance by the likes of Jackson Browne. The tightness of the basic backing band of Ian McLagan (keyboards), Ricky Fataar (drums), Johnny Lee Schell (guitars) and Ray Ohara (bass) does justice to new titles like I Can't Help Myself and older tunes such as Dylan's Let's Keep It Between Us.

Bonnie is a splendid vocalist with a calculated country edge to her writing and delivery. She pushes her professional credentials and bolsters the musical input with her acoustic and slide guitar playing. The result is finesse with minimum risks, and if that prods the work into a conservative shell at least it insures against obvious technical flaws such as weak musicianship and shoddy engineering. Oh, by the way, Bonnie gets a mention on Renee's sleeve but maybe they didn't know how to spell "Geyer" when it came to supplying the small-print credits on *Green Lights*.

●

When you think about it Jon English is a rather rare rock wallaby. He's been pounding around the country (and more recently, places abroad) for the best part of a decade making no apologies for his style and no concessions to his rock and roll roots. Put aside his TV series fame and even his status as the J.C. Superstar musical headliner; he's a fine recording artist, a competent composer, useful musician and a likeable public figure. But it's in the live format when we see Jon's best aspect, and that's what *Beating The Boards* (Mercury), a double live set, is about. This is vintage English at nine venues at home and abroad. Backed by his current outfit, the Foster Bros, he runs the concert gauntlet through eight years and 18 tracks of rock persistence. Catch a live English performance and you start thinking something is out of synch; the guy's style is not of current times, the band's flashy delivery is from a grander rock and roll era. But by the end of the night you've put all that aside as the performers' commitment to wrapping the audience into the hot spell of the gig wins out.

The technique must stem partly from English's theatrical experience, because he has a keen awareness of climax as he stalks his audience through the grand suspense of Turn The Page, The Shining and Get Your Love Right. The relief of Words Are Not Enough and the Against The Wind/Six Ribbons medley are fine platforms for the climaxes of Hot Town, Hollywood Seven and I Can't Turn You Loose.

Artists of English's vintage and style are fast becoming fossilised reminders of rock and roll's past. The difference with J.E. is that he is on no nostalgia trip — he has never stopped living out his own rock dream.

●

When the post-nuclear holocaust archeologists excavate the cultural pyramids of what will be left of the 20th Century, the musical works of Van Morrison are bound to raise a few eyebrows. In the broad stream of modern music it's clear Morrison's work exists at an artistically higher level than almost all of his contemporaries. His ability to snare the immediacy demanded of modern music and combine it with the timeless quality of more traditional forms is truly unique. Eighteen albums down the track from his first efforts with Them in Belfast, he has released *Beautiful Vision* (Mercury).

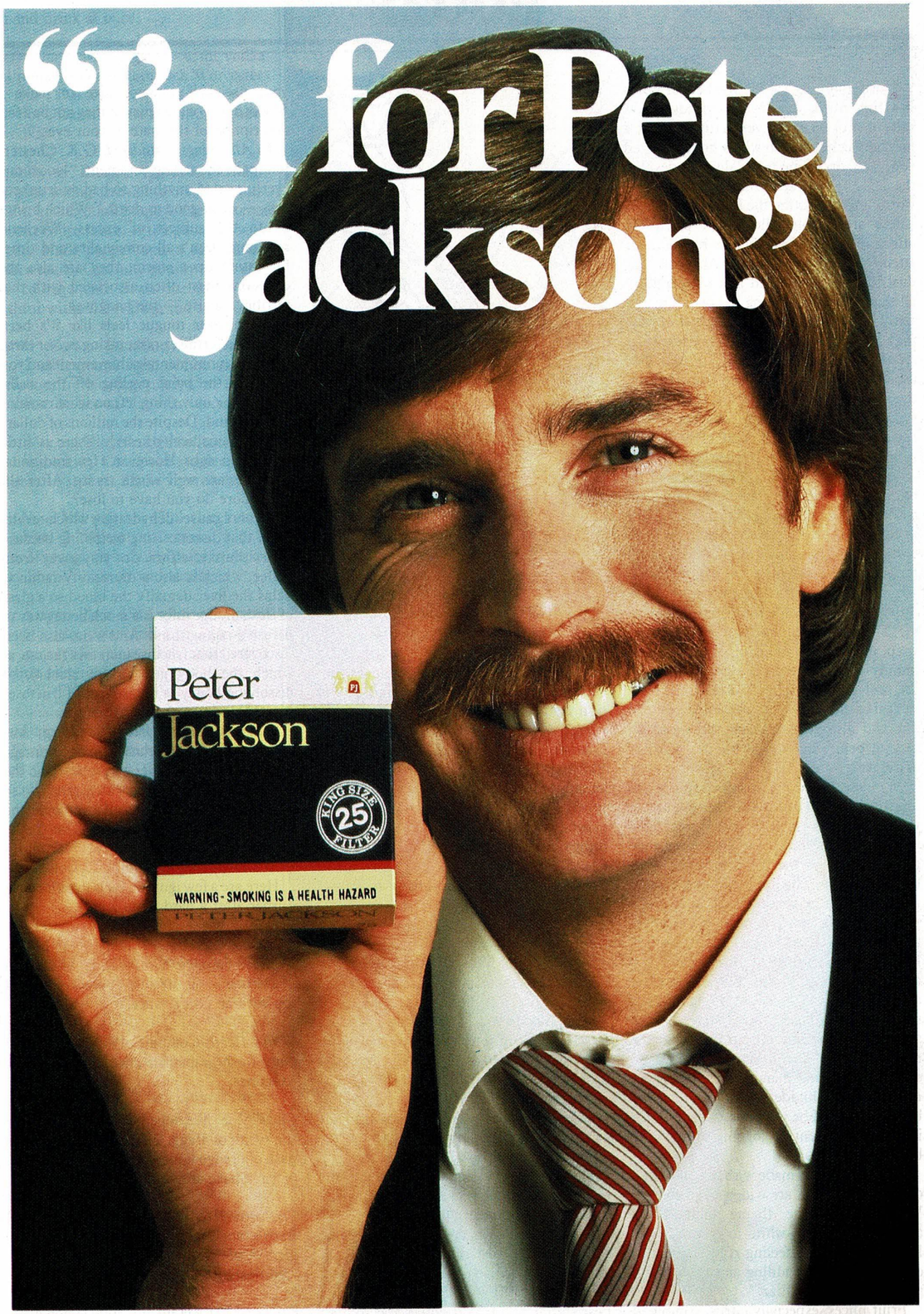
The new album has spliced into the mystical web Morrison has woven throughout all his works. That underlying mood of mysticism took a more spiritual thread with *Wavelength,* and Morrison has continued in that vein through *Into The Music, Common One* and now *Beautiful Visions.* His love of classical literature and the countries and times from which it sprung is surprisingly melded with rhythm and blues in a way which has been imitated but never duplicated. Morrison has formed a lively association with composing partner Hugh Murphy, who has co-written three of the album's 10 cuts. The singer has always surrounded himself with fine musicians and among his vast array here are guitarists Chris Hayes and Chris Michie with support from Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler, Pee Wee Ellis on saxes and flute and Sean Fulsom on pipes. Morrison rarely shoots for session players noted for a definite style. He prefers adaptable musicians, many with strong classical backgrounds, who can interpret the composer's complex themes.

Titles including Aryan Mist, Dweller On The Threshold and Across The Bridge Where Angels Dwell enforce the deep mystical and spiritual impact of the work. Like most of his music, that impact grows stronger and reveals new aspects with repeated playing.

●

Chas Jankel just might be the most dynamic musician-composer of the current British rock school. The man originally provided the musical muscle to Dury's Blockheads, and since splitting from that band in 1979 has recorded two solo albums. The latest is *Questionnaire* (A&M). Jankel is the complete keyboard musician, but it is feel for other forms, including latin, funk, reggae and straight rhythm and blues, which make his work so rewarding. On *Questionnaire* he has complemented his composing and musicianship with the words of Ian Dury (one of the best lyricists) and the effect is a departure from the tough, Blockheads style to embrace a multi-formed presentation the liner notes suggest could be called Philosophical Phunk. Try it.

— NEIL JAMESON



"It's still the best cigarette value in Australia."

PHL 848 CC869/82

BOOZE

Early morning can be the best or worst time of the day. It all depends on the state of your mind or liver. A time to enjoy a meal and conversation with whoever shared your bed, or a time to be alone to develop the capacity to shape primaeval grunts into words approximating the English language. There are people who accept punishing offers to play squash before breakfast or attend 7am gym classes. Absurdly industrious, right-minded and temperate in all things except showing the rest of us up. Early birds out catching proverbial worms, they are usually asleep when the rest of us are doing the after-dark party round. For us, speed has no place before 11am. In fact, the closet layabout has more than a little sympathy with James Thurber's wry remark: "Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy, wealthy and dead."

Food and drink, of course, rank high in the marshalling of strength and, on weekends, late rising means you can afford to forget the soggy cereal, desiccated toast or black coffee rituals of weekdays. Up until the end of the last century the idea that what you ate and drank in the morning should be different from what you consumed at other meals did not have wide currency. Cheese, soup, steaks, lamb chops and even wine and brandy were common breakfast items. In the post-cornflake era it's about time for a revival of the ideas of eating well early in the day and also rediscovering that drinking alcohol before noon isn't the last word in decadence.

In select languages distilled spirits are known as waters of life, and when combined with nutritious eggs, fruit and vegetable juices in drinks known as eye-openers, they really do refresh the body, promote well-being, stimulate the mind and kick a jaded party frame back into function.

Some of the most popular eye-openers are known as fizzes. Tart, refreshing and remarkably soothing, die-hards still say they are best made with a cocktail shaker (at a pinch use a jar with a tight fitting lid), but the less fussy will get the desired result with a blender. A fizz should do just what the name suggests. This means that if you are doing the shaking manually or letting the mid-morning shudder do it for you, the blending should be vigorous. After all, this is your equivalent to jogging around the block.

The basic fizz is made with gin, although other white spirits are widely used as well. Variations on the theme include the addition of an egg-white to give a Silver Fizz or, if you are feeling really ragged or obscenely healthy, adding an egg-yolk will give you a Golden Fizz.

Fruit juices, especially citrus, combined with tequila, vodka or white rum make excellent mixed drinks for the morning

eye-openers, the hair of the dog, heart-starters and other morning concoctions

hours. The Screwdriver, reputedly invented by oilmen who first mixed up this neat concoction of vodka and orange juice using their screwdrivers, is a perfect example. Try gin instead for an Orange Blossom. Lemon and grapefruit juices add an appealing thirst quenching aspect to spirits while pineapple juice gives a touch of natural sweetness. White rum in particular brings out fruitiness, making a feeling of health and well-being almost palpable. And if you feel up to it, top up a basic vodka and fruit juice with champagne and watch the sun climb above the yardarm.

Drinks made with tomato and other vegetable juices have the happy quality of being both eye-openers and revivers after a heavy night. The best known one is, of course, Bloody Mary. Once described as a great example of combining both the poison and the antidote, the Bloody Mary is probably the drink which spearheaded the vodka invasion of the West. Basically vodka, tomato juice, lemon juice and seasoning, it can be varied by adding celery leaves or the white of an egg. You can also substitute aquavit for the vodka, V-8 juice for the tomato and add a heftier slug of lemon juice. It's a liquid fuel alternative.

Not as popular as the Bloody Mary, the Bullshot is a rather acquired taste of beef stock, vodka, lemon juice, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce. It also has a reputation as a heartstarter and true devotees specify that Campbell's beef consomme makes the ultimate blend. If the taste is too hearty for you, use half tomato juice to make a Bloodshot — which may or may not be a fair description of the state of your eyes.

In *All Things Considered,* G.K. Chesterton made the telling comment: "No animal ever invented anything so bad as drunkenness — or so good as drink." Which brings us to the subject of excess. Weekend mornings aren't all conviviality and times for eating up a storm; they are also the occasions most often associated with that terrible malaise — the hangover.

When your tongue feels like it's been tilled by a fertiliser rake, taking two or three steps is a monumental achievement and you can hear the paint peeling off the walls; relief is the only thing left on what remains of your mind. Despite the millions of dollars spent on medical research, there is little comfort in sight. However, a few traditional remedies are well worth trying. After all, what more do you have to lose?

Alcohol causes dehydration which results in all that disconcerting trembling because of its diuretic effect. So, stay away from coffee, which is also a diuretic. Vitamin C helps the liver detoxify the blood so a glass of fresh orange juice is a much better way to defuse a raging thirst. And it has also been discovered that fructose increases the rate at which the body gets rid of alcohol, so dissolving honey (a rich source of fructose) in a drink, just might do the trick.

Alcoholic bitters like Underberg, Angostura and Fernet Branca also have vintage reputations as hangover cures, based on the assumption that their strength is so powerful it will match and overcome the ferocity of your hangover. The really desperate can always try the real masochist's medicine, the Prairie Oyster.

Here are a few ignition fuels to refire your burner after a hard night's play.

Eldorado: Combine 1 tablespoon honey, 45ml lemon juice, 60ml tequila. Shake well in a shaker or jar, strain over cracked ice and top with an orange slice.

White Heat: Combine 45ml tequila and 80ml fresh grapefruit juice. Pour over 3-4 ice-cubes.

Cloud Nine: Mix together 45ml white rum, the white of 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cream, a dash of orange liqueur and place in a shaker or jar. Shake and strain.

Screwdriver: Mix 45ml vodka and 100ml fresh orange juice together and serve over plenty of ice. Add 1 egg and shake vigorously for a Screwnog.

Gin Fizz: Place 60ml gin, 30ml lemon juice, 1 tablespoon castor sugar and 4 cubes crushed ice in a shaker or jar. Shake 25 times. Strain into a large glass, attack with soda and drink at once.

Bloody Mary: Mix together 45ml vodka, 90ml tomato juice, a dash each Worcestershire and Tabasco sauces, salt and pepper to taste. For a Danish Mary substitute aquavit for vodka.

Prairie Oyster: Break an egg into a medium-sized glass taking care not to break the yolk. Blend together 30ml brandy, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon red wine vinegar, black pepper and a few dashes Tabasco sauce. Carefully pour over the egg. Take courage and down the lot in one mouthful without breaking the egg-yolk.

Sangrita Maria: Combine 50ml tomato juice, 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice, 2 tablespoons fresh orange juice, 45ml tequila and a few dashes of Tabasco sauce.

Froth: Mix together 60ml lemon juice, 30ml gin, 1 egg white, 1 teaspoon sugar and 3-4 ice cubes in shaker. Shake vigorously.

Cloud Nine: Mix together 45ml white rum, 1 egg white, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 or 2 dashes of orange liqueur and place in shaker or jar. Shake furiously and strain.

White Knight: Place 45ml white rum in tall glass, and 4 ice cubes and 120ml unsweetened pineapple juice. Fill glass with sparkling mineral water.

Pina Colada: Place 60ml white rum, 45ml canned coconut milk, 890ml pineapple juice and 30ml cream in blender with a fistful of shaved ice. Blend for 10-15 seconds and pour into long glass.

A Milk Punch: Stir together 3 parts chilled milk to 1 part brandy. Sweeten to taste with castor sugar and chill. Dust top with freshly grated nutmeg.

Tequila Sunrise: Carefully place 15ml grenadine into bottom of a short glass with stem. Put 45ml tequila, 120ml fresh orange juice, 15ml Cointreau and a child-size handful of crushed ice in a blender. Blend for 3 seconds. Gently pour contents of blender into glass without disturbing grenadine. Garnish with lemon slice.

Mimosa: Pour about 200ml chilled champagne into tall glass and then stir in 600ml fresh orange juice and 30ml Grand Marnier. Drink at once.

French Belle: Place 30ml white rum, 1 egg white, 20ml Cherry Marnier, ½ teaspoon sugar, 30ml fresh lime juice and some cracked ice in shaker. Shake vigorously and strain into a long glass. Top with chilled soda and drink immediately.

ELISABETH KING

SAFETY STARTS IN THE WAY A MAN SITS AT THE WHEEL.
In an 8-hour stint, a driver will make hundreds of split-seconds decisions, many in life or death situations.

His truck must be designed to keep him operating at peak concentration for hours on end.

The critical factors in reducing fatigue are not a question of luxury, but of safety. Step up into the driver's seat of a Volvo and experience the greatest shock of your trucking life.

The quality is so remarkable, the safety factors so advanced, other trucks just can't compare.

VOLVO TRUCKS AUSTRALIA
THE TRUCKS THAT DEFY COMPARISON.
MOVING ON STRONG

SAFETY IS PRIMARILY A MATTER OF HANDLING, BUT...
...if ever the crunch comes you need to know that the impact on your business and staff will be minimised.

Sweden has the toughest cabin safety rules in the world. The Volvo cabin exceeds them all.

COMPARE AND YOU'LL FIND NOTHING ELSE COMPARES.
Volvo research over 35 years has made sure that a Volvo truck does everything possible to reduce driver stress and fatigue.

Test-drive a Volvo and you'll make a split-second decision to buy it.

A wise decision, and the safest you'll ever make. Make your first safe, split-second decision.

Make your first safe, split-second decision.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

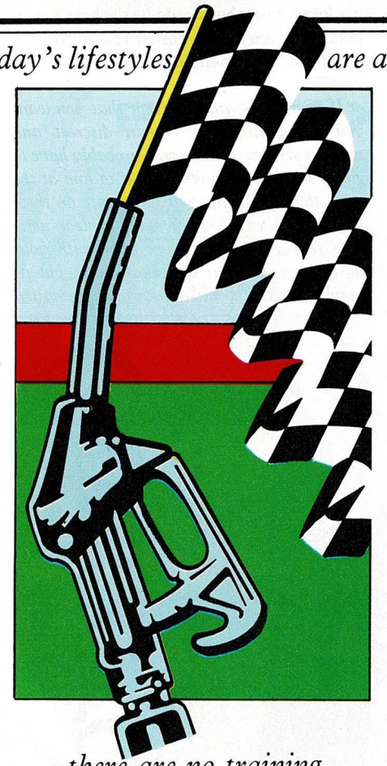
questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

On the labels of bottles of wine from overseas, particularly Italy and France, I've sometimes noticed a sticker saying "Apellation Control", or something similar, which I understand is supposed to guarantee the quality of the wine. I've been told that you should avoid imported wines that don't have this sign. However I've never noticed anything similar on bottles of Australian wine. Why don't we have something like that here? — P.L., NSW.

The appellation control systems used in wine industries overseas commonly guarantee that the grapes from which the wine was made were grown in the area stated on the label. That in itself is not a guarantee of the wine's quality, though it does at least specify that the winemaker has not bought the wine elsewhere and sold it under his own label. There has recently been some agitation for such a system to be introduced in Australia, though opinions in the industry are divided as to its worth. Some feel it would be an aid in promoting the wine industry, both here and overseas. Others, particularly some of the larger companies, feel that this would inhibit technological advance, as they would not be able to experiment by blending grapes grown in different areas. It is likely that some system of control will eventually be introduced, though the extent of its powers remains to be decided.

Can you help settle an argument about records in athletics events? I hold the view that eventually records will stop being broken, as runners will have reached the absolute limits of human performance, and beyond that there could be no further improvement. A friend of mine, however, claims that there could never be an absolute limit, as no matter how great a runner might be, eventually someone better will appear. While this might be true now, I don't see how it could go on forever. For example, while somebody might get down to three-and-a-half minutes or even three minutes for the mile, I don't believe that anyone will ever get to two minutes. So there must be a limit somewhere. What do you think? — S.V., Vic.

This is a subject about which we can only theorise, as it is likely to be a very long time before athletes begin to approach any absolute limits, if they exist. The three-minute miler may eventually appear, though probably not for hundreds of years, assuming anyone is still running by then. What is fairly certain is that after a time, as records are cut down further and further, there will come a point where they begin to be broken less frequently. For example it has taken 26 years for the mile record to come down by 13 seconds, from just over four minutes to 3-47.5. The next 13 seconds may take 50 years to achieve, and then a hundred, and so on. Records will no longer be shattered, but very occasionally pared down by a minute fraction of a second. The one uncertain factor in all this is the possibility of genetic engineering being used to build a breed of super-athlete, speeding up an evolutionary process which might otherwise take hundreds of thousands of years. But even these creatures, should they appear, will not be able to go on breaking records forever.



there are no training courses for racing mechanics

I live in a large country town, and have been an apprentice mechanic for a couple of years now. I get a lot of satisfaction from my job, as I've always liked working on cars. There is nothing I'd rather do. What I'd like to know, though, is how I can move on from working on ordinary road cars and become a racing mechanic. I have seen quite a lot of big-time racing on television, and the mechanical side of it looks amazing, particularly in Grand Prix-type racing. Do the mechanics in this type of racing have to have special qualifications, or are they just ordinary mechanics who have worked their way up? I would like to have a crack at it, but am not sure where to start. I will probably move to a larger city once I am qualified. Do you think it would be worth approaching various racing teams to see if they will give me a go? — H.G., SA.

Mechanics come into racing in a number of different ways, but certainly a great many begin as you are doing, working on ordinary road vehicles before moving on to more specialised machinery. There are no training courses for racing mechanics, so most of the expertise is picked up through experience. It is a precise, demanding job, with exceptionally long hours and very little glamor. There are very few professional racing mechanics in Australia, but a great many amateurs, and you may well have to start off working unpaid for a driver operating on a low budget. Once you move to the city, go to as many race meetings as you can, and perhaps join one of the clubs involved in running the sport. If you spend some time in the pits, and keep your ear to the ground, it shouldn't be too difficult to find a private team that needs some extra mechanical help. After that it will be a matter of getting on with the job, and trying to make yourself known to those operating on a more professional level. How close you get to the top rank will depend on how good a mechanic you are.

Just recently I discovered that my eyesight wasn't as good as I thought it was, and as a result I now have to wear glasses. I thought of getting contact lenses, but there seems to be so much messing around involved that I've decided to stick with spectacles. However I'm still trying to decide what style suits me best. I've got some fairly ordinary horn-rim type glasses, which I don't like very much. I'm thinking of getting some with steel frames, but my girlfriend thinks they'd make me look too conservative, so I'm still not sure. I've also thought of getting some of the very heavy black-rimmed type such as Clark Kent wears when he's not being Superman. I am 25, and have a neatly trimmed beard and shortish hair, so what type of frames do you think would suit me? — K.A., WA.

It would be impossible to advise you of any single frame style that would suit you best. A particular style that looks stuffy and conservative on one person could look distinguished on someone else. Whether or not a style of glasses suits you will depend on a whole range of factors, such as the shape of your face, the style in which you choose to dress, and even your basic personality. It will be a matter of which pair feels right on you.

I am 25 years old and married to an excellent, lovable man of 28 but I have a problem. I just can't resist other men. Recently we gave a party, and there was a man there who had made passes at me a week before. My husband had had too much to drink and was in bed asleep, and when the other guests left, I found myself alone with this man. I was really attracted to him, and before long we were all over each other. I took him into the garage, and we made love in the back seat of the car. That

was wonderful, but it got very hot, so we then came out, and I spread some towels on the lawn by the pool and we made love there. I thought I heard a noise from inside the house at one stage, but nothing happened. Since then I've been to a motel with my new lover, and it was just as good as before. My husband and I have an arrangement whereby we can each have outside affairs as long as we are discreet. The trouble is my new lover is getting too keen. I'm happy just to have him for a few hours a week, but he wants me all the time. He wants to go away with me and talks of telling my husband everything, but I would be horrified if he did. He is always phoning and sending flowers. I don't want to hurt my lover, but what would be the best way to persuade him that a casual relationship is the only one possible for me? — N.T., NSW.

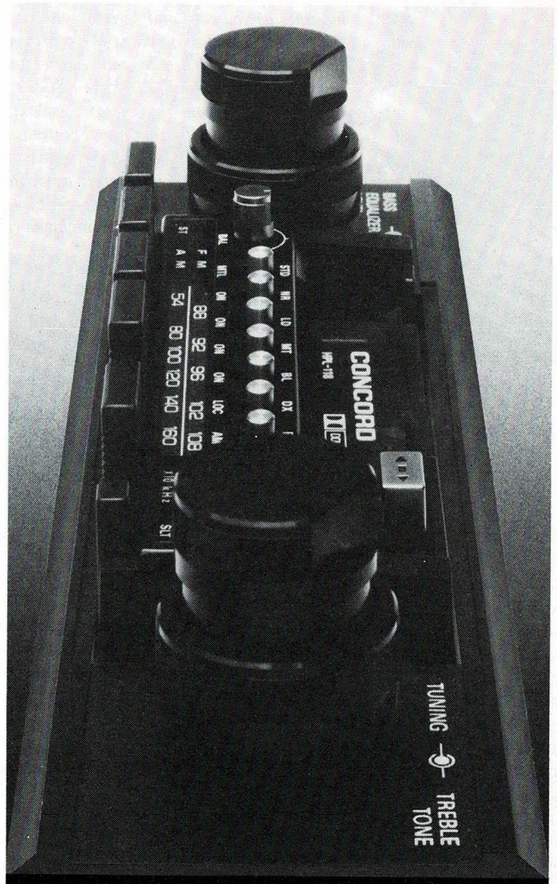
If your lover cannot accept that you want your relationship to remain discreet and without strings, then he will probably have to go. If you didn't make it clear to him at the start that the affair was to operate on those terms, then you'd better make it clear now. The free arrangement you have with your husband sounds like a workable one, but its main ingredient would appear to be discretion. If you now find yourself with a casual lover who places that in danger, then the choice seems fairly clear. Certainly the longer you let the situation continue the more difficult it will be for you to finally extricate yourself without causing serious problems that could threaten your marriage.

I have been married for 17 years, and for all of that time my husband has been sexually inadequate. After our second daughter was born, he practically gave up sex, and for the last two and a half years we have had no sexual contact at all. I have tried to be understanding, and have made myself as attractive as possible for him, but it has all been to no avail. We even went to see a psychiatrist, but he soon gave it away as too much trouble. My husband is essentially a lazy man who just wants to be left alone to do his own thing. He says that I don't interest him sexually, that I don't satisfy him, and he wants me just to forget about sex and put up with things as they are. Do you think it would be wrong of me to seek an end to this frustration and longing by trying to find someone else? — M.E., Qld.

Your marriage sounds as if it has deteriorated far beyond the point where it might still be salvageable. However awkward and difficult a parting might be, it is probably preferable to suffering in cold silence. If he really feels as indifferent towards you as you suggest, it may not be too difficult to persuade him that your marriage has run its course and ought now to be allowed to die a natural death.

I am 18 years old and, if I say so myself, am pretty well hung. In fact a couple of girls I've met say I'm the best equipped guy they've met. The trouble is, now I've met this girl who I'm really keen on, but she thinks I'm too big for her. She seems to think her vagina is an unusually tight one, so that there is no way I could have intercourse with her without causing serious injury. We tried once, but I only got about half an inch in before she started complaining that it was too painful, and I had to stop. We get along really well apart from this problem, and I think we could have a good relationship if only we weren't the wrong size for each other. Is there any way that we can overcome this problem? — D.C., Qld.

The two of you may have allowed the problem to appear larger than it really is. Even if your penis is abnormally big, it is unlikely that your girlfriend's vagina would be physically too small to accommodate it. What is most likely is that on those occasions when you have attempted to enter her, tension has made her vaginal muscles contract tightly, and has also prevented any natural lubrication from occuring. It may be necessary for the two of you to learn to relax a bit more, and take plenty of time in foreplay. Don't just leap upon her and try to get it in as fast as possible, but be aware that she may be worried, and try and reassure her.



Concord speaks for itself.

CONCORD
Once heard, never forgotten.

Imported and distributed by
SONIC INTERNATIONAL
4 Clarendon Street,
ARTARMON, NSW 2064
Telephone: (02) 439 8900
Telex: AA71706

For your nearest dealer phone:

Victoria	(03) 873 4066	West Australia	(09) 446 8922
Queensland	(07) 208 7335	Tasmania	(003) 31 7522
Sth. Australia	(08) 297 7999	N.S.W.	(02) 439 8900

If it's so clever how come it's so reasonable?

The Pentax MG has it's own inbuilt electronic brain. A marvel of microelectronics that makes all the calculations and exposure settings with uncanny accuracy.

It's a remarkably sophisticated, intelligent camera. But it's also remarkably inexpensive.

In fact, only a few years ago such a camera for such a price would have been unthinkable.

Yet it sacrifices nothing in quality. It has the brilliantly sharp lens that has made Pentax famous.

The incredibly precise Pentax focal plane shutter for unprecedented exposure accuracy.

And it's so easy to use, it's foolproof.

The computer does all the calculations. A system of red, green and yellow lights tells you when to shoot when to add flash and what shutter speed the computer has selected. But perhaps the cleverest thing about the Pentax MG is that it gives you so much for so little.

For further facts post to MG, C. R. Kennedy & Co Pty Ltd
7 Union Street, Brunswick, Vic, 3065

Name.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

PENTAX.
INTELLIGENT CAMERAS.

CRK 547/PL

BENSON and HEDGES

20

TRADITIONALLY THE NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH PERFECTION
IN CIGARETTES
BENSON & HEDGES

Extra Mild

WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Excellence... in an extra mild cigarette.

CC 739-81
©The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd.

WDHO 2941

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

WENDY BACON

a candid conversation with the feminist, writer, academic and one-time enfant terrible of the protest movement

The first time Wendy Bacon went to court, she wore a nun's habit emblazoned with an obscene slogan about sexual relations between nuns and their Maker.

It was 1970 and that flamboyant gesture of protest against the prosecution for obscenity of the NSW University newspaper Tharunka *landed her in jail.*

A decade later she wanted again to be in court — but on the other side of the dock, as a barrister.

Although her academic performance as a law student had been outstanding, the legal establishment refused to accept her.

In 1980 the Barristers' Admission Board rejected her application. The next year the NSW Supreme Court upheld that decision.

The lengthy Supreme Court hearing examined every detail of Wendy's past activities. It built up a picture of a radical career encompassing all the major local issues of the Seventies. First the battle and partial victory over obscenity laws. Then the fight to save Victoria Street from the developers. Finally the long campaign for prisoners' rights and against police fabrication of verbal evidence, which Wendy is still fighting.

Mr Justice Moffit, Mr Justice Reynolds and Mr Justice Helsham were apparently not impressed.

At first glance Wendy Bacon's family background seems an unlikely beginning for a radical life. The daughter of a doctor, Wendy was brought up in the Melbourne suburb of Reservoir, attended Presbyterian Ladies' College and went on to live at St Hilda's College while she studied history at Melbourne University.

But Wendy concedes that "there was something different about our family" — producing, as it did, four radicals out of five children.

Her brother is the secretary of the Builders' Laborers' Federation in Hobart, one sister helped set up Melbourne's Rape Crisis Centre and is now a subsistence farmer, another sister worked in Family Planning in Perth while her youngest sister is a nurse.

"My parents very much encouraged us to have our own ideas," Wendy recalls.

If Wendy had a radical role model, it was her feisty feminist grandmother who worked for the Home Mission of the Presbyterian Church and was involved in starting the League of Nations.

Certainly the more extreme attitudes illustrated in the famous nun's habit episode took a few years to develop.

As a first-year student at St Hilda's, Wendy had to consult a more worldly girlfriend because she wasn't sure if she'd lost her own virginity! She also recalls solemnly advising the same friend to give up the practice of getting drunk and swearing at parties.

"You'll never have a boyfriend if you keep doing that," was the young Wendy Bacon's view. "You have to be nice."

The most outrageous thing Wendy did at St Hilda's was to get gated for being found in the men's college at night.

The big change in her life came when she moved to Sydney. There she met the legendary Push — a bohemian group that had grown out of Professor John Anderson's Freethought Society at Sydney University. Mixing with people like Germaine Greer, philosopher Jim Baker, punter, wharfie and raconteur Darcy Waters and writer Frank Moorhouse, she was deeply influenced by the Libertarian ideas of permanent protest and the questioning of all dogma — whether left- or right-wing.

Her first job as an editorial assistant on the Jewish Times *was followed by a stint as one of the first lay teachers at St Mary's Convent in Liverpool. She was sacked when she refused to discipline the girls in their lunchtime marching practices by rapping them over the knuckles with a baton.*

The turning point came when she returned to university — as a part-time tutor and post graduate student in NSW University's Sociology Department.

Editing the student paper Tharunka, *she became involved in publishing not only what was then regarded as pornography (including the words of Eskimo Nell), but also the work of writers like Frank Moorhouse and Frank Hardy who were — in 1970 — still considered too risque for conventional publishers.*

In 1972, she was one of a group who published and distributed free copies of the (then) controversial Little Red School Book *to school children, because she regarded the price being charged by the original publishers ($1.75) as too high for kids. At the same time the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal banned her from live radio and television appearances after she had used a four-letter word on*

"I did think they'd admit me to the Bar. Quite a lot of people have been arrested, got convictions and still been admitted."

"It's more important now to fight the backlash — almost a witch hunt — against radical legal workers."

"I think they remanded me for 10 days to frighten me and make me cool down, but in fact the final effect was the very opposite."

commercial television, while the Sunday Mirror *called her "a vulgar young lady"!*

But it's not difficult to see why she failed to live up to a conservative judge's view of what a barrister should be. She may have been to a private school, but she'd also been to court — and jail — more times than she could remember. In the Supreme Court it was noted that she had 10 previous convictions — none, as her counsel pointed out, had involved dishonesty.

Yet as the hearing wore on, one incident seemed to preoccupy the judges.

In 1979, Wendy had borrowed $10,000 from a friend, Vivian Altman, to bail out a prisoner, Steven Sellers, who was accused of conspiracy to break into Katingal and free another prisoner — a charge of which he was later acquitted.

She freely admits it was an unusual thing to do, but Sellers was ill and she was convinced of his innocence.

Wanting to help, she borrowed the money — only to find, when Sellers jumped bail, that some of the money had been brought from Melbourne and came from friends of Sellers.

The judges accused Wendy of conspiring with others to bail Sellers out with money she had only represented as her own. They refused to believe that she had thought the money to be Vivian Altman's inheritance money, adding that the unreliability of her account of the incident was a major factor in refusing her admission to the Bar.

Wendy Bacon now works full-time as a researcher for Channel Nine's Sixty Minutes. *Writer* ***Liz Porter*** *interviewed her for PLAYBOY shortly after the airing of a highly-controversial Bacon-produced segment, in which reporter Jana Wendt confronted the director of a Sydney abortion clinic with the morality of her profession.*

PLAYBOY: Did you agree with the editorial line taken in the *Sixty Minutes* segment on abortion which you co-produced?

BACON: First of all, I'd like to say a collection of people work on every *Sixty Minutes* segment and it would be stupid of me to imagine that my own views would always avail — especially when you take an issue on which there are such explosively different views. Also, not everything that happens in a program is predictable and once something is filmed you get into a difficult area of deciding which material to use. I suppose by editorial line you mean the overall impression conveyed by the questions asked of the women and the implication that some women have abortions for trivial reasons. I personally disagree with this. My own position on abortion is very clear. I believe that any woman who wants an abortion should be able to get one in medically safe and humane conditions.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to dress up in nuns' habits to protest against the *Tharunka* obscenity charges?

BACON: I can't remember. I certainly don't take credit for the idea — it could have been any one of us. A lot of our planning went on late at night when we hadn't had much sleep. The weekend before the case, a group of us sat up late in great hilarity, sewing nuns' costumes. Two others had been charged with obscenity over a poem called "Cunt is a Christian word" which had appeared in *Tharunka*. I went with about eight others dressed as nuns, with slogans on our habits. We looked like genuine nuns, with our Mother Superior dressed in white. We waved to another group of nuns on the way to the court and they waved back. I don't know if anyone else was foolhardy enough to take off the bib covering the slogan inside the court. All I know is that I did and I got arrested. Perhaps the others did it out in the vestibule. Our slogans were quotes from the poem. Or rather I thought my slogan was a quote. In fact "I've been fucked by God's steel prick" was a paraphrase of the poem. That's something that was proved to me in the admission case. I'd always believed it to be a quote.

PLAYBOY: What was the poem about?

BACON: It was a criticism of the Catholic Church, saying that it repressed sexuality, but in fact made it reappear in different forms. The claim in the poem is that nuns really *do* have a relationship with God. When we published it in *Tharunka,* our attitude was: "We'll publish what we like." We were publishing all kinds of material and the circulation was going up. Then we published this poem and upset the Catholic Church. Suddenly all these sermons were being preached against us in various churches around Sydney. One minority group — virtually more puritanical than the mainstream of the church — managed to exert enough influence on the Chief Secretary to get him to issue a summons.

I had done some outrageous things but I had done them for a reason and I somehow imagined that would be understood.

PLAYBOY: What made you change your mind about law and move from flouting it to wanting to practise it? Was it a case of if you can't beat them, join them?

BACON: No, when I was first charged with obscenity I took the cases myself before judge and jury. I was actually interested in the law and began to study up on the law of obscenity. I was on trial for distributing an obscene publication, a pamphlet reprinted from *Tharunka,* and exhibiting one — the slogan on the nun's habit. I made a statement to the jury explaining why I'd done it. They came back with a compromise verdict — "not guilty" on the pamphlet but "guilty" on the slogan. One of the policemen told me later there'd been a stand-up fight on the jury about it. I was remanded in custody for 10 days for sentencing and off I went to Mulawa women's prison. That was an acquittal on a pamphlet containing material regarded by most people as extreme. It showed how different the jury's standards were from what some people imagined were the community's standards. Everyone had been self-censoring in those days.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised to be sent to jail?

BACON: I was stunned. I think they remanded me for 10 days to frighten me and to make me cool down, but in fact the final effect was the very opposite. I was 23 but I was fairly naive and I had no idea what punishment and vindictiveness were all about. I was also naive about the law. I knew I had done some outrageous things but I had done them for a reason and I somehow imagined that would be understood. Suddenly at nine o'clock one night I found myself in a police van on the way to Mulawa.

PLAYBOY: What effect did that first 10-day stint have on you?

BACON: It was a radicalising experience. I had led a very sheltered existence and it opened my eyes to a lot of suffering. I was terrified and I wanted to get out. I met women there who didn't really know *why* they were there — women who'd hardly been out of institutions all their lives and women who'd had five children put in homes. Gradually I became more and more involved in the issue of prisons and I went back on various occasions over non-payment of fines.

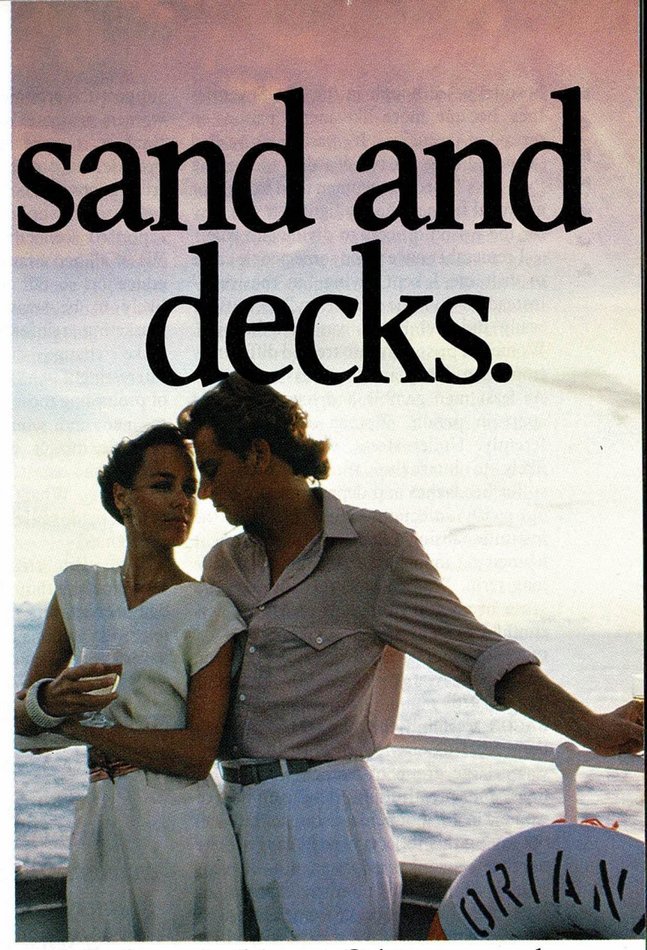
PLAYBOY: How many times have you been to prison?

BACON: They asked me that in my admission case and I couldn't remember, which didn't go down very well. About seven times I think, but never for more than 10 days. So I can't say I have experienced what prison is all about, because I've always known that with any luck I'd be out in little more than a week. I went twice for *Tharunka* and a few times instead of paying fines for squatting in Victoria Street. A group of us went to prison during the campaign to free Sandra Wilson, then the State's longest-serving woman prisoner. I went a few times for other political fines — because I didn't have the money.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever badly treated in prison?

BACON: No. I never experienced any of the violence you read about in the papers. The one thing that always struck me was the warmth and support I got from many of the women. Perhaps sometimes if I was scrubbing the floor and stopped for a break, a warder would say: "Don't think you don't have to scrub floors just because you've got a university degree." But there was no ill-treatment. In those days a women's prison was a mixture of a girls' school and a

Sun, sea, sand and decks.



When you're parting with your hard-earned money for a holiday, you want all the holiday you can get.

So this year, instead of your everyday package, take a cruise on Oriana.

'Will I have a good time?' you may ask. Will you ever!

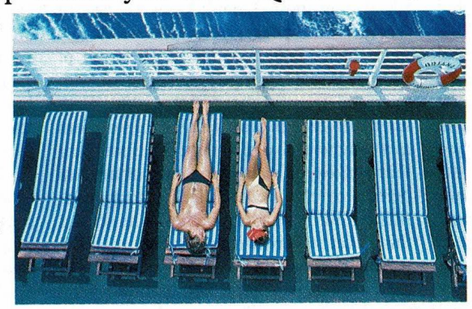
The Oriana is one of the most exciting holiday resorts on the face of the earth...or the ocean.

There are decks with swimming pools. And decks with bars. Some with lounges and two with discos.

There are decks where you can gamble, catch a movie or a tan.

Other decks where you can enjoy the fun of shipboard games.

And the whole ship where you can enjoy the fun and games of shipboard life.



Of course, it's not all sun, sea and decks.

Every now and again we put into one of the Pacific's picturesque tropical islands.

To attempt to describe them would do them an injustice.

Let's just say they are everything you ever dreamed they would be.

Right down to the coral lagoons, the palm trees and the powder-white sand.

By now all this probably sounds as though it should cost the earth.

But it doesn't.

In fact, a holiday on Oriana can work out cheaper than a package holiday to Queensland, Tahiti or even Bali.

What's more, the cost includes all your food and all your entertainment.

(More than you'd find on an average package deal.)

So it's not nearly as expensive as you'd think, considering you get twice as much holiday as most people experience.

For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

Take me away P&O.

PO.3621PB.O&M

hospital — although in the late Seventies they became more like men's prisons in terms of security. It was being called "dear", lining up twice a day and saying "yes miss". Because women tend to look for approval from authority figures it was easy for the prison officers to divide and rule.

I remember once when some people came to visit me I kept saying "in the ward" instead of "in the dormitory" because I really did feel like I was in a hospital. Women in prison are also treated differently from men. They are given less autonomy. At least men gamble and have organised sport in prison. Women also react differently. Under stress, women are more likely to internalise their reactions and suffer headaches and depression and break out with infections. But I think the institutionalising effects of the treatment women get in jail are very damaging in the long term. Women emerge with even less sense of control over their own lives, less confidence and less self-esteem.

PLAYBOY: Did you notice changes between your first stay at Mulawa in 1970 and your last in 1978?

BACON: Certainly the number of women in there for drug offences rose. In 1970, there was a large group of women working off fines for prostitution. The number of women in for homicide also rose, but I'm not saying this reflects broad changes. The number of women in prison is a different statistic from the number charged or convicted. The number of women in prison has also doubled during the decade, which is sad. Since the Royal Commission into Prisons, one would like to think things have improved at Mulawa. But that's not so. In the mid-1970s you could wander between dormitories and sit on the lawns and sunbake. When I last heard, the place was surrounded by fences with razor wire and you couldn't walk more than 20m in one direction. Some women are kept in the dormitory for 24 hours, not even going outside for meals. It's become more severe and contained.

PLAYBOY: As a feminist, what is your opinion of pornography?

BACON: The moral right is on the move in Australia as well as the United States. To me it's important that feminists, despite their valid criticism of most commercial pornography, make it clear that we don't want to censor sexist material. There has been a lot of debate about this among feminists over the last three years. If I were editing a newspaper now, I certainly wouldn't publish material I considered overtly sexist — although I would publish some sexual material. The criticism needs to continue but I think there are more crucial issues for feminists to put their energies into. There's the fight for the right to have abortions, while the widespread violence against women in the form of rape and domestic violence is far more shocking to me than the most sadistic pornography. I don't think there is a lot of evidence to support the argument that sexist images of women promote violence against them. I think it is more likely that pornography provides an outlet for male fantasies and frustrations.

Censorship only reinforces a limited and repressed collective sexual imagination. We've all had a fairly sexist and puritanical education so our fantasies and tastes are likely to be sexist. Commercialism and marketing reinforce these fantasies and make change difficult. It would be interesting if PLAYBOY, for example, instead of promoting those images, opened its pages to men and women who might try to produce images of women that are less passive and sexist.

PLAYBOY: What are your criticisms of centrefold-style pictures in men's magazines?

BACON: I'm critical of the sexism of centrefolds, although I would also add that daily newspapers sell on the same basis and television stations are also funded on sexist advertising. Few commercial television shows don't have a sexist comment, although perhaps PLAYBOY is more stereotyped than most. I don't know in the end whether mild pornography like this is any more damaging than the trivialisation of women in advertising. I've talked to both men and women about centrefolds. They are really designed for men and I see them as a comment on our society. The first thing that strikes me is that they are as near to perfect in the stereotypical and conventional view of women's bodies. The second thing that strikes me is the passivity of the women and the poses, which stress parts of their bodies, in a fetishist way, rather than the whole person. That says a lot — just as our advertising says a lot about the way women are viewed in this society and what is thought to be attractive. A lot of women look at them almost admiringly but immediately think of their own bodies and whether they measure up. I think at the back of every woman's head is a comparison with herself.

Most people who meet Ray Denning, like him. Even in the worst circumstances he retains sincerity, warmth and a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to get involved with the Prisoners' Action Group and Women Behind Bars?

BACON: I first went to prison in 1970 and became interested in women's prisons from that time on. In *Tharunka* in 1971, we printed statements by 200 prisoners from Bathurst Jail who alleged they'd been systematically bashed. The next year Tony Green, Liz Fell and I got together and formed the Prisoners' Action Group. Together with groups like The Council for Civil Liberties and prisoners themselves, we worked towards bringing about an investigation or Royal Commission into prisons. By 1975, we thought there should be another group just for women prisoners because they're such a small group in the total number and it's easy for their demands to get lost among the many to be taken up for male prisoners alone. Women Behind Bars was initially a group of former women prisoners and their friends. Over the years we got involved with giving evidence to the Royal Commission and the group grew to include journalists, lawyers and other women besides ex-prisoners.

PLAYBOY: Various campaigns waged by Women Behind Bars did very well. To what would you attribute their success?

BACON: Women Behind Bars has always looked very carefully at ways of using the media. If you're going to run a campaign you have to try to get something in the media about every second day. So instead of having a "boring" (from the media point of view) demonstration, we'd try to add an extra element to make it different. Maybe we'd have a party or drop a banner down the side of a high-rise building or stop the traffic somewhere.

Our campaign to release Joy Thomas was very brief but very effective. She had served a life sentence and was back in jail on the charge of harboring her son on the basis of what she said was fabricated verbal evidence. To publicise her case we put some barbed wire around the Corrective Services Department building and 30 women turned up. Within a week she was out of jail, which was very satisfying. The secret is to get the media behind you and at the same time have people lobbying, so that everyone works together at different levels.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Ray Denning? What were your impressions of him?

BACON: I met Ray late in 1978. The Prisoners' Action Group had received a long statement from him saying he had been flogged by five prison officers in the Grafton "trac" or punishment section for intractable prisoners in September 1978. Earlier in the year, Justice Nagle had said in the report of the NSW Royal Commission into Prisons that a regime of systematic brutality had existed at Grafton Jail for 30 years. After the report, all that was supposed to have come to an end. We were horrified by Ray's statement and I went up to Grafton with another member of the Prisoners' Action Group to visit him.

Most people who meet Ray, like him. Even in the worst circumstances he retains sincerity, warmth and a sense of humor. He strikes me as a gentle person — not aggressive at all. He was being held in total isolation, so quite a few of the people from the PAG and Women Behind Bars started to write to him and visit him. He laid charges against five prison officers and I went up to Grafton at one stage to help him with his case. I learnt that the charge that he had maliciously injured a prison officer in an escape attempt from Parramatta Jail had earned him a life sentence as well as five years of isolation and bashings. For years he had been trying through letters to convince the authorities that he had been framed, but had got no response. In the end he lost his case against the five prison officers. The result was not surprising because it was his word against theirs, but he had put a lot of faith in the findings of the Royal Commission. He continues — perhaps naively — to believe in so-called "justice" despite his experiences. All his friends know how bitterly disappointed he was. Shortly after that, he escaped.

PLAYBOY: Did you see him while he was on the run?

BACON: No, but I helped publicise the facts of his case and the demands he made. He made tapes and sent messages to Women Behind Bars and I helped handle these because I had good contacts in the media. Since I believed what he said and do consider myself a friend it seemed the least I could do.

After he escaped, a police-inspired media campaign portrayed him as an "animal" and a "dangerous monster". There was an open manhunt going on and we feared he would be killed. I still believe that he could well have been killed at the time of his arrest if it hadn't been for his own efforts and imagination in managing to change that image to one of "human being" — or "folk hero" to some. Since he has been recaptured, I have visited him when I have been able to make the time. I feel he is more world-weary and bitter than he was before his escape. To me that is understandable. I could tell from his tapes, especially the one shown on *Sixty Minutes*, that he believed there would be enough public support to get an inquiry into his case. The trouble is that there was a lot of support but the government still wouldn't act. So he was ignored both inside and outside. He risked a lot to help other prisoners as well as himself by publicising the issues of verbals and the punishment and isolation of prisoners who do not conform to every whim of those who run the prisons. Now he is back inside again and that must be hard to cope with. But he has a lot of spirit — which has got him through until now.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your relationship with Ray Denning?

BACON: I would call myself a friend. I would tend anyway to like a person who had given the system such a run for its money. More than that, I like him personally. I would count him amongst the people in my life I really care about.

PLAYBOY: Has he been bashed again since his recapture?

BACON: Not as far as I know. As often happens, once a person takes the step of making complaints public and operating through the media, he or she gains a certain amount of protection.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you been to court over the last decade?

BACON: Hundreds of times — more than I can remember. After I had been editor of *Tharunka* I was up on 11 different charges of publishing obscenity. Those 11 charges were eventually withdrawn but before that happened I still had to keep going to court to have those charges mentioned.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to be involved with the battle for Victoria Street?

BACON: I was living in the Cross when a friend of mine, Arthur King, who was involved with the Victoria Street Residents' Action Group asked a few of us to help. About 200 tenants were being thrown out of their houses by the developers. I was working as a free-lance journalist at the time and got very involved with supporting the NSW Builders' Laborers' Federation and the Green Ban movement. I lived in Victoria Street for almost a year with about 100 other squatters. Then in January 1974, as the movie *Heatwave* shows, an army of thugs with huge hammers broke into the houses and threw everyone out.

The Victoria Street era changed me a lot. . . on the St Valentine's day before Juanita Nielsen disappeared, I was sent an orchid with a bullet in it.

The Victoria Street era changed me a lot. With censorship, you can be repressed or jailed. But when you challenge property interests as the residents of Victoria Street did, you can get hurt or killed.

PLAYBOY: Were threats to your safety made during that time?

BACON: Certainly face-to-face threats. But I was by no means the only one and I don't want to exaggerate my role. I remember walking past the developers' office in Victoria Street and groups of men saying they would get me in a back street and rape me. Then on the St Valentine's day before Juanita Nielsen disappeared, I was sent an orchid with a bullet in it. The message read: "Have a good day, but avoid barbers' shops." I suppose that was a reference to the Victoria Street barber shop and the gangland murders of that year. But the fear of Victoria Street was more to do with what happened to other people. First Arthur King, who had started the group, disappeared for three days and then left the scene in very mysterious circumstances. Then Juanita Nielsen disappeared. Legal force, in the shape of the State, can be frightening, but untrammelled illegal force, possibly assisted by legal force like the police, is even more so.

PLAYBOY: Was the Victoria Street defeat a lesson to you about ways of achieving change?

BACON: Victoria Street is a wreck today but the power of the squatting movement and the imaginative things done were a great exercise in propaganda. It was a loss in hard terms that working-class people no longer live there, but a lot of people were affected by the struggle. The fact that films have been made about it shows that. It's a pity that more people didn't realise this at the time, then the Juanita Nielsen incident might never have happened.

But I remain convinced that direct action is very important. Most of the small changes — and the big ones — that I've seen happen have been associated with direct action. But you need people in the media and the legal system as well. In each issue I became involved with, I realised the importance of an understanding of the law. In Victoria Street, we were charged with being in buildings without reasonable cause. When we went to court, we thought we had many reasonable causes. But the law defines it differently. Anything short of a title to the property is not considered a reasonable cause. The campaign to free Violet and Bruce Roberts was an example of the working at different levels that is necessary to achieve change. There were legalistic and journalistic aspects, but there was also direct action. And that raised the whole issue of domestic violence and the need for women's refuges more effectively than seven submissions to a government body could ever do.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been a victim of police harassment?

BACON: When I was first arrested I was treated rather well. The middle-class demonstrator gets a very different view of the police from that of the person with fewer resources. But things changed a little when I was involved with Women Behind Bars. But I must point out that things that have happened to me are minimal in comparison with what others have put up with. I'm not in jail for something I haven't done. The harassment I've received may be unusual for a middle-class person — even a political one — but it's not out of the ordinary for people who are in regular contact with the police. The police are particularly troubled by women who confront them on a regular basis. If we were men, we probably would have been bashed. They use different tactics against women.

Once I was at Redfern Police Station after being arrested in a demonstration and a whole police cadet class was brought past and told to look at me and remember my face. Then they give you all the old taunts like "slut". Another time, at Central, in an attempt to shock me, an old drunk was told to pull down his pants and urinate in front of me. During the Victoria Street days, I

(continued on page 114)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN PUCKETT

OIL: The Crisis That Never Came

the doomsayers were as wrong about oil as malcolm fraser was about the resources boom

IT IS 1990, somewhere along Sydney's Parramatta Road. Fred Bloggs slips his bruised Holden on to the apron of a local Shell station. "Fill 'er up, mate," he yells to the pimply youth, whose vacant stare is a poor

article by chris pritchard

advertisement for the legalised dope of the period. "I gotta go take a leak," the customer adds walking towards the side of the building. (He can't fill 'er up himself because the unions still have a ban on self-service filling stations.)

A clap of thongs against concrete three minutes later announces the return of the lapsed NRMA member. "Jesus, petrol's gone up again," he observes analytically.

"Right," says the youth, "they put on another cent. It's 15 cents a litre now."

FIFTEEN CENTS A LITRE? IN 1990?

What kind of world is this? Not even the Mormons promise this kind of paradise on their suburban blitzes. Hare Krishna hath no such delights to offer.

Australia, my brothers, will be *awash* in oil. Imported oil. As much as you can use. And *cheap*, my friends.

●

The world oil glut, it is apparent from expert analyses that are not generally available, is in no imminent danger of going dry. On the other hand, Australian exploration will decline — reducing the nation's chances of finding large quantities of new oil. And investors holding shares in many local exploration ventures face a long wait for their investments, languishing in the pits of a slumped share market after rapid plunges, to show any sign of life.

This is not yet the accepted view of the Australian oil situation. Nevertheless, it is an accurate insiders' evaluation of a radically different picture to that widely portrayed as recently as a year ago. Australian planning has envisaged significant domestic oil discoveries. A Department of National Development and Energy forecast suggests "an increase in our self-sufficiency in liquid fuels such that, on the assumptions made — including the finding of an additional 1.8 billion barrels of oil (estimated to have a 50 percent probability) and the production of some syncrudes — our self-sufficiency in liquid fuels would be slightly greater than 80 percent by 1989-90. (Without new oil finds and syncrudes, our self-sufficiency in liquid fuels would decline to around 50 percent by 1990.)"

This prediction may well be totally correct as far as identifying oil in the ground is concerned. But, with depressed world oil prices, analysts suggest it's wrong in its estimate that this oil will be available for consumption within the next decade. For this to happen, greatly expanded exploration and development will have to be implemented. And, with oil being sold for a song, this is not likely to occur.

Some industry analysts suggest the picture at the end of the decade will be that Australia will be *more* dependent on foreign oil than now. Bass Strait production, our major source, will have dwindled late this decade, as forecast, and new exploration and development to make up the shortfall will have been too minor to perform this task.

Foreign oil, in the 1990s, will be freely and reasonably available — and more of it will enter Australia rather than less according to the same analysts. We currently import one-third of our needs. This proportion in the view of analysts who take an independent stance on the issue, is likely to rise significantly.

Oil, as conservation plans wisely and accurately point out, is a finite resource. Once it's all used, we'll freeze in the dark unless — as is likely — alternative fuels are available for everyday uses. Power utilities will, inevitably, depend on safe nuclear power with immense safeguards. Indeed, in the international nuclear industry it's accepted that the nuclear protest movement will wither and die in the face of need. Middle class protestors will melt down and abandon their demonstrations when convinced the alternative to nuclear power is having their comforts cut off.

Meanwhile, we need oil. But conservation and — even more dramatically — improved technologies have combined to make use of oil much more efficient. No longer are supplies on the verge of running out and a commonly-held view among some industry analysts is that *real* shortages of oil (as opposed to fabricated scarcities for political or marketing purposes) are unlikely this century, by which time alternative energy sources will massively reduce the need for oil.

In the 1990s, foreign oil will be freely and reasonably available — and more of it will enter Australia rather than less.

Oil-producing nations are feeling the effects of the big drop in prices. If this were just a minor, brief abberation, these countries would not be taking the extraordinary precautions on which they have embarked. And, as the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries weaken, there is little hope of their altering the situation through a cartel-wide turning off of the OPEC pipeline taps. Enough oil will leak into the international market place at deflated prices as individual producing nationals put self-interest first and decide that, rather than halt production and wait for a better price, they need whatever they can earn immediately.

Anyone disputing that producers are taking the situation seriously need look no further than Nigeria. The big West African nation is a major exporter, mostly to the United States. Oil has bank-rolled the country's development from backward post-colonial status — the existing limited infrastructure, in the colonial period, was sufficient to enable Britain to profit considerably from Nigerian raw materials but, overall, it was sorely lacking. After independence, however, the advent of oil wealth meant health, education, welfare, transport and other areas could receive large portions of ever-growing budgets. Oil earnings also fuelled official and unofficial corruption.

The last thing the democratically-elected government wants to do now is create social unrest that may drive Nigeria back into the arms of the army. Having experienced army rule, Nigeria's government does not want to endanger a new and fragile democracy.

Nevertheless, it has taken extreme measures: recent regulations have virtually stopped imports in a nation with a great fondness for foreign foods, numerous development projects have been axed, government staff hiring is frozen.

The Nigerians would not have taken these measures if they didn't accept that the situation is increasingly desperate — and that it's unlikely to change in six months or so. The new controls threaten political stability — but they were unavoidable.

At the heart of the coming of hard times to oil-producing countries, is the vast drop in oil needs and prices, a situation they would terminate if they could. But so desperate are the members of the OPEC cartel that individual self-interest is now paramount.

Saudi Arabia lamely promises it will try to maintain a climate of stable prices and production. Crown Prince Fahd talks of a US$34 a barrel (oil prices are generally quoted in US$), price being maintained over the next few years. But many industry analysts whisper privately that the price could slide to a remarkably low level of only US$25 by the end of this year. And, astonishingly, some see further drops in price over the next few years. It's a situation that, even last year, few experts could have imagined.

Prolonged declines in oil earnings are destined to play havoc with the economies of producing countries, which would have to aim for increased production as they attempted to earn enough to provide sufficient services to maintain social peace at home. They will be scrambling for increased sales to a diminished market among countries which have learned to conserve oil — and use it efficiently. In the battle to sell, the producers' cartel — and its price controls — will count for nothing.

Iran is already offering discounts of US$5 a barrel and attractive barter terms — but, in this way, the Iranians, regarded as unreliable suppliers, have attracted few buyers. Iran is so anxious to earn oil money that it is supplying Syria (which supports it in the on-going war against Iraq) with oil on a purely barter basis, in terms of which it is receiving a variety of urgently-needed materials from Damascus. One recent analysis of Iranian sales during March this year shows that of one million barrels a day of exports, 20 percent went to Soviet bloc nations in exchange for goods and services. When oil was craved in developed nations, the Iranians wouldn't have settled for deals of this ilk.

The Saudis are, for the moment, adhering to their US$34-a-barrel benchmark price. Saudi Arabia's customers benefited when that country adhered to its pre-set prices while other producers sent their prices soaring. In fact, from late 1978, Saudi oil was cheaper than that purchased on the "spot" (non-contract) market.

But, now that world prices are dropping, the Saudis are widely regarded as a bad buy. However, the giant oil companies continue to buy predetermined quantities from the desert kingdom in order not to threaten their long-term contracts there.

The big oil international companies are hurting. But, equipped with highly-qualified public relations machines staffed by talented professionals who are able to run rings round much of the media, they are putting a brave face on it all. In the publicly expressed view of the oil companies, the glut — and sagging prices — won't last long, high prices need to be maintained and exploration and development won't be cut back. The reality will, in the view of a considerable body of experts, be different. Despite the official view, there are other opinions. They aren't normally expressed openly because the people who have access to enough data to make independent assessments are usually dependent on jobs in the industry.

Another argument which has surfaced accepts that the oil glut is real — but surmises that, given a few years, United States consumers (the world's biggest users) will once again achieve profligate status in consumption levels. That will end any glut, according to this argument.

There's no hard evidence for this, however. The view is based on spurious suggestions — with no significant statistical back-up — that Americans will, to cite one example, switch back to driving gas-guzzlers and that Detroit has made a serious miscalculation in emphasising compact models.

That the world oil glut is having a major effect on Australian plans and projections is candidly acknowledged by the Federal Government. Minister for National Development and Energy, Senator Sir John Carrick, in noting that OPEC officials believe their cartel's efforts will be adequate to end the glut, admits that planned cutbacks may possibly not eliminate present conditions of oversupply.

Senator Carrick observes that: "The recent reduction in oil prices in real terms, and the prospect of further reductions in real terms over the next year or two, should improve the balance of payments situation and anti-inflation programs of oil-importing countries, whether they be developed or developing."

But he cautions that: "Two qualifications might be noted here, however. First, most countries' currencies have been depreciating against the US dollar and, because oil prices are set in US dollars, this has worked in those countries to offset the reduction of crude oil prices. Second, many of the more populous oil exporting countries are now encountering difficulties in financing their development programs. These countries will be required, in effect, to run down their reserves or borrow to help finance their development plans, and/or to slow down these plans, just as many oil-importing countries have been obliged to adjust for the effects of rapidly escalating oil prices on their economies in recent years."

It's reasonable to paraphrase Carrick this way: "Our economies have suffered in recent years because of *high* oil prices — now it's your turn to suffer because of *low* oil prices." He said that, since August 1978, the Australian Government had followed the practice of pricing domestically-produced crude oil, which met about two-thirds of Australia's total petroleum requirements, at its import parity price. The import parity price was the price Australia would have to pay to replace domestically-produced oil with imported oil. This price, determined half-yearly, was based on the ruling official price of Arab "light" and certain other factors such as freight and insurance and quality differentials. Australia obtained about 55 percent of its imported crude directly from Saudi Arabia, he said.

Brokers don't discuss oil exploration stocks much these days, except in a mood of nostalgia. Their clients seldom ask about these potential investments.

In a highly significant observation, Carrick acknowledged that weakness in oil prices raised questions about the future of resource investment in Australia. The fact that oil prices were no longer bounding ahead as they had been a couple of years ago, would mean that prospective resource projects which depended on continual increases in real oil prices would be deferred or cancelled.

Brokers don't discuss oil exploration stocks much these days, except in a mood of nostalgia. Their clients seldom ask about these potential investments which, in the space of a year, have gone from appearing promising to looking like losers as they have sunk to the bottom of a lack-lustre market.

Many of Australia's current oil exploration projects got under way, or were brought close to start-up point, before the oil price started sinking. Others for which plans are far advanced will no doubt go ahead. Superficially, therefore, the picture looks promising. Investment in exploration is expected to exceed $1 billion this year. A record 302 exploration wells are scheduled for drilling in Australia during 1982.

"We need to find 200 million barrels a year just to keep up," Keith Orchison, executive director of the Australian Petroleum Exploration Association, estimates. "If we don't, our imports will triple by 1990."

So the search goes on: in the Canning Basin, Cooper Basin, Surat Basin, Bass Strait and the Barrow Island area as well as at other onshore and offshore locations. However, how many of these exploration programs will be regarded by the boards of the corporations involved as justified amid a glut of cheap oil? What will be the total number of wells actually drilled during 1983, 1984 and beyond? A large decline is a reasonable expectation.

Indeed, this is exactly what is foreseen in some sectors of the industry, casting a strong level of doubt on suggestions Australia will be able to depend more on locally-produced oil in the 1990s. On present indications, we won't — but foreign oil — the abundant presence of which is retarding development of our own oil industry, will be a plentiful alternative while our own oil stays in the ground.

A look at the giant North West Shelf development, off the coast of Western Australia, at present offers little cause for optimism. It is described by John B. Fitzgerald, general manager for administration of Woodside Petroleum Limited, the operating partner, as: "The biggest single resource development ever undertaken in Australia and ranks with some of the biggest ventures undertaken anywhere."

The $6 billion project, the development of which followed the discovery of major natural gas fields in 1971-72, will involve the piping of gas 130 kilometres to a treatment plant onshore at Withnell Bay. The plant, according to the partners' plans, will produce 385 million standard cubic feet a day of gas for sale to the State Energy Commission of Western Australia. Deliveries are scheduled to begin in 1984. In addition, the North West Shelf will produce, annually, six million tonnes of liquefied natural gas, 640,000 tonnes of liquefied petroleum gas and 1.4 million tonnes of condensate.

The liquefied natural gas will be for export to Japanese utilities. Seven tankers will be required for the run, with deliveries originally expected to begin between 1987 and 1989 and exports climbing towards a plateau to be reached around 1990.

But here doubts have developed, too. The Japanese have kept the North West Shelf partners on a string and, as Australia awaits signatures on the necessary contracts, fears

(continued on page 58)

MOTOR CYCLE MADNESS

in the fifties, the purpose of life was to have fun, and to have fun you needed chrome and leather

You see things... on a motor cycle in a way that is completely different from any other. In a car you're always in a compartment, and because you're used to it you don't realise that through that car window everything you see is just more TV. You're a passive observer and it is all moving by you boringly in a frame. On a cycle the frame is gone. You're completely in contact with it all. You're in *the scene, not just watching anymore, and the sense of presence is overwhelming.*

— ROBERT M. PIRSIG, *Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Maintenance.*

AT THE AGE of 16 and three-quarters, three months before I was eligible for a licence, I straddled a motor cycle for the first time. It was a 1949 Ariel Square Four, a low-slung thousand cee cee brute with as much guts as Douglas Bader. It was one of the few machines of the day to sport four cylinders, and it could wind

article by robert reid

up past 100mph like falling off a log, or cruise along as low as 13mph in top gear. The Square Four was a head turner of the 1950s.

I weighed in at seven stone something, a runt of a youth, and the bike tipped the scales at somewhere between 450 and 500lbs. This was my maiden voyage, and I wasn't feeling too good. My mind was searching for an excuse to abandon the venture without revealing myself as an abject coward. Alas, I was on the bike, the die was cast.

"Get the feel of it, get the feel of it," urged my instructor. "Just sit on it for a while. Don't worry about a thing."

That was okay by me. A reprieve. My legs felt like Aeroplane Jelly and my brain was in full retreat. I bounced on the seat and fiddled with the controls, trying to keep on top of a serious case of panic. The bike was balanced between my legs, like a great iron beast preparing to tear me apart and scatter my pieces over a mile and a half.

We were out in the country, about 15 miles from the city. It was early morning. We had picked a disused bitumen road for the first lesson. It was a quarter-mile stretch that had been cut off from a main highway during road reconstruction. It was peaceful and quiet, except for the hammering of my heart.

Red Bob was my instructor, and ex-owner of the Square Four. Teaching me to handle that British heavyweight was part of the sale deal, and Bob was impatient and ready to go. He didn't look too happy, standing there on the edge of the old highway. Maybe it was the early start after a hard night, I told myself. But his narrowed eyes were on my skinny frame, and I knew what he was thinking. Red Bob was built like a tank, about 16 stone of muscle and bone. Big bikes were like cream cake to him. As far as I knew, he had been both conceived and born on a motor cycle.

"Kick the bugger over," he said.

I lost count somewhere after 20 attempts, and by that time I was a frustrated, wildly-sweating mess. I knew I wouldn't be able to do it. I was too small. The bike was six years old and notoriously stubborn, even for a big rider. It was a hopeless case.

Bob had insisted I learn to ride cold turkey. Saddle up and get on with it. This riding around pillion was a waste of time, he said, and only delayed the final reckoning. I think the bastard had been reading Hemingway.

I checked that the juice was on and set myself for another go. I heaved up and down on to the kick-lever. I hardly even dented the compression. On the next try I lost the centre of gravity, and went down for about the fifth time. Bob gave me a hand to lift the bike, then left me to it. I couldn't figure out how I was ever going to kick and balance the bike *at the same time.* I looked over at Bob. He was nodding his head, as if to a beat.

"Kick the bugger over," he said.

After five more minutes, I was ready to throw in the towel. I had a bruised ankle from a savage kick-back, and my right leg felt ready to drop off. I hadn't even got a spark for my trouble. The fucker just wasn't co-operating, full stop.

"One more time," said Bob, for the 10th time.

I cursed everything ever made, especially machinery. I cursed everybody I knew and some I didn't. Most of all I cursed myself. What a mug! A shrimp like me buying hardware like a Four! Why the hell not a Tiger Cub or a Matchy single? I must be mad — a fair dinkum nut case! I'd look like a pea on a pumpkin, I thought, the joke of the year. That's *if* I learned to handle it, which, judging by present performance, was about as likely as a Peter's ice cream factory in the Antarctic.

I would have rolled the bike into the scrub if Red Bob hadn't been standing there, eyeing me impatiently. Rolled it into the bushes and hitched home. Piss on all motorbikes, from now to eternity.

"Kick, kick," Bob urged.

The bike was balanced between my legs, like a great iron beast preparing to tear me apart and scatter my pieces over a mile and a half.

I swore at him under my breath. I tried to get myself together, to calm down and tackle this thing scientifically, as the saying went.

"Let's put her up on the centre stand," I suggested hopefully.

"Bugger the centre stand. You won't be starting this thing on the *stand.* You'll be starting her on hills, in mud holes, all over the bloody place. What're you gunna do if you stall it out in the traffic with a Mack truck up your arse? Get off and put her up on the *stand*? For Christ's sake, kick her in the guts."

"Come on, just 'til I get the hang of it. I'll never get the bastard started the way I'm going." I was dangerously close to whining. I had to get a grip on myself. Whiners and whingers were low forms of humans, and had no place in the motor cycle world. All misfortunes had to be borne in manly fashion. You had to cop it sweet.

Red Bob had his hands on his hips, a sure sign he was losing his cool. He was about 10 years older than me, and a tough veteran of life. We were friends and I had no fear of him, but it was never a wise thing to upset Red Bob.

I tried to whip my mind into some kind of shape, to get a decent grip on the situation. For a start, I *knew* I had to learn to ride that damn bike, or else declare myself prize chicken of the year. Also, Bob had a hand in this, and he wasn't likely to give up on me. He was beginning to look a bit mean around the edges, and if I wanted to stay out of trouble, there was only one thing to do. I was out there to ride that Square Four, and he was there to teach me. Bob was beaming me a message, and it came to this: take your time, but don't take *too* long. There was no getting around it, Bob was looking for progress.

Just the same, I didn't think I'd make it. I was setting myself for another futile kick, when I experienced a change of mood. Bugger it, I might as well be out here on the road as anywhere else. What did I have to lose? It was a nice day, not too hot yet, and here I was with a big Ariel underneath me. Before long, if I stuck to it, I'd be tooling down the highway, hair blowing in the wind, and a big-breasted girl stuck to my back. Sweet dreams, baby. Ten feet high at 90mph.

The bike felt good, too, not knocked around much. A dent here and there, but everything worked except the speedo and high-beam, easy stuff to fix. If it wasn't for that rotten kick-start . . .

Well, you never know. I gave it the business, boosted with a surge of positivity. Zero effect. I tried Bob's technique. Smooth, solid, without a pause, and lay off the throttle. Nothing happened. The lever refused to flow through smoothly.

I tried again. The engine caught and fired. I nearly jumped out of my skin. I couldn't believe it — the bugger was going! I revved happily, until I felt Bob's eyes on me, then I let her drop back to an even idle.

I sat there, relieved, listening to the low-down growl of those four cylinders. Already I could feel that girl hugging my waist. Visions of speed and open roads tripped through my head. Motor cycles! A world apart, and now the door had opened!

Red Bob appeared before me, blasting my dreams apart.

"Righto," he said. "Now turn her off and kick her in the guts."

●

On that day in 1955 I became addicted to motor cycle madness. I learned to start a 'cycle and run it along in low gear, and I thought I was just the cleverest bastard around. Few events can compare with balancing a motor bike under power for the first time. I felt like writing a book on the subject: *How to Manage a Motor Cycle with a Kick like an Angry Mule.*

Bob let me enjoy my success without sarcasm. He had me riding backwards and forwards, switching off, starting up, backwards and forwards again, just like there was nothing more to it. But after a couple of hours of showing off, and telling myself what an ace I was, Red Bob let me have it with both barrels. He moved me on to the real stuff, the life and death knowledge of serious riding. He didn't intend to send me off half-cocked, and maybe find me wrapped around a tree somewhere. He drummed his experience into me with relentless purpose: speed variances, concentration, how to maintain sharp awareness and avoid the "Motor cycle Drift" on long journeys — and how to pick the bike up on my own.

Red Bob pushed me hard. In the evenings and weekends, he watched me fumble through the paces, again and again. I was impatient, and anxious to cut loose on the world, but Bob held me to the grindstone. He taught me to shape up to that bike, no matter the size. "If your feet can touch the ground, you're big enough to handle it," he said.

He showed me how to come into a dirt corner hard, and shoot out the other side, under power all the way. Bob was solid on keeping the revs up. He didn't know what brakes were. But I never did get used to those loose corners. Gravel and dirt were always big trouble in my book. I went through the routines, and learned a trick or two, but I'd go around the long way to avoid a shaky corner.

With Bob it was different, corners were his specialty. He could play them like a willing Saturday-night harlot. He could lay a bike over until the peg was kicking up dirt and stones, and not bat an eye. Bob had fear in a box with the lid on.

He made sure I was a better than passable rider, before he let me out on my own. It took a while, and I left behind a few patches of skin here and there, but I finally learned to toss that heavy Four around with a touch of flair. In the motor cycling world, flair is important, so too is style. They are essential to the mood of biking, and second only to skill in riding. It's a way of being confident, and knowing the machine, and what it can do in an emergency. On a motor bike, trouble is always as close as a heartbeat. Without confidence and complete ease of feeling, the rider doesn't belong on two wheels. He's a rolling catastrophe, looking for a place to happen.

Red Bob had another way of putting it. "Show the bastard who's boss," he would growl, watching me extricate myself from under the Four. "Give her the herbs next time around."

Falling off 500lbs of moving machinery is not much fun, but it's an essential part of understanding the risk factor. If you're going to ride motor cycles, sooner or later you're going to meet Mother Earth the hard way. When you do, you just learn a bit faster about your close relationship with danger. It is there all the time, you have to ride with it. You have to treat every moving object on the road as your enemy. Your mind must be conditioned for instant evasive action, as natural as breathing.

Eventually, Red Rob gave me the nod. Either he was sick and tired of the job, or else he reckoned I was good enough for my wings. It didn't matter to me, either way —I was raring to go. A brand new milk-bar cowboy.

Not long after, Red Bob lost it for good. He was somewhere out west in NSW, touring about, when a heavily-laden semi crept out on the road and stalled, right in front of him. Bob hit the trailer side-on. He didn't have a hope.

Pretty soon it was all but forgotten, and life went on.

●

In the year 1955, a lot of interesting things were happening. Presley was singing That's All Right and Good Rockin' Tonight, and the old crooners were standing around wondering what was going on. Batista was still boss in Cuba, but not sleeping too well. Marilyn Monroe was showing the world what a real woman looked like, with no second prize. Bodgies and Widgies fought pitched battles with British Teddy-boy seamen on the wharves of Australian cities. It was a bad time for the status quo.

The familiar, as-it-should-be social structure was beginning to come unglued. Mums and dads and governments were showing signs of panic and confusion. The fabric of capitalism was stretching dangerously, and scapegoats were needed to allay the fears of conservative populations. Communism took a belting, as expected. The ungodly were denounced, and other unsavory minorities were harassed from all quarters. It was a time of social stagnation. . . until a new menace appeared. It was called rock'n'roll.

Motor cycles have always been symbols of rebellious behavior, and in the Fifties, rebellion was the password of a new age.

And, of course, motor cycle madmen. In Australia, just as European immigrants were known as New Australians, motor cyclists were known as Temporary Australians. Some of them were. Bikies died then, as they do now. Just as others die. Like window cleaners and scuba divers. You take your chances in the world.

Motor cycles have always been symbols of rebellious behavior, and in the Fifties, rebellion was the password of a new age.

"The old order is rapidly changing," sang Bob Dylan a decade or so later. But it was in the early Fifties when the emergence of rock'n'roll out of black boogie and soul music triggered off the 20-year surge of youth-dominated cultural change.

Motor cycles and rock'n'roll were like hand and glove — wherever you found one, you found the other.

●

A motor cyclist is a person apart. He belongs in the strange realm of the Outsider. He has a bond with the two-wheeled machine, and with pleasure and danger. He knows his hold on the earth is tenuous at best, that death is, always, a mere whisker away. Still he rides, morning, noon and night, whenever time permits. In the cold, the rain, and the heat — it makes no difference.

The relationship between man and machine is not the same with a car as it is with a motor cycle. It is an indefinable link, but connected with the singular nature of solitary motion. Danger, too, forges a special union. Pleasure becomes enhanced when tied to risk. The rider knows his machine well. He has to — it could be the difference between life and death.

Riding in a car, a bus, or train, the experience is dulled — the fine edge is removed. There is no participation, the traveller is boxed in, a doll in a package. Astride a motor cycle, it is the inside of a kaleidoscope. The wind, the flashing trees, the sky, the smell of grass, the hum of the beating engine. His eyes fixed to the road five metres ahead, the rider sees and feels everything in his moving world, unhindered by glass and metal. The element of disaster is ever-present, but not feared. It is accepted as a possible event, like the death of a brother, a friend, or mother. It is there, waiting. He eliminates some risk with careful maintenance, but the main danger is the unknown factor; a grease spot on the bitumen, a careless turn from a car or truck — any number of ifs and maybes. These tricks of chance remain constant, and have to be accepted.

Out on a good highway, free from most traffic hazards, the rider can unwind the bike and relax. Uncluttered road and long vision give him room to ride and imagine. The long motor cycle journey is a playground of the imagination. The environment is wide open, a whole-body experience of sensory data zapping inwards from a trillion points. The rider feels his vulnerability recede as he *fastens* to the bike, as if there is a fusion between flesh and machine. He feels the piston-force drive through his body, the co-ordination of moving parts flinging him headlong into the wind. He cannot separate in that instant from total experience. The bike is doing the work. Riding is effortless, running down a fixed tunnel of vision, like a rocket on a steel rail. Fantasy and reality merge, anything becomes possible. The brain registers all information, sorting the machine's progress from mind-play. The engine thrums in tune to the rider's pulse. The road flashes underneath, and always the rushing wind. . . crazy stuff.

Out there on the highway at sunrise, or under a bright moon, riding with the devil is commonplace to those who know what it means. You are anywhere and everywhere, your cycle is a magic carpet. You can ride the night until your body aches, your mind

(continued on page 146)

MARILYN CHAMBERS IN AUSTRALIA

the insatiable new queen of porn discusses the ups and downs, ins and outs of her career

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM McCARTER

20 QUESTIONS

STIMULATING male libidos on an international scale is something Marilyn Chambers does with greater passion and commitment than any actress past or present. She is the undisputed queen of X-rated movies. In the world of porn, where most bit players are exploited pawns, Marilyn Chambers is well-shod proof that screwing with style equals box-office bucks.

From the young housewife in an Ivory Snow detergent commercial — "99.44 percent pure" — Marilyn made the transition to porn in the up-market erotica of Behind The Green Door. *It was hardly consistent with the Ivory Snow concept but audiences warmed to the wholesome image cast into a feast of explicit, unfettered sex.* The Resurrection Of Eve *continued the formula and this year Chambers and manager Chuck Traynor arrived in Australia to add promotional thrust to their latest fuckathon,* Insatiable. *Traynor was manager-husband of ex-porn-star-now-born-again-Christian Linda Lovelace. In Chambers he has a far hotter commodity: this one can really* act.

Her straight movie career started in The Owl And The Pussycat *but recently it's been the stage which has conveyed her versatility. Appearances in Neil Simon's* Last Of The Red Hot Lovers *and Jules Toscas'* Mind With The Dirty Man *received good reviews. Reviews are fine but Marilyn's seven-figure fortune rode to the bank vault on the back of her X-rated performances. That just might make her the only "wholesome", rich and talented porn performer in the business. And there hasn't been one of those since Catherine The Great.*

Intrigued, PLAYBOY sought an audience with the queen of X-raters.

1.

PLAYBOY: How many people have you had it off with in front of a camera?
CHAMBERS: Gee, I've never counted. There were a lot in *Behind The Green Door*. . . Let me see, between 20 and 30 I guess in the three X-rated movies I've made.

2.

PLAYBOY: What is expected of your leading males?
CHAMBERS: It's a hard part. . . no, let me rephrase that. It's a lot of pressure for a man to be under because he has to be able to, uh, sustain his performance. Quality, not quantity, is important and he is expected to be good looking.

3.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to perform a sex scene in front of a camera?
CHAMBERS: I've always been an exhibitionist and sex is great fun. I love to make love on film because it fulfills the fantasy. When I'm in front of a camera, it has to be for real. Anything less is cheating the audience. Anyway, I've never been able to fake an orgasm so why should I try faking it for the camera? The difficult part is keeping my emotions under control; that requires concentration.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is there one particular sex scene which you found really satisfying?
CHAMBERS: I'm not sure whether they cut it for the Australian version but there is a scene in *Insatiable* where we have sex on a pool table. It was terrific but if you're thinking of trying it, watch out for rug burns from that pool cloth.

5.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about censorship?
CHAMBERS: It's a violation of the rights of the individual. Hey, nobody's arm is being broken to make them pay the five bucks and go in to see the movie. It's their own choice.

6.

PLAYBOY: Has the title of queen of the X-ratings made you wealthy?
CHAMBERS: Put it this way: I had 10 percent of *Green Door* and it made $60 million. But that doesn't mean I made $6 million. I've got a much larger stake in *Insatiable.* In one way the money isn't too important but in another it is. When people start talking about whether or not I'm being exploited, I can point to the money I've made and tell them I don't feel exploited because I've done it on my terms.

7.

PLAYBOY: Are there any real pretenders to the Chambers crown?
CHAMBERS: No, because too many girls are inhibited. I'm lucky because I have an excellent manager, and that's important. It's very hard to be objective about yourself and that's why you need a manager. Most people make the mistake of thinking they can do it on their own.

8.

PLAYBOY: What were you like as a teenager?
CHAMBERS: I was voted Best Student Body in high school but I wasn't fast or promiscuous. I did go out with older men but it wasn't until I did well at diving and gymnastics that I discovered I enjoyed showing off. Diving meant performing in very little clothing so the step to doing nude performances wasn't all that difficult.

9.

CHAMBERS: How did you handle the casting couch hurdle?
CHAMBERS: That's the real irony. When I was doing "legitimate" work, the casting couch aspect was obvious. You've heard about the Ivory Snow commercial and the pure image. Well, the photographer was chasing me around the room. When I moved to California and auditioned for the part in *Green Door,* I thought of the old black glasses and black sox porno image but instead I find myself dealing with these college types who had a really good idea about making a successful movie. No casting coach involved. It must have been one of these rare roles where the female lead did it after getting the part, not before.

10.

PLAYBOY: Does your career worry your boyfriends?
CHAMBERS: It drives them wild, but it's no problem for me because I like to do a lot of research.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to sustain the image as Marilyn Chambers, queen of X-rated movies?
CHAMBERS: No, it's not a matter of just being a porno star. I have to be Marilyn Chambers 24 hours a day and that is something that comes naturally. I am an uninhibited person and I enjoy my work. I love to take my clothes off, but because of my career I'm selective about the time and place. Hey, I hear you've got great beaches here. . . [*laughs*]

12.

PLAYBOY: Does that image mean not wearing underwear for occasions such as this?
CHAMBERS: I never wear underwear; I don't believe in it. I prefer to be nude rather than clothed.

13.

PLAYBOY: Where is your career heading?
CHAMBERS: It just keeps building. I'm lucky because nobody has been working in my area before. I've done stage shows, I've got a country and western show happening and we're moving into cable television. I receive good reviews for my X-rated performances and my other shows, and that's great because it proves I'm versatile. I hope to remain sexy for a long, long time, and no, I'm not worried about old age.

14.

PLAYBOY: What did your family think of your first X-rated performance?
CHAMBERS: Well, they weren't very thrilled and they still aren't. But now I've moved into other forms of theatre and proved I can

(continued on page 57)

"Censorship is a violation of the rights of the individual. Nobody's arm is being broken to make them pay the five bucks and go in to see the movie."

"I've now moved into other forms of theatre and proved I can perform at different levels outside of X-rated movies. It's great because it proves I'm versatile."

"When I'm in front of a camera, it has to be for real. Anything less is cheating the audience. I've never been able to fake an orgasm, so why should I try faking it for the camera?"

"I've always been an exhibitionist and always thought that sex is great fun. I love to make love on film because it fulfills the fantasy."

perform at different levels outside of X-rated movies, they're starting to show some interest.

15.

PLAYBOY: Is your move into legitimate theatre a way of sliding out of the sex scene?
CHAMBERS: No. If I had the choice I'd do them both as long as possible. I enjoy legitimate theatre but the sex films are so much more fun. On the set of most so-called straight movies the casting couch routine is very obvious. . . You don't get that in X-ratings because everybody is much more honest about sex. I prefer the sex roles to the rest because I love performing and it means doing it with someone who is attractive rather than some old, hideous casting couch type.

16.

PLAYBOY: If we could find a convenient time warp, would you star opposite Ronald Reagan?
CHAMBERS: Only if you could assure me he really doesn't dye his hair.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do you think *Insatiable* is an Eighties landmark for porn movies?
CHAMBERS: It sure is. On a one to 10 scale of erotica, I'd give *Insatiable* a 10. It is the sort of movie women will enjoy and get turned on by.

Guys will go with their girlfriends and enjoy the movie because it has been told from the woman's point of view.

18.

PLAYBOY: Was the first time you performed explicit sex in front of an audience a traumatic experience?
CHAMBERS: No, it felt great. I was about 18 and from then onwards I knew what I wanted to do. That's when I became Marilyn Chambers as everybody knows me now.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is stage work much harder than making X-rated movies?
CHAMBERS: The difference with working with a camera is that it shows everything in such detail.

That means you have to work hard and concentrate on perfection. Performing on stage is more immediate, but because of the distance between performer and audience, many things go unnoticed.

20.

PLAYBOY: Were you responsible for the much-quoted crack about John ("Johnny Wad") Holmes being lucky his prick is 13 inches rather than 12 because if it was 12 it would be a foot instead of a prick?
CHAMBERS: [*Laughs*] No, no. But I must remember that. Actually John is 14 inches. And that's *big*.

OIL:

(continued from page 43)

It would be folly to expect a decision on going ahead with any coal liquefaction plant in Australia.

have grown that the buyers may well decide they need less of the shelf's output.

Last year, the magic word in the resources area was "shale". Remember? Southern Pacific Petroleum Limited and Central Pacific Minerals Limited were glamor stocks because of their ownership of the Rundle oil shale deposit. Production of up to 180,000 barrels of synthetic crude oil a day was foreseen by the end of this decade.

Now, however, the Rundle project — which was planned as a major source of domestic oil — is regarded in the oil industry as being very much on the back-burner. If it goes ahead it will do so years later than originally expected.

Esso Exploration and Production Australia Inc., a unit of US-based Exxon, is the financing partner of the "Rundle twins", as Southern Pacific Petroleum and Central Pacific Minerals are usually described. Esso wants further feasibility studies, costing about $300 million, before deciding whether to go ahead. A decision, say industry sources, will be taken only after Exxon's Colony oil shale plant in Colorado becomes operational in about three years.

It is widely expected that Rundle will remain no more than a "possible" project, at least for the rest of the 1980s. Oil shale euphoria has virtually disappeared in Australia. The decline of Rundle enthusiasm has been matched by a dwindling of interest in other Australian shale deposits.

A similar attitude of unbridled enthusiasm existed last year in relation to coal liquefication.

Among the projects regarded only 12 months ago as having considerable attraction was one involving Nippon Brown Coal Liquefaction Co. — owned equally by Nissho-Iwai Co., Idemitsu Kosan Co., Kobe Steel Ltd, Asia Oil Co. and Mitsubishi Chemical Industries Ltd. The plan is to build a small pilot plant, to become operational sometime next year, capable of producing 200 barrels of synthetic crude a day from 50 tonnes of dry brown coal. If the pilot plant is successfully operated, Nippon Brown Coal will consider construction of a demonstration plant able to produce 15,000 barrels a day by 1988.

If this plant is also successful, a full-scale 75,000 barrels-a-day plant could be built.

The small pilot plant will go ahead. But there is no watertight commitment to proceed beyond this point.

Coal liquefaction has its most extensive present-day application in South Africa, where the true economics cannot be accurately assessed. The process, perfected in Nazi Germany, is utilised at South Africa's Sasol plants. The apartheid regime, starved of oil because of international protests aimed at its racial policies, would in any case be prepared to produce oil from coal even at uneconomic cost.

In Australia, Victoria has been most interested in oil-from-coal possibilities. At a time of expensive oil, the Victorian State Government believed coal liquefaction an intelligent way of utilising vast State-owned brown coal deposits. The Government plan was to make coal and power available for liquefaction schemes.

State Government sources in Melbourne say the new Labor State Government is evaluating its attitude to coal liquefaction. It could well be less enthusiastic about proceeding than the ousted Liberal administration. At this point coal liquefaction, despite its celebrity status last year, is definitely "on hold".

The present situation with regard to other potential coal liquefaction developments, aside from the Nippon Brown Coal plan, is hardly promising. Mitsui & Co. is considering a scheme, based on work done with an already-existing pilot plant in Japan, which will stop short of production of oil but would instead use State-owned Victorian brown coal to produce a substance called solvent refined coal that is adequate to power steel industry blast furnaces. A decision on whether this facility will, in fact, be built had been expected by now but, so far, no decision has been forthcoming, fueling speculation that it may never eventuate.

Arco Australia Limited, a unit of the Atlantic Richfield Company of the United States, is conducting a feasibility study aimed at evaluating a proposed joint venture with International Oil Proprietary Limited, a subsidiary of Moonie Oil Co., which produces oil from Queensland wells. The idea is to use International's Victorian coal deposits. Nothing has recently been heard indicating progress on this venture.

Outside Victoria, there's no word yet of any decisions to go ahead with:

- A proposal to produce oil from Queensland coal that is being considered by Australian Coal Corporation.
- Moves in the direction of coal liquefaction by BHP, which looked likely to get the go-ahead over a year ago when the company was believed looking at potential sites (BHP is still involved in research on the subject).

It would, say industry sources, be folly to expect a decision on going ahead with any coal liquefaction plant in Australia in the short term. The international oil glut has brought about this situation.

According to Dr Naom White, BHP's senior principal research officer: "Should a tight-supply market situation develop, a business opportunity could arise for Australia in the production of synthetic fuels for export." But we're now looking at an extremely *loose* "market situation" — so the conclusion can be drawn that business opportunities are perceived to be poor.

In the view of Allan Carroll, a Melbourne-based investment consultant specialising in the oil industry: "From Australia's point of view (the drop in the price of oil) removes, of course, an enormous amount of the attraction that Australia seemed to offer for equivalent oil investment opportunities right through this decade."

Carroll sums up succinctly just how the global oil picture has changed: "In 1978-79 we were running at something like 31 million barrels a day from OPEC. That dropped in 1980 to about 27½ million barrels, and that was with Iran dropping out of the system which doubled the price of oil in that year. In 1981, (we were) down to 22½ million barrels. This year we're looking at perhaps 18 or 18½ million barrels. So the market's about halved in three years.

"But more to the point, in the course of that period of time, OPEC's contribution to the Western World has dropped from about 60 percent of . . . needs to about 40 percent," Carroll continues. "So it's far less of a factor today than it was 15 or 16 months ago."

Carroll notes the drop in use can't be attributed merely to world economic recession. "There are three big factors, in many ways more important than the recession:

- "The first is non-OPEC sources, now in production — but they weren't in 1979. About three million barrels a day come from these: the North Sea, Alaska and Mexico.
- "Energy conservation is very, very important . . . perhaps 10 to 12 percent less oil is used today. That's worth about four million barrels a day.
- "The big reason . . . has been the amount of money that's been invested in refinery capacity around the world since 1979. We're now getting almost a third more *oil* from a barrel of oil — I mean the products of a barrel of oil — than we were getting in 1979.

"The savings have been tremendous," Carroll maintains, in reviewing the West's needs, "particularly when you remember that most forecasters in 1979 were saying we were going to need something like 36 million barrels a day — we now, in fact, need 18."

Carroll is convinced the oil price will decline further. "In my own judgement," he says, "it will drop this year. I don't think there's any question it will, despite all attempts to paper over the problems . . . we'll see oil very near US$25 by the end of the year. That's a US$10 drop. That's an awful lot — and we've seen the start to that already occur."

WATERGATE, INC.

AN ANNIVERSARY AUDIT

ten years after, nixon's dirty trick is still generating income

WHO SAYS crime doesn't pay? For a while, it looked as if the night of the Watergate break-in — June 17, 1972 — would be just another famous date in the annals of petty crime. Now, a decade later, it looks more like a milestone in American economics. Since that fateful evening when five men were arrested at gunpoint inside Democratic National Committee headquarters, Watergate has gone from a third-rate burglary to a first-class growth industry.

After some consideration, it was decided that the most appropriate way to mark the 10th anniversary of the break-in was to prepare an accounting of just how much money — the fees, royalties, fines, bills and other assorted payments flowing to the participants, innocent bystanders and unindicted co-conspirators — the resulting Watergate, Inc., has pumped into the American economy. Please understand that we're not talking about profits per se; we're talking about moving money around in an economy.

As was found out, it's impossible to account for every single dollar generated by an industry as successful as Watergate, so the total is certainly higher than our bottom line. Deals are often conducted by lawyers, agents, publishers and other middlemen, who would sooner be caught with a smoking pistol than say how

article by tom passavant and conan putnam

much their clients are making. In some cases, when we couldn't get an exact figure, we went to authorities in a field for estimates, which are clearly marked on the chart and explained. In other cases, we've taken a logical average. G. Gordon Liddy was in nine prisons; our estimated cost of housing him is a reasonable middle ground. Then there were some figures we just couldn't track down, so we had to eliminate the entries. For example, how much money has the presence of the Martha Mitchell House contributed to the tax coffers of Pine Bluff, Arkansas? And how many bottles of Watergate Bug Juice did Watergate Liquors *really* sell?

One final thought before we get to the ledger: if Watergate could breathe this much life into the system, maybe what America needs in these hard economic times is a juicy Reagan Administration scandal. Remember, it's not the bottom line that counts — it's the trickle down along the way.

BOOKS

The card catalogue in the US Library of Congress lists 169 book titles under the heading WATERGATE. They range from such yawn-inducing tomes as *Constitutional Aspects of Watergate: Documents and Materials* (five volumes) to Art Buchwald's *I Am Not a Crook.* The list below includes those better-known books for which sales and profit estimates were available.

As for the remaining 150 titles, here's how we arrived at our figure. The average sale of a hardback, according to publishing insiders, would be about 7500 copies at $10 per copy, or $75,000 per book; for paperbacks, it would be 100,000 copies at about $2, or $200,000; for trade paperbacks, the average sale can be assumed to be about 20,000 at $5, or $100,000. Assuming that there are 50 books in each category, the totals look like this:

Hardcover books $3,750,000
Mass-market paperbacks 10,000,000
Trade paperbacks 5,000,000
Total for nonlisted books 18,750,000
Total for listed books 30,166,790
TOTAL $48,916,790

MAGAZINES

Here we've added up only articles written by free-lancers, not those by newspaper reporters and magazine staffers, who presumably did the job as part of their regular salary. We counted 286 by-lined pieces in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and the *Popular Periodicals Index.* A reasonable estimate of the average fee for each piece, according to John Brady, former editor of *Writer's Digest,* would be $350. Two hundred and eighty-six articles at $350 each: TOTAL $100,100

	Received by Authors	*Received by Publishers and Booksellers*
Blind Ambition, by John W. Dean III	$300,000	$4,778,000
Born Again, by Charles W. Colson	50,000 (to charity)	5,800,000 (estimated)
Chief Counsel, by Sam Dash		200,000 (estimated)
The Company, by John Ehrlichman		2,200,000
The Ends of Power, by H.R. Haldeman	600,000	400,000
The Final Days and *All the President's Men,* by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein	SEE WOODSTEIN listing	
The Friends of Richard Nixon, by George V. Higgins		165,000 (estimated)
Game Plan for Disaster, by Clark R. Mollenhoff		30,000
The Impeachment of Richard Nixon, by Leonard Lurie		237,500
It Didn't Start with Watergate, by Victor Lasky		500,000 (estimated)
"Mo": A Woman's View of Watergate, by Maureen Dean and Hays Gorey	150,000	448,790
Our Gang, by Philip Roth		202,500
The Palace Guard, by Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates		3,200,000 (estimated)
The Presidential Transcripts (Dell)		2,940,000
RN, The Memoirs of Richard Nixon, by Richard Nixon	2,000,000	
The Right and the Power, by Leon Jaworski		2,400,000 (estimated)
To Set the Record Straight, by John J. Sirica	500,000	
Watergate Follies, by Gerald Gardner		292,500
The White House Transcripts (Bantam)		2,772,500

Conspiracy to obstruct justice was the verdict that resulted in fines for Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Robert Mardian and John Mitchell. Colson was nicked for obstruction of justice. Herbert Kalmbach pleaded guilty to one count of violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. E. Howard Hunt was indicted for six counts of conspiracy, burglary and wire tapping and pleaded guilty. Liddy's charges were the same as Hunt's, but the fine was four times as large.

Colson $5000
Ehrlichman 35,000
Haldeman 21,000
Hunt 10,000
Kalmbach 10,000
Liddy 40,000
Mardian 10,000
Mitchell 37,000
Stans 5000

The Finance Committee of the Committee to Re-Elect the President was also fined $8000. Illegal campaign contributions to Nixon from corporations and corporate executives were in excess of $1,500,000, for which fines of $118,500 were levied.

TOTAL $1,799,500

GOVERNMENT COSTS

You think it's cheap to root out scandal in the baseboards of democracy? Wrong again! One San Francisco group, Citizens Against PORN (Profits of Richard Nixon), put Government costs at $19,500,000. Our list omits court costs for all those trials and hearings for which no specific costs could be apportioned. Some may argue that those figures should be debits subtracted from the total, since they did not "stimulate" the economy. That is true only if you aren't a prison guard or a legislative aide, however, so we've added them in.

Watergate Special Prosecution Force $7,200,000
Senate Select Committee on Watergate, operating expenses 2,000,000
(includes $4000 paid to such witnesses as Haldeman, who got $25 per day for testifying, and Dean, who got $6.25)
House impeachment inquiry and Ford nomination 1,700,000
General Services Administration investigations more than 100,000
Nixon defence 290,418
Government Printing Office Presidential tapes 183,750
TOTAL $11,474,168

PRISON COSTS

Getting the Watergate crew behind bars was expensive. Keeping them there was no bargain, either. Many of them did time in more than one place — from the flashiest Federal prison camps, such as Allenwood, Safford and Lompoc, to Air Force Base prisons such as Eglin and Maxwell. The average cost works out to just under $25 per day, meals included, for the prisons on the list. We've multiplied that figure by the number of days in the slammer after sentences were handed out.

Bernard Barker, seven months in various prisons $5250
Dwight Chapin, eight months at Lompoc 6000
Colson, seven months in various prisons 5250
Dean, four and a half months at Fort Holabird 3375
Ehrlichman, 18 months at Safford 13,500
Virgilio Gonzalez, nine and a half months in various prisons 7125
Haldeman, 18 months at Lompoc 13,500
Hunt, 28½ months in various prisons 21,375
Kalmbach, six months in various prisons 4500
Egil Krogh, four and a half months at Allenwood 3375
Liddy, 52½ months in various prisons 39,375
Jeb Stuart Magruder, seven months at Allenwood 5250
Eugenio Martinez, nine and a half months in various prisons 7125
James McCord, two months at Allenwood 1500
Mitchell, 19 months at Maxwell 14,250
TOTAL $150,750

HUSH MONEY AND OPERATING EXPENSES

The original Watergate budget, including cash payments to Liddy for "sensitive political projects," was $300,000, though Liddy probably received only about $200,000 when the scandal broke. Once the break-in was discovered, hush money and legal expenses for the defendants totalled at least $1,000,000.

TOTAL $1,300,000

LEGAL EXPENSES AND LAWSUITS

Once again, you could argue that these expenses should be deducted from the total revenues of Watergate, Inc., since the defendants lost rather than gained money on their legal expenses. On the other hand, their lawyers — also part of Watergate, Inc. — did okay.

Committe to Re-elect the President, sued by the Democratic Party for $6,400,000 in damages; settled for ..... $ 525,000
Committee to Re-Elect the President, sued by R. Spencer Oliver of the Democratic Association of State Chairmen for tapping his phone; settled for 215,000
Ehrlichman, legal expenses ... 350,000
Haldeman, legal expenses 350,000
Morton Halperin, judgement in $600,000 suit for tapping his phone 1
Hunt, legal expenses 156,000
Liddy, legal expenses 306,000
Mardian, legal expenses 481,899
Mitchell, legal expenses 771,000
Nixon, legal expenses 750,000
Kenneth Parkinson, legal expenses 73,400
Stans, legal expenses 157,700
Anthony Ulasewicz, legal expenses 34,720
Four Watergate burglars (Sturgis, Barker, Martinez, Gonzales) 135,000
TOTAL $4,305,720

WOODSTEIN

Since Woodward and Bernstein played such prominent journalistic and financial roles in Watergate, we've decided to give them a category of their own. The list doesn't include their increased salaries.

All the President's Men
PLAYBOY excerpt $30,000
Advance 55,000
Hardcover and paperback sales 12,143,050
Paperback rights 1,000,000

The fastest way to be rehabilitated from Watergate crimes was to publicly confess on the lecture circuit.

Movie rights paid by Robert Redford to Simon & Schuster 450,000
Movie gross 58,000,000
The Final Days
Newsweek excerpt 65,000
Paperback-reprint rights 1,500,000
Hardcover sales 5,475,000
Lectures 900,000
TOTAL $79,618,050

LECTURES

The fastest way to be rehabilitated from Watergate crimes was to publicly confess on the lecture circuit — usually at about $2500 to $5000 per testimony.

Barker $40,000
Dash 350,000
Dean (at least) 700,000
Sam Ervin 1,000,000
Hunt 300,000
Liddy 840,000
Magruder 200,000
Martinez 40,000
McCord 200,000
Elliot Richardson 225,000
Fred Thompson 300,000
Frank Willis (Watergate security guard who discovered the burglars) 2000
TOTAL $4,197,000

TELEVISION

Most of the television deals relating to Watergate haven't been made public, so it's hard to tell how much money Liddy, say, got for *Will* (we asked, but he wouldn't tell), which was shown on American TV recently, or what Dean netted for *Blind Ambition,* even though the Ehrlichman figure for *The Company* is probably a good starting point. It's also impossible to say how much, if any, income was generated by all the TV coverage of the scandal. If a reporter became a star because of his Watergate investigations and saw his salary jump, well, good for him. We couldn't count it.

Contributions to public television as a result of live TV coverage of the hearings (estimated) $750,000
David Frost interviews with Nixon, total profits (estimated) 3,000,000
(Nixon got $600,000, plus 20 percent of the profits, and the series of five interviews sold for $125,000 per minute of commercial time.)
CBS' payment for interviews with Haldeman 25,000
CBS' payment for interview with Liddy 25,000
Ehrlichman film rights for TV movie of *The Company* 75,000
TOTAL $3,875,000

MISCELLANEOUS

Nasty Habits (convent satire on Watergate, with nuns Glenda Jackson, Geraldine Page and Melina Mercouri standing in for Nixon, Haldeman and Henry Kissinger) gross $4,000,000
Oval Office recording equipment. About 2800
(Seven Sony TC800B recorders at $279.95 each; two Uher recorders at about $400 each)
Senator Sam at Home, LP recorded by Ervin in 1973; sold about 7500 copies at $5.98 each 44,625
Watergate Coverup sunglasses (brown plastic with mirrored lenses; donkey and elephant etched in the coating); sold about 200 at $10 each 2000
Gold ($225) and silver ($75) pins in the shape of elephants wearing earphones; Watergate Jewelers sold about 100 of each 30,000
Seven Watergate signatures sold at auction (package included a NIXON KNEW button) 180
TOTAL $4,079,605

GRAND TOTAL $159,816,683

PHOTO BY DAVID MONTGOMERY/SUNDAY TIMES, LONDON

MARK McCORMACK, SUPERSTAR

meet the man who owns wimbledon, trade marked newk's moustache, and is called the most powerful man in professional sport

MARK McCORMACK glances out the window of his chauffeured blue Mercedes as we zig-zag through London to Wimbledon. The 1981 men's tennis finals will be played today between Bjorn Borg (who did not play in this year's tournament) and John McEnroe. McCormack is Borg's agent.

"I'm *not* an agent," he insists. "Agents are fat bald guys with cigars who book bands. I represent players. We're managers and career engineers."

Engineers, indeed. It is because of Mark McCormack that Bjorn Borg earns about $7 million a year. At Wimbledon it is rumored that he engineered $33 million worth of contracts for Borg in 1980. The photo rights alone to Borg's 1980 wedding in Rumania to Marianne Simionescu went for a reported $200,000 to Gamma of Paris. This Wimbledon '81 fortnight, less than a year after the nuptials, Marianne Borg's new book, *My Life With Bjorn,* is a hot item in London bookstores.

All this pales, of course, in comparison with the enormous contracts McCormack has acquired for the Great Swedish Tennis Machine to play in Italian Fila sports wear and use a Belgian Donnay racquet. Both are said to be the largest in history, the Donnay deal underwritten by a $2.5 million, interest-free Belgian Government loan. In addition to paying Borg $500,000 a year for five years, McCormack persuaded Donnay to include a one percent royalty on all profits from the racquet sales. One tennis magazine now calls the world's best player "Borg Unlimited".

McCormack, who wrote the book on making athletes rich, knows of such things. "My first advice when I signed him 10 years ago was that he move to Monte Carlo to avoid the 80 percent Swedish tax rate," he says.

Even though he is destined on this day to lose the Wimbledon trophy that he has magically held for five years, Borg will remain the Seven Million Dollar Man. "Borg is beyond the championship," says Ian Todd, McCormack's chief of operations in London. "We never build a guy's image around his victories," says McCormack in the tones of a man who could just as easily be dealing in stock options. His opalesque blue eyes are serious in a softly freckled face. "You know that sooner or later he won't win. We're interested in his personality. The idea is for the player to go from athlete to household word to international brand. What you want is 20 years from now when a kid in Tokyo is buying a racquet, he's looking for a Borg, just like a kid today in America is looking for a Lacoste alligator shirt."

Mark McCormack is in the business of creating international brands. He markets muscle, heightens hype and transforms fantasies into trademarks — so many little alligators. He is founder, owner and boss of the International Management Group (IMG), a $200 million world-wide company with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio. It represents 250 athletes from John Newcombe to Muhammad Ali to Japanese golfer Isao Aoki and German tennis star Sylvia Hanika. But that is not all: IMG also produces television shows, operates sporting events, sells Wimbledon, owns modelling agencies, advises apparel makers such as Nino Cerutti, markets the Nobel Prize awards and is even producing a Broadway play.

IMG also consults for large corporations, advising them how to use sports for image-building. McCormack negotiated for Rolex, the Swiss watchmaker, a deal to provide a special match timer for the new Wimbledon scoreboard on Centre Court and have its name discreetly painted beside it, easily noticeable on television. McCormack invented the Chivas Regal Trophy, a unique American-British horserace, just for Seagram's, the world's largest distiller. For Suntory of Japan, the second-largest spirits company in the world, he negotiated the take over of a golf tournament in Britain, not because they wanted to bring Japanese whisky into the home of Scotch, but "for good exposure on Japanese television of the original home of golf," says McCormack. In 1981 he created and operated a new women's tennis tournament in Monte Carlo for Kim, a new cigarette brand introduced by the British American Tobacco

profile by peter ross range

Company, another client. It was called the Kim Cup and featured a number of players whom McCormack represents.

There is more: last year the sensation in the London press was not so much that McCormack represented David and Elisabeth Emanuel, Princess Diana's dressmakers for the Royal Wedding; not so much that he represents Captain Mark Philips, Princess Anne's husband and the leading horseman in England; not so much that he represents the Miss World contest, perennially the highest-rated show on British television; and not so much that both women's finalists at Wimbledon, Chris Evert Lloyd and Hana Mandlikova, were his clients.

No, the big news was that McCormack *had signed the Pope!*

Signed the Pope? It is the one stroke McCormack's admirers always considered beyond his grasp, the coup his detractors never thought possible, the sole standard that would remain untouched by the greedy fingerprints of the world's leading commercialiser.

Now the joke is that the only thing McCormack hasn't signed is the Second Coming — and it is still unbooked!

McCormack did not literally sign the Pope. But you would never know it to read the Fleet Street press, where he earned more ink last summer than *any* of his clients except Borg and Evert Lloyd. During Wimbledon, he gave a newspaper or television interview virtually every day.

What McCormack in fact signed was the Archdiocese of England, which sought his help in raising money for the visit to Britain of Pope John Paul II. Monsignor Ralph Brown, the Catholic primate in Britain, noted with some chagrin that while the Pope's visit to Ireland in 1979 had set the Irish Church back some $7 million, it was the free-lance souvenir vendors and ticky-tack dealers who made money off the show. Never loathe to make a buck, the Church decided it ought to get a cut of the inevitable ancillary industries that spring up around a pageant such as a Papal visit — and maybe break even on the anticipated $12 million cost of the affair (all those pulpits, costume changes, security measures, you know).

So Monsignor Brown called the obvious and perhaps only choice on the planet to peddle the Pope — Mark McCormack.

The church's choice of McCormack was a natural. McCormack licenses the Wimbledon name on clothing and merchandise around the world; he also owns television rights to Wimbledon for the whole world except Britain and Europe, which means he brought in almost 500,000,000 viewers last year.

If McCormack could sell Wimbledon to the world, surely he could sell the Pope to England, Falkland crisis not withstanding.

There is nothing else in the world like IMG — and no one else like Mark Hume McCormack, 51. The American magazine *Sports Illustrated* once called him "the most powerful man in professional sport". But he is bigger than that.

●

As the Mercedes stops for a traffic light, McCormack whips a yellow legal pad out of his leather zipper case. The yellow pad goes everywhere with this tall former amateur golfer; it has his life charted on it. It begins today with the words: "4.45 — awake." Mark McCormack even writes his wake-up time on his schedule.

McCormack is dapper in a tan suede jacket that matches his fair coloring and curly blond hair going to white. He wears a tie every day to Wimbledon. He has a graceful, white-curtained hospitality tent at the All England Tennis and Croquet Club, complete with a waiter in striped pants, where he entertains for the fortnight like a Bedouin prince in the desert. His luncheon guests this week have included Baron Stig Ramel, chairman of the Nobel Prize committee; Anders Wall, the chairman of Volvo; Colin MacLean, chairman of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews, which invented modern golf and

An American magazine once called him "the most powerful man in professional sport". But Mark McCormack is bigger than that.

runs the British Open; Andre Heiniger, the chairman of Rolex; our very own Kerry Packer; a Bahrani businessman who is building a golf course in the middle of a desert; Jan Carlzon, the president of SAS Scandinavian Airlines; John DeLorean, the maverick American automobile maker; and the chief marketing directors in Europe of such Japanese companies as Canon and JVC. Today his principal guests will be Their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, along with Prince Albert and Princess Stephanie, plus retainers.

McCormack begins giving instructions to Sarah Wooldridge, his long-suffering London secretary riding in the front seat next to the chauffeur (McCormack also has secretaries in New York and Cleveland who take dictation in cars). McCormack and Wooldridge have been together since 6am writing telexes, answering letters, making all kinds of arrangements. "Does Bragga have his tickets for today?" he asks worriedly, checking the things-to-do column of his yellow pad. Antonio Bragga, owner of the largest insurance company in Brazil and a dozen homes around the world, is McCormack's guest for the week. So are many other board chairmen and noble persons who will not only lunch on fresh sliced salmon, curried chicken and crisp French wine in McCormack's tent, but who will also get on Centre Court through his good offices. "Does Heiniger have his Royal Box invitation?" Wooldridge nods patiently.

Heiniger, the Rolex chairman, has been a pal and business partner for years. McCormack sold Heiniger his clients Jackie Stewart, Jean-Claude Killy and John Newcombe years ago, and then got him involved with Wimbledon. Both of them sit in the Royal Box, only a few feet behind Princess Diana or the Duchess of Kent, at least once during the Wimbledon fortnight.

McCormack is a great niggler for detail. He plots out his invitations and logistics meticulously, planning a day in advance who will ride with him from London to Wimbledon, who will sit where at lunch, how many house guests and how many beds his house at the British Open will contain. His greatest recurring nightmare is to promise a friend Wimbledon seats or his favorite wine at dinner and then forget. Hence the yellow legal pad.

"I think one of my best qualities is that I am very well organised," he says, reaching into his *right* jacket pocket to pull out a stack of three-by-five cards that he shuffles like a poker player. "Every time I agree to do something, I write it down on one of these. Later, it goes on the yellow pad. When it's done I can cross it off."

Just so, he writes down a promise to have his driver bring me a copy of a book that contains information on his involvement with golf.

McCormack is so powerful in golf — he once practically saved the British Open from extinction and he virtually owns the European golfing circuit — that he co-commentates the British Open on BBC-TV, despite his midwestern American accent. Sure enough, the book arrives that night at my hotel.

McCormack continues: "I am generally very punctual and *always* very reliable." Some might say he is downright compulsive. From his *left* jacket pocket, McCormack removes a black, leather-bound calendar and another dozen three-by-five cards. The calendar shows, for instance, exactly how many hours McCormack slept the night before (four) and how much he jogged in the morning (1.6km). The index cards contain tiny tabulations scribbled to cover 10 years. "Last year I slept 2621 hours," says McCormack. "That's about seven a night and I figure that's enough."

At 51, McCormack seems fit in his 188cm, 88kg frame. When did he start jogging? McCormack must check another card: "1971. I ran about 65 kilometres that year. In 1980, I was up to 100 kilometres outdoors and running in place 78 days. My left foot hits the ground 100 times a minute for 10 minutes each time. This year I ran 12 days a month for the past first six months. It will be 13 days a month for the past six months and all of next year."

McCormack also keeps track of how many kilometres he flies — about 400,000 kilometres a year, managing a vast realm with offices in Tokyo, Rio, Brussels, Hong Kong, Christchurch, and a half-dozen other cities. He spends only four or five days a month at home in Cleveland and circumnavigates the globe once a month. McCormack must often fly the Concorde, though he doesn't like it "because you can't get up and walk around and talk to people". As a large man, he never wants a corporate jet of his own "because they are small and uncomfortable. I really love a Boeing 747 with the upstairs lounge."

McCormack has a horror of lost moments. He keeps his $4000 white gold Rolex watch set five minutes ahead and usually hand-carries his luggage on to airplanes — extensive wardrobes in London, New York and Cleveland make this easier. All McCormack really needs to function in any city is his yellow pad and enough loose change to make phone calls from the airport. Planes and telephones are the true tools of his trade. In London, his gorgeous, Edwardian office doesn't even have a desk — he works from an over-sized easy chair flanked by three phones and a large, open briefcase.

And if you ask him how such a driven, hard-travelling man can have a family that includes three children in high school and college, McCormack has the answer on another three-by-five card. "Oh, it's not so bad. See, I've spent 38 percent of my time with my family this year." Most of that time involves McCormack bringing the family to him rather than the other way around. They spend Thanksgiving in Florida every year at the golf resort McCormack owns with Arnold Palmer. They spend another week every summer at the Scottish golfing resort of Gleneagles following the British Open. Last summer they spent a second week in France sleeping in chateaux and country estates.

McCormack rules IMG as a kind of *grand seigneur* who no longer seems to sully his hands with the actual signing on dotted lines. He leads the life of his company's roving ambassador to the great moneymen of the world, letting the 400 employees scattered in a dozen countries do the detailed work, much like professional diplomats coming in after the heads of state have met for general talks.

In some cases, it *is* the head of state McCormack meets: on his last visit to Sweden, he dined with King Carl XVI, a known sports buff, in the home of Baron Ramel. When the Catholic Church called about the Pope's visit, it was McCormack who held the first meeting with Monsignor Brown. Ian Todd then took over in the second meeting to hammer out the details.

"When Mark travels," says Bud Stanner, a senior corporate vice-president in the Cleveland headquarters, "he spends 75 percent of his time talking with the six or seven top executives in Tokyo or Sydney or wherever he is. The one thing that all these guys have in common is sports. The head of Sony in Japan is a sports nut!"

McCormack is strictly mogul-to-mogul now. "I'm the chairman of my company and these guys are the chairmen of theirs. It's easy for us to talk."

Yet McCormack is known for his extreme attention to detail and claims to read every piece of correspondence, telex and memorandum that emanates from any of his company's offices. "He even corrects my *spelling*," laughs one executive in his London office. Indeed, large stacks of paper arrive daily for McCormack from Cleveland. He works through most of them between five and eight in the morning with his secretary at his mews house in Knightsbridge before his first appointment. His first meeting on this day was at 8 am with Toshio Mamiya of Dentsu, the huge Japanese advertising agency. McCormack had his usual light breakfast of coffee and Perrier water. Sometimes Sarah Wooldridge arrives at his Wimbledon tent in the afternoon with another stack of paper for

McCormack is strictly mogul-to-mogul now. "I'm the chairman of my company and these guys are the chairmen of theirs. It's easy for us to talk."

him to read. "You'd be surprised how involved I still get with most of our deals," says McCormack, cracking his small Scottish smile.

McCormack's insistence on efficiency and a monumental capacity for work have earned him such unflattering nicknames as The Travelling Computer and Mark the Shark. Yet he appears sufficiently well-liked in his company that people can joke about it. "Mark the Shark's done it again," laughed Hughes Norton, the chief of McCormack's golfing division, when news arrived that he had "signed the Pope". "Mark thinks if you don't work 24 hours a day, you must be taking too much time off for lunch," chuckles Bud Stanner.

●

We arrive at the All England Club and are admitted with special passes through a VIP back gate, well away from the madding crowds. McCormack is addressed by the uniformed guards like the superstar that he is at Wimbledon. "McCormack *owns* Wimbledon," is how one reporter describes it.

We enter a small tent city erected on the back grounds of the club, separated from the common riff-raff by canvas-covered fences and guarded gates. Just the other side of the fence, some of the world's greatest tennis is being played. In the tent town, some of the world's greatest deals are being made.

Business bustles at a low hum over drinks and hors d'oeuvres inside McCormack's tent. Two television monitors bring in the tennis from Centre Court. McCormack even owns most of the tent city; he keeps one for himself and markets 16 others to favored clients and customers for about $60,000 for the fortnight, good food and service included. Adjacent to McCormack's is the tent of NBC, the American television network that pays McCormack a huge sum for broadcast rights to the United States. Its contract is up in 1983; McCormack is expected to raise the price dramatically. The NBC tent is the scene of celebrity merriment — television luminaries such as Lee Majors and Johnny Carson are having lunch in their shirtsleeves just a flower box away from the crowd in McCormack's tent.

In one corner of the tent, Saul Schoenberg, vice-president of McCormack's apparel-advising company, is chatting with Billie Jean King, another McCormack client. She holds more Wimbledon titles, in singles and doubles, than any player in history.

Schoenberg later reports that he had concluded a lucrative deal for King to wear the new "Wimbledon" apparel line that McCormack has licensed in Europe to Cola, the Italian clothes manufacturer. "It took 30 seconds," he said. "It was a nod of the head."

McCormack gets a hefty fee for selling the Wimbledon licence to Cola; he gets another cut for selling Billie Jean King to Cola. McCormack's breadth and reach within sports is so pervasive — some people call IMG "Octopus Unlimited" — that many of his deals involve two or three or four clients at the same time.

McCormack marketed the Wimbledon licence in Japan to Renown, the country's largest textile company. "We double-barrelled them," chuckles Bob Kain, McCormack's director of tennis. "We told them we thought they should go in for the new clothing line. We made them a deal with Wimbledon to use the logo and the locale for advertising shooting. Then we turned around and sold them some of our people to wear the clothes. But not superstars who would overwhelm the Wimbledon name." These included John Lloyd, husband of Chris Evert and the best player in Britain. As fate — or the scheduling department of the Divine Hand — would have it, Lloyd played his second round Wimbledon match *on Centre Court*. "The Renown film people just went crazy shooting that scene," laughs a McCormack executive.

That is not all. McCormack also cut a deal for Renown to provide shorts and shirts for the ballboys at Wimbledon, who formerly wore drab bleacher green. Now they skip about their chores — six boys appearing on the TV screens of the world almost as often

as the two players themselves — in the smart mauve-and-green outfits bearing the new "flying W" commercial logo of Wimbledon that McCormack had designed.

At another table in the tent, Virginia Wade is going over the rest of her year's schedule with Kain. This was the year Wade played her swan song at Wimbledon and Kain is marketing her as the *grande dame* of British tennis. Later that day he meets with Sue Barker, England's number one player today. "You have to understand your market segments," he explains to me. "You look at the player's age, personality and nationality. Virginia is 35 and stately; Sue is young, cute and blonde. You might sell Virginia to a four-door Volvo and sell Sue to a Triumph Spitfire." This, folks, is the art of commercial imagery.

"We don't just go out and try to sign the top 10 or 20 players," says Kain. "Take Australia. Wendy Turnbull and Diane Frommholtz are both young, good-looking Australians who've been in the top 10 for a while but never in the top five. It would make no sense to represent both of them because they appeal to the same market. Instead, we have the old and the young — Cawley, the reigning queen, and Frommholtz, who we hope will take over for her."

"Or take the Americans. We have the two greatest names in women's tennis, Billie Jean King and Chris Evert Lloyd. Yet in terms of marketing, they are totally different. It's the same with Bjorn Borg and Vitas Gerulaitis. The more you can do of that, the less you go around bumping into yourself. You don't have one client saying: 'Well, why did you get her that contract and not get it for me?' "

In another part of McCormack's tent, John Newcombe, a three-time Wimbledon champion, is resplendent in dark suit and gold Rolex watch. His attire symbolises the new personality that Newcombe has become. Now he is more businessman than player.

Wimbledon remains the centre of his business — "the ultimate trade fair", said an Italian designer associated with IMG — but now he works the tents more than the tennis courts.

Though he still occasionally plays in a special circuit called the Carte Blanche Tennis Legends that McCormack has organised for his over-35 clients, Newcombe's time is chiefly consumed attending to his myriad business deals around the world.

"We've got Newk's clothing deals broken into five different markets," explains Bob Kain. "In America, he wears Interwoven; in Japan, Capital; in Australia, Whitmont; in Europe and Latin America, Maggia. The thing that holds them all together is that they all use the Newcombe moustache logo.

"With Borg, we decided to keep it all one clothing deal for the whole world."

Borg, like Arnold Palmer, represents McCormack's greatest coup both in timing and talent recruitment. Finding the right player early is perhaps the most-valued skill among IMG executives. "You gotta really go crazy with the juniors," says McCormack, whose tent this week has been awash in teenage racquet-toters with their parents in tow.

"The only match I watched all the way through was of a young Hungarian junior you've never heard of," he says. The juniors are the school-kid tennis wonders who have not even turned professional yet.

Is there some trick to spotting the superstars at an early age? "It isn't easy because there aren't that many of them," says McCormack. "I signed Borg when he was only 15. I was at a golf exhibition in Sweden with Arnold Palmer and all the guys at dinner that night kept saying what a great player this kid was. Well, what do you have to lose? You can sign the best junior player in Sweden and if he doesn't become a superstar, there are still great possibilities for him in Sweden. So the next day I called Peter Wallenberg of the Swedish Tennis Federation and went up to Stockholm to meet Borg at the bank — Wallenberg's bank."

McCormack's trick is turning an athlete into an image, a personality, a new person whose earning days will far exceed his playing days.

At the bank? What better place to begin a relationship that has turned Borg into the richest young athlete in history and caused McCormack to open a special "financial office" — like his own bank — in Monte Carlo. Borg has become to tennis what Palmer was to golf: a bionic creature who can sell anything. The Saab 900 Turbo he keeps in his garage in Monte Carlo, for instance, is part of a McCormack endorsement deal; the Mercedes convertible he prefers to drive through the streets is not.

McCormack's trick is turning an athlete into an image, a "personality" as they say on television, a new person whose earning days will far exceed his playing days. And the earning days are often much more lucrative. The classic McCormackian mensch whose star has risen higher since his competing years ended is Jackie Stewart, the former number one racing driver in the world. Stewart is now a television commentator, huckster for Hertz rental cars, driver of Wheelhorse home tractors, spokesman for Rolex, wearer of his ubiquitous funny Scottish hat. He is, in short, a creature of Mark McCormack, better known than in his racing days, and his earnings are "well into the seven figures", says Ian Todd.

Jean-Claude Killy is another man who found life after the slopes through Mark McCormack. Killy, the downhill ski sensation of the 1968 Olympics, was just beginning to fade when McCormack signed him up. He became such a matinee idol as marketeer of Chevrolet cars in America that McCormack once advised him against marriage. "He was being promoted as the bachelor, jet-setting ski superstar by everybody. He came and asked me what would happen if he got married. I told him I thought his image would maybe be better " — and his earnings much greater — "if he didn't get married. He waited a couple more years."

●

For all its diversity, player representation is the backbone of McCormack's business. At IMG, most roads finally lead back to sports. The mass marketing of athletic horse-flesh began in 1960 when McCormack, then a young lawyer, took on his old friend, Arnold Palmer, a rising young golf star, and rewrote his contracts. McCormack quickly boosted Palmer's income from $50,000 to $600,000 a year. McCormack gained a reputation for driving extremely hard bargains and opening his negotations with financial figures that took the breath away. But he understood the increasingly enormous appeal of sports-linked advertising in a country whose affluence was leading to the greatest leisure boom in history.

Together, he and Palmer created a sports explosion that made golf the passion of every American businessman, turning them both into millionaires within a few years. By the time McCormack sold Arnold Palmer Enterprises to a large television network in 1967, it was worth more than $20 million.

In the late 1960s, McCormack expanded into tennis by signing the world's leading player, Rod Laver. This led to contracts with many other Australian greats, including Evonne Cawley. That in turn created for McCormack a near-monopoly among the leading women players; today he represents half of the top 10 women as well as the best-known older players — Cawley, King and Wade. His clients include all recent Wimbledon champions: Chris Evert Lloyd, Martina Navratilova and Cawley. He also represents the stunning Czech star, Hana Mandlikova, who won the French Open last year.

This year he took over operation of the women's grand prix tennis circuit, sponsored by another customer, Toyota. Between his dominance of the women's game, where many of the best clothing deals are made, and his representation of Wimbledon, tennis is the biggest money-maker in McCormack's 10-ring circus.

McCormack's company practically runs a player's life when he becomes a client. "We answer their mail, invest their money, buy their real estate, help write their schedules, do their contracts and even feed their cats if necessary," he says. IMG includes its own insurance company for its clients because: "When you insure a race car driver or a pro football player, you have to know what you are doing," says Bud Stanner.

The players often appreciate the little services the most. "Whenever I need more shoes or racquets or an airline reservation," says Sylvia Hanika, "they take care of it. All I have to do is call them up. It leaves me free to concentrate on tennis. When I joined them, I was just ready to take the jump into the top 10." Hanika today is ranked sixth in the world.

This reveals a clue to McCormack's knack of timing. "There are two times when you can do things well, really brilliantly well for an athlete," he says. "One is when he is just about to begin to play well and everybody in the world thinks he is going to be sensational. The other is after he has become sensational. But in between those two, if he doesn't become sensational, you've missed the whole first stage."

McCormack now negotiates Hanika's Adidas contracts and will feature her in a 30-minute instructional tennis video cassette he is developing for the German market. Germany is especially appealing to IMG because studies show it to be the fastest-growing sporting goods market after the United States. McCormack already represents German golfer Bernhard Langer, who nearly won the British Open last year before returning home to sweep the German Open in Hamburg. At Wimbledon, he was trying hard to sign Rolf Gehring, Germany's leading male tennis player.

To co-ordinate the mass movement of muscle, money and man power, goodly portions of McCormack's three-storey headquarters in Cleveland are now given over to computers, data storage banks and telexes.

Any contract negotiated by IMG is available at the punch of a computer button. Telexes fly around the world daily working out every detail. As I sat in Bud Stanner's office, a telex came in from Tokyo making minor changes in John Newcombe's contract number 660 with the Toyota grand prix series, which is using Japan's John Newcombe Sportswear for its ballboys and ballgirls. "The color of the logo shall be red." Stanner laughed at my surprise: "We get dozens of these a day."

The flesh market finally had to be put on the wall. A 1.5m x 4.8m magnetic board in one hallway plots the movements of every one of McCormack's tennis players with color-coded magnets. Beside each player's name is a row of 52 weeks; in every week, a magnetic card shows if the player has a tournament (blue), an exhibition (white) or a rest week (yellow), with its location written in. The blank weeks are as yet unbooked. If, say, a company in Los Angeles calls to arrange an exhibition by a Hanika or a Mandlikova, Bob Kain's office needs only to glance at the big board to see which weeks they are available. This is indeed the flesh exchange and, believe me, the flesh loves it.

"Why did we sign with McCormack?" asks Hana Mandlikova rhetorically when I sit down with her at the Gloucester Hotel in London. She looks as though someone has asked why a tennis ball bounces. "They came to visit me and my father twice in Prague. We did it for the money, of course." Mandlikova now has an extremely good contract with Ellesse, the Italian designer. The going rate for a one-day exhibition by the lithe, long-legged tennis ballerina is now $10,000.

No wonder she likes it.

●

For the kind of service that has turned today's high-paid athlete into a pampered jet-setter who can barely sign his own cheques without McCormack's help, IMG takes a hefty 25 to 35 percent cut from everything he earns, including prize-money. Though Bjorn Borg and 250 others seem satisfied with the arrangement, not everyone likes the high commission. A decade ago, McCormack lost as a client Jack Nicklaus, the dominant golfer of the modern era, who felt that McCormack was keeping too much of his money. And though he has made Olympic skier Bernard Russi into a rich man as Mr Subaru in Switzerland, where he promotes the Japanese car, he was unable to convince Swedish gold medalist Ingemar Stenmark to accept his representation. Stenmark took as his agent a lawyer from a small town in Sweden.

For the kind of service that has turned today's high-paid athlete into a pampered jet-setter, IMG takes a hefty 25 to 35 percent cut.

He did, however, pay McCormack the ultimate compliment of imitation by moving to Monte Carlo to escape high Swedish taxes.

Occasionally, McCormack drops a client. IMG thought it had a sure-thing winner when it contracted with Rosi Mittemaier, heroine of the 1976 winter Olympics. For three years they helped turn the biggest German star in modern sport into a typical McCormackian creature: she endorsed everything the ski industry had to sell plus Opel cars and Ria shampoos. IMG turned her into a television commentator of ski and gymnastics events. But somehow things didn't work out. Rosi separated from IMG, married Christian Neureuther and had a baby.

"Rosi was fantastic," exudes Ian Todd. "But she was naive. She was unable to sustain anything outside the ski business. She couldn't understand the difference in how to deal with people if you were doing a day for a car company or a soap company or a ski company. She was the ultimate sweet jock."

Ilie Nastase, the mad Rumanian, also used to be a McCormack client. For years, McCormack tried to reform the perennial bad boy of tennis with rational advice. "I would say, 'Ilie, you can do anything you want as long as you're nice on the tennis court.' And he would say, 'Yes, yes, you're right.' Then he would go right back out there and give everybody the finger.

"But that's not why we parted company. Ilie had a commitment to play a VIP exhibition in Detroit for one of our best customers, Ford, I think. He was playing a tournament in Buenos Aires and the day before he called and said he was sick, too sick to fly. We said, okay, we're sorry but everybody will understand if you're sick. Then two days later we read in the paper that he was playing a tournament in Hong Kong.

"He had obviously not been telling the truth. So we sent him a telegram saying we couldn't represent him any more.

"In this business, your word is far more important than the paperwork, the contracts."

●

Because McCormack has his hands in so many pies, there are often questions of conflict of interest. How can McCormack simultaneously serve the interests of Wimbledon, many of its players, numerous sponsors, the clothing firms he represents, and the television rights as well? The simple fact is that there is virtually no one else who can provide the same services and put together such monstrous, convoluted deals — so everyone accepts it, and most seem happy.

McCormack dismisses any doubts by insisting that every party to a deal be told in advance about any others that McCormack also represents. "We must be doing a pretty good job," he says, "because most of them are still with us."

Another occasional complaint is that McCormack and his chief competition in tennis representation, Donald Dell of Washington, control their clients in ways favorable to their own pocketbooks, but not necessarily beneficial to tennis or to the paying spectators.

Sylvia Hanika won the Kim Cup in Monte Carlo on a third-set default by Hana Mandlikova simply because Miss Mandlikova had been so tightly-scheduled by IMG that she had to leave the court to catch a plane to Rio, where she had an insignificant — but lucrative — four-player tournament to attend.

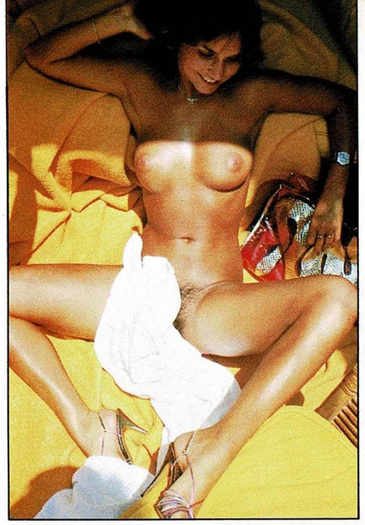
There was much discontent this summer in Sweden when Bjorn Borg refused to play the Davis Cup for his country the week after

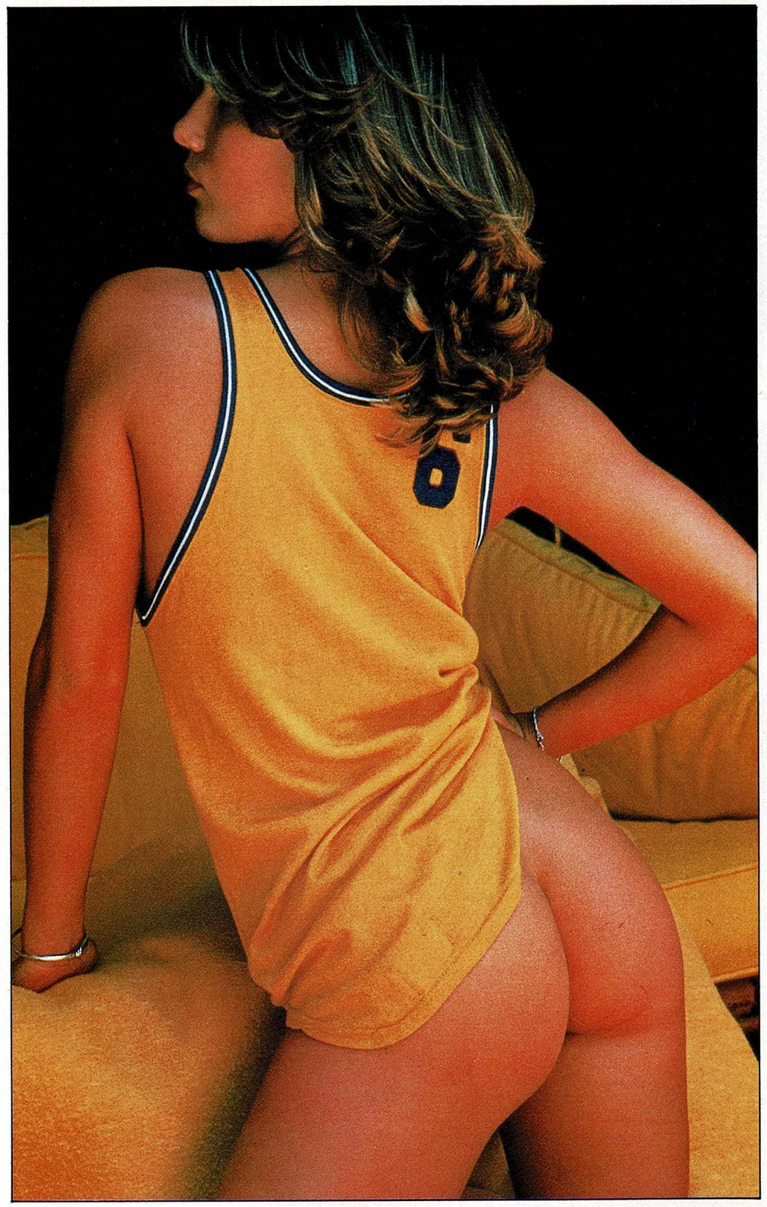
(continued on page 142)

DANI

Playmate of the Month Daniela Ruechert is a logical girl. At only 19, she's decided who she is, how she wants to live and what she wants to do. "You have to have an aim in life," says Dani, "and for me that means no half measures. . . everything I do is full-on."

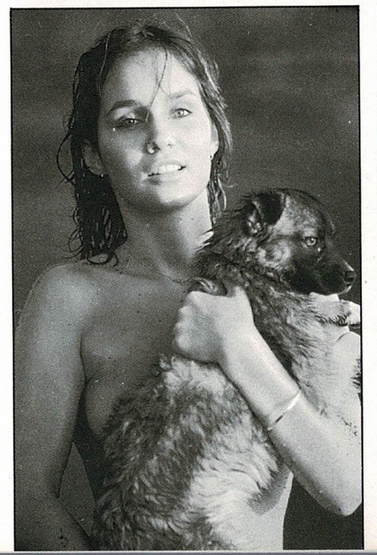
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMNICH





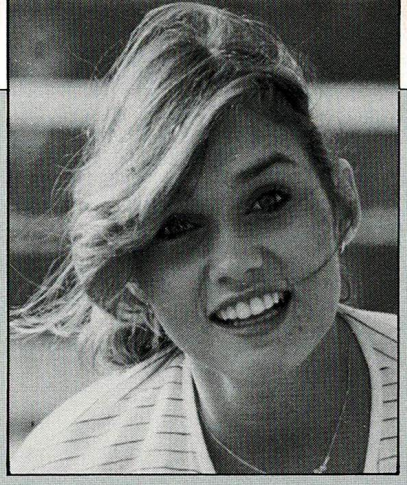
I'm pretty sure of myself," says Miss August. "I have a good body. I like my body, and I'm proud if others like it. I keep it in shape by playing a lot of sport — swimming, tennis, archery, and I have a green belt in karate."

But Dani is basically just an old fashioned girl. She likes cooking, sewing and ironing. She likes natural beauty and shuns heavy make-up. "And I don't smoke or drink," she says. "But I don't deny myself all *the pleasures in life!"*



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Dani Rüchert

BUST: 36" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 8½st. SIGN: Libra.

BIRTH DATE: 26.9.62 BIRTH PLACE: Nuremberg.

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful. To work as an air hostess - travel and meet people.

TURN-ONS: Men who are strong without being aggressive. Healthy and athletic bodies.

TURN-OFFS: People who have no ambitions or purpose. Simpering, false women.

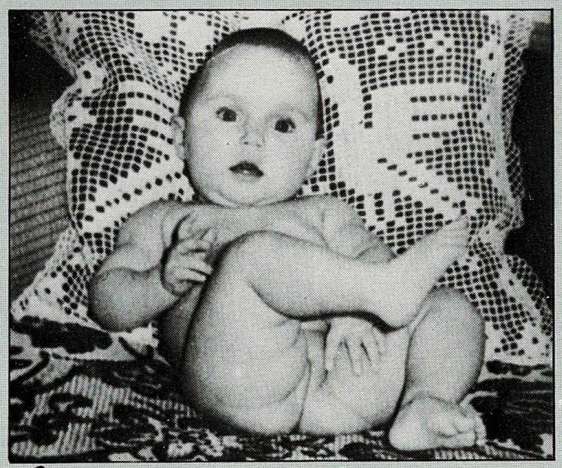
FAVORITE BOOKS: Lord of the Rings, Watership Down, all books by James Clavell.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Grace Jones, Elton John, Stevie Wonder and Billy Joel.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, Archery and Karate.

IDEAL MAN: A strong man who doesn't smoke, looks after his body and would be a fun companion.

SECRET FANTASY: To be stranded on a tropical island with the man of my dreams.



2 years old - a good figure!

sweet 16 - I loved to dance!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Once upon a time there was a nun who, every morning at nine o'clock sharp, would venture into the big, bad city to buy the newspapers for Mother Superior.

One morning it was 20 past nine and the nun still hadn't left the convent. The Mother Superior called her in and asked why she was so late.

"Every morning when I drive down to the shop," she replied, "a policeman pulls me up."

The Mother Superior explained that if she hadn't done anything wrong, then she had nothing to fear and she sent the nun on her way.

As usual, sister drove around the corner to park and the cop stopped her.

"Oh God, not the breathalyser again," she murmured, as he pulled out his dick.

Have you discovered a cure for my persistent erection?" the worried knight inquired of the royal alchemist.

"Not yet," answered the pseudo scientist, "but I have spoken to the king about a more suitable assignment for you."

"What's that?" asked the knight, adjusting his chain mail.

"You've been named His Majesty's sundial!"

Confucius say: "Boy who go to bed with sex problem on mind wake up with solution in hand."

A stunning young virgin named Margot
Was proud of her generous cargo,
So many men sought
To drop anchor in port
She imposed a vaginal embargo.

Jim rushed excitedly into his house one night and shouted to his wife: "I took a short cut through the park and it was so bloody dark that I stepped on this guy in the grass."

"Goodness me," said his wife, "what did the man say?"

"Well, he didn't say anything," replied Jim, "but the girl screamed out, 'Sock it to me like that again, Joe'."

It was the final trip of the *Queen Mary* across the Atlantic from England to the States and two old dears were having a drink in the lounge.

"I am lucky to make this voyage," confessed one of the ladies. "All my life I pinched and scraped with the help of my man and I've only just made it in time."

Her companion was unimpressed. "Your first trip is it? Why, I've made the crossing at least 40 times."

The other lady was staggered. "You must be a millionairess to be able to afford that!"

"Oh no I'm not. But my husband works for Cunard, you see."

"Well mine works hard too . . . but he doesn't swear about it!"

You certainly aren't the communicative type," commented the girl as the pick-up couple were undressing.

"No, I guess I'm not," muttered the man. He lapsed again into silence until he had dropped his underpants, when he added, pointing: "I do all my talking with this."

"God help me!" the girl exclaimed, taking a long look at his crotch. "Is that all you'll have to say?"

A primary school had computerised the personal data on its pupils and given the children print-outs to take home for parents to check.

"But look Mummy," one little girl protested, stabbing a finger at the form, "they've given me an F in sex and I haven't hardly learned about it yet!"

A shy young virgin named Plummer
Asked: "What's there to do in the summer?"
She declined and declined
Till approached from behind . . .
When her summer turned out quite a bummer!

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"I just didn't think it applied to the cleaning staff as well, that's all."

PHOTO BY HOWARD ARCHBOLD; CAR FROM EUROCARS, CROWS NEST

Mazda 929 Coupe two-door is the topliner in Mazda's middle-ground luxury range. Its advanced styling is not backed with European-level mechanics.

Lease-limit Luxury

playboy's motoring editor, rob luck, presents an apres-tax survey of deductible wheels between ten and twenty grand.

DO YOU remember 1975? Back then, 10 grand meant something. Like your entree to a townhouse, a slice of beachfront way up the coast, a spare-no-expenses globe trot; or one of those sporty little European cars.

In 1975, $10,000 was the fiscal peak for the disposable dollar of the middle class majority. Automotively speaking, it was the cut-off between pretend prestige and the far horizons of the luxury market. All the nasty, grotty volume action was occurring down at the $4-6000 end of the market. For the conscientious status seeker, it was a quantum leap to the hypnotic $8-10,000 sector — one worth taking to get behind the wheel of Euro-compacts like Rover, Renault, Peugeot, SAAB and Volvo, or real sport coupes like Fiat, Alfa and Lancia.

Beyond lay the no man's land of pure prestige, forbidden territory to the worker keen on maintaining harmonious relations with his bank manager. In the heady days of 1975, a few natty exec types of the contrasting-collar-and-cuff variety braved it over the barrier to sample E-type Jaguars (or Series Two sedans), small Mercs and big BMWs. Or, presuming you needed four acres of low-grade iron to attain some presumed prestige, a right-hand-drive-converted Buick Electra V8 or Caddy De Ville.

But yesterday's status benchmark is today's small change. The $10,000 price now caps-off a market proliferating with yawnmobiles, kiddie cars, down-

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S TOP TEN LUXURY CARS

BEST LUXURY SEDAN

Almost every sedan-type vehicle in the list could be eligible, but there are few real contenders. All sizes of the Oz-machines (Commodore, Falcon etc) qualify, but don't cut it in our estimation of "best". None of the Japanese qualify, because their enduring interpretation of luxury is confined to the interior of the vehicle. The Europeans have this class on their own, and fight fiercely for it.

But in our view, there is a clear winner; a vehicle with everything included, genuine optioning rather than gadgetry, an absolutely superior ride/ handling specification for its price:

PEUGEOT 505

BEST SPORTS SEDAN

Since the Japanese haven't yet fully come to terms with the concept of building cars with a high handling/ride level, they automatically disqualify themselves from entry to this classification. Australian-built cars have made the most significant improvement in this direction, with fine-handling, well-balanced packages from both Ford and GM-H, and lately Chrysler-Mitsubishi (with the Sigma Turbo). But they still haven't closed the gap to European supremacy, and the real entrants are Alfa Romeo, BMW, Fiat Superbrava, and (marginally) the Audi 5 + 5. We'd like to think that within 12 months an Australian-built car like the ESP Falcon could take the award, but for the moment, the undisputed king of the castle is the vehicle well recognised for such superiority throughout Europe, the:

ALFA ROMEO GIULIETTA SEDAN

To emphasise the point, we'll state that the Alfasud sedan (now two and four-door) would be a clear second. BMW, if eligible with the 323i under $20,000, might otherwise have got the gong.

BEST SPORTS COUPE

On a sales-basis, a couple of Japanese contenders have blown the market away. They are the Mazda RX7 and the Datsun 280ZX, very different kinds of automobiles. Unfortunately, both are flawed by their handling limitations — sure to be a hotly contested comment, particularly in relation to the RX7 with its racetrack-backed success at production level, and in outright competition where Moffat's David-vs-Goliath exploits have immortalised the little charger. On the other hand, the Datsun 280ZX has very obviously gathered fat, both on the body and on the pricetag, and is over our selected price limit. Despite the outstanding performance, and interesting packaging of the RX7, it is only now catching up with a vehicle that has dominated this style of engineering for more than seven years. A vehicle which has held reasonably well against inflation, and still offers outstanding levels of ride/ handling, braking and performance — including economy of performance:

ALFA ROMEO ALFETTA GTV COUPE

There are no second prizes.

BEST LARGE SEDAN

Until the last two years, this zone has been the domain of the yank-tank inspired Australian dinosaurs, the Ford LTD and the Statesman Caprice, which command the majority of sales. They've grown fat with success and lunged right over the top of our price limit, which has forced them into competition with the upper end of the market — not unfairly, because, without benefit of import duty protection levelled against the European supercars, these overblown tanks wouldn't cut it at all. Galloping inflation has pushed the Falcon and the Fairlane to the top end of this market (around $15,000 and $18,000 respectively) where there is strong competition from Volvo and now Peugeot (plus SAAB to a lesser extent). Again, it is fortunate that Rover has abandoned this market sector, because on a specifications-for-money basis it would blow the Oz-builts out of the water. GM-H doesn't really have an entrant in this sector (the De Ville is gone and the Commodore is down-size from the traditional large sedan size). So that gives Ford a bit of a stranglehold on the market, if only because Volvo's most competitive models are also over the top in the $20,000 - plus category.

It's a tough choice between the Fairlane and the Fairmont Ghia, but that's the only choice. For presumed prestige, a bit of extra rear seat leg-room, and some additional features (and options), there is really only one choice:

FORD FAIRLANE

BEST EUROPEAN

Contenders for the title are thick on the ground, and there is obviously some overlap here with other categories listed. We've regarded the contenders on slightly separate issues, most notably an emphasis on value for money — a prime consideration for people buying for European quality and engineering. In this sense, Audi and Fiat are prime contenders at the bottom end of the price scale and Volvo, BMW at the top end. We've picked a car on the basis of its performance this year — particularly on a price basis. It has benefited from a slide in the Deutschmark, a bonus the distributors have wisely passed on to the public. It has up-to-the-minute performance, styling, ride-handling, and apparently a good service support. It is the sort of vehicle that appeals across the board, rather than to the pure sporty market, or the pure luxury market, both categories in which it competes well. It is the:

AUDI 5 + 5

BEST JAPANESE

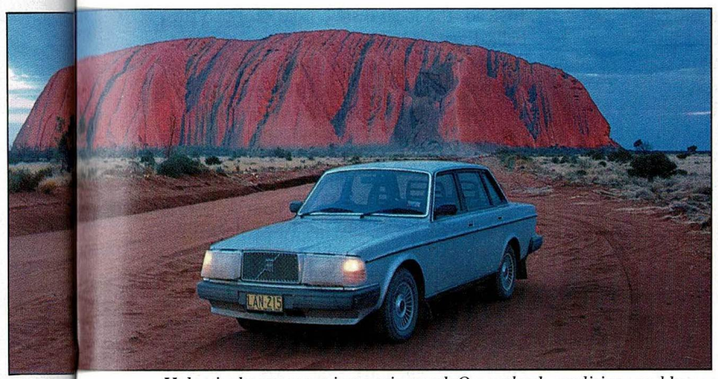
We've already said Japanese cars are somewhat unworthy contenders in the Light Luxury market place. Nevertheless they are there in force. On that basis, we'd prefer to compare them with each other, an easier task than stacking them up against the purebreds from Europe and the well-developed, universally-engineered Australian vehicles. Since the Japanese have shouldered their way in on a pricing basis, we thought it fair to make value-for-money the criterion for our selection. As noted, all the Japanese have heavily price-inflated over recent years, due to the rising costs of manufacturing in Japan. Of the runners, Mazda 929, Honda Accord (and Prelude), Datsun Skyline, Toyota Cressida and Celica, and for classificaiton ease Mitsubishi Sigma (local) and Scorpion (imported), we see the Honda Accord, with its close-to-the-basic-mark pricing, good range of body styles (coupe and sedan) and good standard of equipment and luxury fittings as representing more value for money than jazzed-up models further up market. It also has less deficiencies in market bone-shakers (4WDs), and motorised cyclops. Some motorbikes even cost more. Above, and way on up to double the figure, is where the real suburban prestige scramble is taking place. Neither is $20,000 the end of it — with inflation raging apace, a whole raft of yesterday's under-20s are already spilling over into the prohibitive sector.

Prohibitive, because $20,000 is the end of the line for tax-deductible vehicle leasing — the last reserve of the motivated middle-class businessman. Beyond that, you get to pay all the bills yourself. . . with no assistance from the Federal Treasury.

The real volume action is happening largely between 10 and 20 grand — "the lease limit luxury market". This loose definition of the market covers a bewildering number of individually-regarded sectors: light luxury, sports/GT, pure sports (drop-tops), European, top-shelf family. Each is painstakingly analysed by the industry, although *en toto* it accounts for less than 10 percent of the total Australian passenger vehicle market — a fraction of the sales turnover of the volume small, medium and large car areas.

Within the sector, there is a surprising blend of models and makes, and a majestic blurring of roles. Encompassing the concept of luxury alone, there is a daunting contrast of purity and pizzazz.

At the top end of the price scale, the market slots tend to be hard fought and hard won by long-term campaigners. The middle ground is held by a mixed bag of traditional European compact luxury cars, and the premium models of the Australian family



Volvo is the strongest import in tough Oz outback conditions and has a good image to compete head-to-head with GM Ford.

SAAB has always had an exclusive image, and now it has Australian F1 world champ Alan Jones fronting for it for the next three years.

Audi is top-dollar value due to the Deutschmark slump. There's a 2-litre turbo at the top end, too.

Perfect Peugeot is a Gallic classic reborn under new Leyland Australia management and headed for sales success.

handling than some of the other contenders:
HONDA ACCORD

MOST PRACTICAL

A growing group of thinking motorists is prepared to sacrifice imagined prestige, gadgetry or a European badge for all-round performance — not merely on the road, but in the sort of places that reflect in the bank balance.

Though some may be controversial, issues such as retained value, (or depreciation), durability, service and warranty, back-up and support throughout the country, may be as important as performance on the road. One Australian manufacturer has taken account of world market pressures and produced a product that blends international thinking with local conditions. That is GM-H, and their product is the down-sized family car, the Commodore. In the Light Luxury class, GM-H has produced a product that meets most of the current market demands, and features well-timed special equipment. By far the most impressive is their cruise computer, a worthwhile piece of space-age technology and an enormous boost to the thinking driver. For this, for solid engineering and good assembly, adequate finish, and Australian-tuned ride, handling and brakes, and despite some too-cushy concessions to the seducible end of the market, this car gets the award:
HOLDEN COMMODORE SLE SEDAN

BEST STATUS-FOR-MONEY

Status is a large part of what this market is all about. Even so, it's a cruel irony of this sector, that the best cars may not be the best sales performers. Such subjective issues as a low-status title (Audi) or confused marketing (Renault and Peugeot in recent times) are sufficient to put the brakes on sales. There again, a small but significant error in the market place, such as service support or spare parts availability, may hamper the chances of some marques (Lancia) and keep the reins tight on other products that have long overcome the problem (Fiat). Apart from Mercedes, which has achieved the world-wide lead in this sort of concept (even over companies such as Rolls Royce), there is one brilliant performer on the Australian market — Volvo. Consolidating on their safety and status-built sales success, the company recently launched the concepts of sporty specifications and long life. Most of the commentators misread Volvo's sporting potential as badly as the company, which seems to have confused good handling with sports sedan engineering, but the company can easily support its durability claims. Volvo's theme for the Eighties might well read: it's not the car in your life but the life in your car. In any event it's our pick, and that of half the docs, dentists and other pros in the great double-door garage belt:
VOLVO 245 GLE O/D SEDAN

MOST INTERESTING/ SURPRISING/IMPRESSIVE

Novelty, gimmickry and gadgetry apart, innovative design represents one of the great come-ons to the status-seeking upper middle class. There's no one-upmanship quite like that scored by having a piece of machinery that's not only unique, but apparently superior to the other status-mobiles on the block. In the past, Citroen could have achieved a large market share with its superior specifications in this area. Instead, the local distributors dropped the ball. Even so, the CX2400 was recently determined to be the most air-efficient sedan in the world, a fact which is saluted in its designation (Cx being the terminology of drag co-efficient). The now-contenders are the Lancia HPE Coupe, the Toyota Celica, the Mazda 929L Coupe, the Chrysler Sigma Turbo, the SAAB five-door sedan, the Renault 18/20 and the Alfasud Sprint. Renault is the vehicle which performs most impressively in this category, although it is too new to say how well LNC Industries will handle its new charge. Renaults have long stirred the blood and fired the market place with their peculiar style of Gallic engineering, light-years ahead of most of their peers in terms of utilisation of interior space, high-speed touring economy, and economy of body dimensions. The more conventional newcomers consolidate these objectives in a package that is more likely to appeal to a broad section of the local market. It's a worthy contender that deserves good support in the market place with service, spare parts facilities Australia-wide:
RENAULT 18GTS

Fiat's superb Superbrava Mark Two has gone soft to catch the cushy end of the lux-econo market.

lines. The hottest end of the category is occupied primarily by yesteryear's under-$10,000 classics, newly pushed over the top by inflation, plus some custom-built contenders from the Land of the Rising Sun. Some would call them pretenders.

These are the luxury lines for the almost nouveau riche. And these are taking over this area of the market. Back in 1975, a Japanese light luxury car would have been hard-pressed to slide sideways into a lowly market slot. Now, depending on how you manipulate the statistics, they account for up to 60 percent of the sales volume. Yet, they've zoomed up the sales charts in defiance of all financial indicators. A retail price comparison is instructive in this respect. Over the past five years, comparable French model cars have price-inflated 40 percent, Italian and German 50 percent, Swedish 50-70 percent. Japanese models have doubled. Almost universally. Only the uncompetitive English cars have matched this horrific rate rise, and the market has long turned away from English cars for this very reason.

To achieve relatively rapid market dominance in the face of seemingly stupendous odds, the Japanese have turned this to their advantage. Faced with price hikes that launched them up into the light luxury market, they devised a series of carefully-constructed marketing images.

The Japanese have hypnotised the consumer with sales hype that conjures up impressions of European styling and space-capsule interiors. They are Star Wars-styled, totally automated, jam-packed with gizmos, the last word in luxury. Only the auto-pilot is missing. Under the skin, the package fails to back up. The Japanese credibility gap in engineering technology comes beaming through in the form of mediocre performance, compromised ride/handling, less-than-startling stoppers, and lip service safety standards.

Yet the seduction of the Australian motoring public seems almost complete. A queue has formed, and the purveyors of this ordinary equipment have adopted a take-it-or-leave-it stance. As a result the Japanese

(continued on page 144)

BEST ALL-ROUNDER

For different reasons, the widely different vehicle types represented by Volvo, Commodore, Falcon, Alfa, Peugeot, Fiat and Audi all front-up as claimants to this title. It's vital to stick to the gut issues of this market sector in making a choice and the market *is* Light Luxury. The more spartan examples thus eliminate themselves automatically (Audi). Image, status, prestige are vital ingredients in the category, and must run with luxury — delete Falcon, Commodore, and Fiat. That leaves two, Peugeot and Volvo, already with their names affixed to the Number One position in other categories. All-round compatability with the market must take account of well-rounded marketing and merchandising programs, supported at the service end. With prestige still dominated by imports, counter-balanced by a demand for support at the user level, the choice comes back to a single marque, for reasons already depicted:
VOLVO

Commodore SLE is the all-Australian family luxury machine with a useful cruise computer and generous equipment list as standard.

Mazda needs to put more effort into the 929.

TRY HARDER AWARD

If it is fair to salute achievement, it is right to nominate the bottom-line. No special victims here, just a list of those who need to put in some more effort in some particular area.
MAZDA 929
TOYOTA CRESSIDA
DATSUN SKYLINE
TOYOTA CELICA

Not included in this classification are the SAAB models, which in different circumstances might be up there with Volvo in the accolades department, and Fiat Superbrava Mk 11 which really is an excellent car, although somewhat dubiously re-specified as a sporty-luxury car.

"STAR WARS" AWARD

Not to be confused with the Wood Duck award, this is a casual salute to the mobile gadget laboratory of the moment, although it is not regarded as a long-term award. With trick-tech moving the way it does, it may be as obsolete as today is tomorrow. Nevertheless the hands down winner is a vehicle which lights up like Mission Control when you turn the key, the fantastic, the dazzling, the spectacular:
MAZDA 929 COUPE

Nice try fellas.

Statesman Caprice, interior, and best-selling Ford Ltd (not shown) have disqualified themselves from the lease-limit market because of $23,000 plus pricetags.

LEGLESS IN GAZA
OUR MAN IN SINAI PART TWO

THERE IS A cute little Arab girl in a minefield. Turn left off the El Arish Highway from Gaza at the Mosque, drive about five miles and there, out in the desert, real desert — sand dunes and camel-type of desert — somewhere out in that wilderness where the wind kicks up the sand to obscure the sun, where the soldiers have seeded the ground with bombs that jump up out of the dirt and splatter anyone within a few yards, where the goats nibble on the merest hint of vegetation — out there, is a cute little Bedouin.

At least I *think* she's cute.

She pulls her mask up too soon. They all do that. You're lucky to get so much as a flash of dark eye, usually the women turn away as you pass them. But some of the young ones actually show a little interest and look back. Like she did. Her face was not tattooed like the others.

Cute or not, it was pretty obvious this girl and any of her friends would be as inaccessible to the 1982 Anzacs as her aunts and grand-aunts had been to Aussie soldiers of previous generations. It was clear sex wasn't high on the list of local diversions.

An hour later I examined the map of Sinai in the pilots' muster room of Wallaby Airlines: the girl wasn't marked but the minefield was. Ah, but that was years ago and shifting sand. . . who knows where they are now?

"A one-legged Bedouist," suggested Flt Lt Tony Bird.

It is my lot to see more of flight-lieutenants and pilot officers than I see of Arab cuties, as such belles do not figure in the deliberations of the United Nations.

I resume my drive to the Multinational Force and Observers' base, down through another wadi then on to the main road, where a bus has just disgorged a score of children returning to their desert tents after school. Sons and daughters of goatherds, they will be fathers and mothers of goatherds.

The Jews of Abraham's time, when the Hebrew nation was beginning, were goatherds. When Jacob met Rachel at the well, it was a Bedouin girl, like the one I saw, that he kissed. And he too was swarthy, covered in dirt from a desert travail. And for that stolen kiss he had to work for the girl's father for seven years, and even then the old bastard pulled a swiftie on him and got him married to the wrong girl. Those veils are deadly, I'm telling you. Let's hope the Australians take the warning.

The children of Abraham meet me at the main gate of the Eitain airbase, now in process of becoming the base for the Multinational Force and Observers (MFO) who are to police the demilitarisation of Sinai. Until April 25, it was still under nominal Israeli control, and permission from the Israeli Defence Force (IDF) and the MFO is required. The Israeli security guard is a conscript with a London accent. He is the son of immigrants who came to Israel 10 years ago. His name is Ariel, but he doesn't look like a blithe spirit; he's tall, thin and dark. I ask him if he likes Israel.

"Of course. I like London too; but here, it is my country — our country. It is good to have a country," he says.

The MFO officials arrive at last. The chief public relations officer is an Australian. Ariel has warned me that "he is short with a moustache". And in uniform too. But Lt Col Edwardson seems all right, although he does have a clipboard.

It's a multi-national peace-keeping stew in the Sinai and it would be hard to recall when we last threw in our lot with such an odd ethnic mix.

General Bull-Hansen, a tall bottom-weighted Norwegian professional soldier, previously head of intelligence, is reviewing the Anzacs for the first time.

The 120 men are in four groups out on the tarmac. They are in summer uniform and a chill wind is blowing. Their dress blues, which are warmer clothes, have been lost in the laundry somewhere in Beersheba. About a third of the men have colds the next day.

The parade is efficient enough, but it's not exactly the Edinburgh Tattoo either.

"Not good at drill; the Air Force has more important things to do," explains Edwardson. There's one for the Army.

General Bull-Hansen slow marches up every rank, even one so ill-spaced he can barely squeeze through. The parade is simply proof that there is a body of men prepared to stand around at strict attention on a bloody cold tarmac in conformity with the orders of definable superiors. The point has been established — these are technicians, not marching girls — but they will still twirl a baton if asked.

The best drilling is done by the Fijians, who are developing a reputation in the Middle East. At the MFO base there are 500 of them. Along with 500 Columbians, they make up the two infantry battalions that will do all the soldier-slog. Straight-backed, black men they quick march around the camp in distinctly British uniforms with dark red trimmings. They are a bit abashed at the moment, out of synch with time and geography. Apparently they had been confined to camp for intensive training for three months before despatch to the Sinai, and on the few days leave they had between home and Egypt, they had such a good time that all liquor and leave has been cancelled for them for the next six months. And I suppose after the next leave it will be a life ban. They'd also had a run-in with the locals over a claim that a few Fijians had become too active with a Bedouin girl.

The Fijians are already in strength a hundred miles up the coast, in South Lebanon, where they help keep the "peace" along the main road from Beirut to Tyre. They are one of the few nations given the task of watching for "terrorist" movements in South Lebanon that Israel doesn't complain about. And of whom the Palestinians *do* complain. The Fijians are more ready to fight than their pacifist, European colleagues.

These United Nations-type observer groups go into battle fields and are not supposed to shoot anyone, just get shot. There are rules about when return of fire is

article by p.d. jack

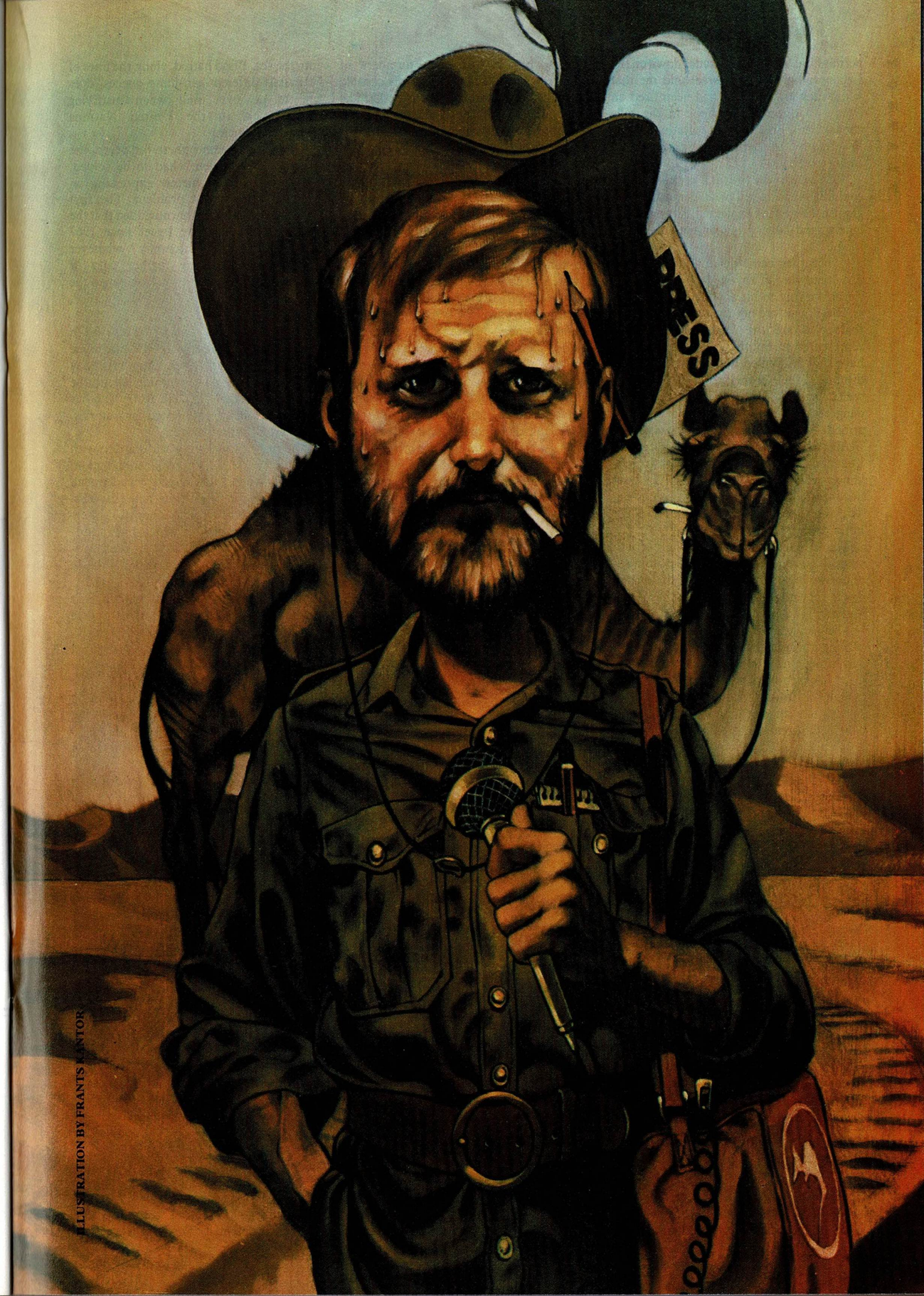


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

permissible. A bunch of Danes down on the Lebanese border with Israel told me that when they arrived they had been fired on from two different positions in the hills above them, one held by Palestinians and the other by the rebel Lebanese army under Major Haddad.

"We were under fire for a week — and we couldn't shoot back. Pot shots mostly," the Danish lieutenant explained, sitting in his lonely sand-bagged hut on the side of the road.

"Then they came down and said it was just their way of saying hello. That they weren't trying to hit anyone."

The Fijians are not the type to stand for that. Nor are the Irish, who are also represented in South Lebanon. The Irish have shot and killed militia men who have disobeyed their orders, and yet can still be seen getting drunk with them — dangerously so, as both sides are usually armed — in Mohamet's Bar at Vagora.

Australia is lucky, it has no forces in Lebanon, only a few advisers and God-knows-what attached to the UN. The boys in Sinai do not expect any such goings-on. This is not a cease-fire they are supervising, but a peace.

The MFO is there simply to see that both sides, Israel and Egypt, keep their promises of not having too many loaded guns located where they might go off and cause some real bother.

The whole exercise is to see that Israel and Egypt, after having been at war with each other since 1948, become friends. It is a lot like two boys who have been sworn enemies in infants' school being forced to sit next to each other in primary school. Of course, the great mediator at the heart of the peace plan is Uncle Sam.

Both Israel and Egypt are learning a lesson of the late 20th Century: war is too expensive unless there are clear-cut winners. Egypt, which has mounted four full-scale invasions of Israel, has rarely ended the invasion with even as much territory it had when it started, and is now of the eminently reasonable opinion that it's got two chances — and one is Buckley's — of actually destroying Israel. For the time being anyway.

"Frankly, we're glad to be out of this blasted Arab-Israeli mess," an Amman-based Egyptian diplomat confided.

"It's just pointless. All we've got out of these wars is just a lot of dead soldiers, and Israel is stronger than ever. We're out of it, thank God.

"We don't want to be dragged by these Arab fanatics into whatever they conceive as the Arab Nation. Egypt has better things to do than listen to demagogues and spend money on war."

For Israel, the chance of at least neutralising the biggest Arab nation, was a Godsend. The wealth and brains of Egypt had long been the backbone of the Arab resistance to the establishment of Israel. It may not have had the oil billions of the sheikhs, but it had huge numbers of educated people, willing and fairly capable of using the modern weapons the sheikhs could buy. It was the intellectual leader, and its diplomats were skilled in British-type perfidy.

How could any Arab heed the little king (Hussein of Jordan) or any of the butchers of Baghdad or dills of Damascus whenever Gamel Abdul Nasser was around?

Although Nasser seems to have the same stature in the Middle East as Simon Bolivar has in South America (there are statues and pastries devoted to Nasser in many Middle Eastern countries) his policies are no longer current in Egypt herself.

Nasser's heir, Anwar Sadat, was often derided by diplomats and politicians of the time as Nasser's yes-man, a meek little man with wheedling ways. Maybe so, but of all the groups of colonels who organised the coup and ousted fat useless Farouk, only two remained in power at Nasser's death. One was Nasser himself, the other Sadat. The son of a grocery-shop man in the Nile Delta — his dad had a run-down hole in a

Both Israel and Egypt are learning a lesson of the late 20th Century: war is too expensive unless there are clear-cut winners.

village bazaar — Sadat could speak six languages, and had a Egyptian, British, Moscow, and finally a world education. He was clever, and strong. Enough to see through the bullshit of the Russians, and to expel them. And without the Russians to go to war with Israel, and indeed to win a significant victory; tempered by an imminent crushing defeat soon afterwards.

It is said the 1973 war was part of Sadat's plan for peace with Israel, having decided to come to terms with the "Zionist Enemy". He had already taken Egypt off Nasser's socialist course, and wanted one last war, to establish the negotiating bases, before settling for terms.

Four years of talking, guiding, changing, trimming, grandstanding, huffing, bellowing, pacifying were required before Sadat could even meet the Israelis; and another year after Sadat's amazing visit to the enemy camp before the two leaders, Sadat and Menachem Begin, could actually meet to start talking about what kind of deal should be arranged. This was in September 1978, in America, and the two signed a statement of good intent, dealing mainly with the Palestinians.

The rotten deal the Palestinians received has always been nominated as the ostensible reason for the Arabs wanting to drive Israel into the sea. Blind hatred, along the lines of "they-talk-different-and-jump-queues" does not to go over well when justifying mobilisation to the United Nations Security Council.

To create an atmosphere for peace, the "Palestinian Problem" had to be solved. This was done by merely expressing an *intention* to solve the problem. The first Camp David Agreement concluded that the territories occupied by Israel since 1967 must be given "full autonomy", whatever that is, and that any further talks or agreements would have to "recognise the legitimate rights of the Palestinians", whatever they are.

It was a pretty vague but it succeeded in its aim: to neutralise the Palestine issue between Egypt and Israel. Egypt could say it got Israel to do something about the Pallos, and Israel just had to try another experiment in its time-tested laboratories, the West Bank and Gaza.

The rest of the Arab world snorted with derision. Worse, with horrified indignation, especially when Sadat agreed to work out an actual peace treaty with the hated Israelis.

Arab rulers are great ones for international conferences at which blood-and-thunder speeches lead to blood-and-thunder resolutions about which nobody does a thing.

Still, the words can sting, and the first deadline for the signing of the treaty came and went with nothing signed. Egypt, spurred by its Arab detractors, wanted Israel to firm up its promise of doing the right thing by the Palestinians.

By March, 1979 the US was wanting something positive — not merely something Jimmy Carter could take to the 1980 elections, but some kind of decrease in world tension.

Presidents, having to deal with such matters as wars and invasions, like to have as few as possible to deal with. So Carter geared up Sadat with promises of Yankee dollars, which pleased Egypt considerably, and the treaty was signed a couple of days later in Washington.

Egypt did quite well out of the treaty. It got the return of Sinai, which it had been unable to hold or win in a battle, it entered the US camp, with its attendant military and economic rewards, and made peace with a ferocious enemy.

For Isreal the price was much more. But Begin argued, to a fairly willing audience, that finally being recognised as having a right to exist — and to exist peacefully — was worth it.

No one likes giving up paddocks, and Sinai is one hell of a paddock. More than three times bigger than the rest of the property, it had oil wells that could have supplied all Israel's demand (very handy when the oil States are Arab States). There is also talk of coal, copper and precious stones.

But what good is all this wealth if you've got to die to defend it? The Israelis accepted

"I guess I really want something with good opportunities for travel and screwing."

the half-loaf solution. The treaty was signed, and Egypt and Israel were hence forward to be friends. But the shaking of hands has been awkward.

The Arab States were apoplectic, and cut Egypt out of their will. There were recalls of ambassadors and Egypt was kicked out of various Arab and Moslem bodies. Headquarters of the Arab League moved from Cairo to, of all places, little old Tunis. There were trade sanctions and an end to oil-money. Never mind, the Yanks picked up the tab.

Because neither Egypt nor Israel trust each other, and Israel is especially touchy, America promised the United Nations would lend a hand and run a sort of police force to keep guns out of the Sinai. This is a mild nuisance to Egypt. But it *is* a big thing with Israel. Not trusting anyone, especially Egypt, Israel insisted that Egypt have no military forces in the Sinai, which is too close to Israel for comfort. Just having Egypt's word for it was not sufficient, so the observation team was written into the treaty.

On account of the bad vibes around, the United Nations decided not to participate in the Camp David process, as it's called. The Yanks had to hustle around and find enough countries willing to be a sort of Right-thinking United Nations, or a representative collection of countries.

It was an odd assortment which answered the call: unpredictable socialist France, Australia, and three Third World countries. Not too bad especially as two of the Third World countries, Fiji and Columbia, will supply all the bods, and Europe will supply the brains.

That leaves Australia swinging somewhere in between.

To sweeten things for the Yanks, who had to promise to supply most of the troops, and pay the biggest bills, the MFO was divided into a northern and southern command. The Yanks occupy the southern sector, which everyone believes is to allow the US to develop its Rapid Deployment Force (RDF). The first group of US soldiers into position was the 82nd Airborne, which supplied units to the RDF, designed as a special anti-terrorist hit squad of national dimensions.

The Europeans have been given the northern sector and the honor of appointing the commanding officer of the MFO. Enter General Bull-Hansen. To further insulate and protect the Americans' interests in its southern sector, headquarters has been placed in the north, 20 miles away from the Yanks' base, and the General's chief of staff is an American. As the boss of the whole show is a civilian, and also an American, General Bull-Hansen's complete independence is somewhat problematic, being the Norwegian sardine in an American sandwich.

So, just how relevant is the Australian input? Their role in all this is, as usual, "just swell", which means useful, but not irreplaceable. Ten helicopters plus crew and support. Two of the machines have been hired from the Yanks anyway. We're there as a gesture, and the suspect opportunities it presents for our people.

"There's no doubt about it, we are all volunteers. I suppose I got picked because I'm lucky, and have been a good boy," said a bearded pilot, one of the Navy boys, from Tasmania.

Looking around at what's on offer in terms of adventure, entertainment, women and diversions, it's hard to imagine what he means by "lucky".

"Ah, there's a chance to work doing things other than just exercises, for sure," said another young Navy boy, 24-year-old Mark Henschke, from Adelaide.

"I wanted to see a bit of life, y'know. These Egyptian towns may be as awful as some of the blokes say they are, but gee, they're not Ipswich or Nowra."

But they are a lot farther from Sydney or Melbourne and there is a lot to be said for the boredom level.

The object of sending servicemen to far-flung corners of the globe is not to give them the chance of picking up funny hats, funny words and not-so-funny diseases. But one could scarcely be blamed for believing so, to hear them talk.

Boredom rules every conversation and deed as pilots read sci-fi, and tease the young blokes (ho-hum) about possible adventures in Egypt.

There is, as yet, no leave. The diplomats are trying to work out a deal whereby the troops get immunity from local law; perhaps they fear being thrown in the slammer for coughing on a Saturday. Whatever, progress in negotiations is slow, and until they are concluded there's no leave. Which annoys the commanding officer, Wing Commander Terry Wilson, who knows that men get upset without leave, especially when they are sitting idle.

The second-timers are looking forward to the fleshpits of Tel Aviv, while the younger men are yet to see the Pyramids and the novelty of Egypt. Henschke, so young, a boy, and yet a trained pilot: "I'm based at HMAS Albatross, near Nowra, and I'm there with 2000 Navy guys, and when you get that many guys in a small country town you can have a lack of certain social necessities.

"Like girls.

"So from Nowra I go on leave to Sydney. We get discounts on our hotel rooms and have a ball.

"There's so many poofs in the inner city, there are plenty of girls. . . but now I've a girlfriend, so that shouldn't matter.

"Or at least I had one when I left."

Which leaves me even more convinced he would have been better off at home.

"The main inspiration was to see the country, have fun, see different cultures, drink different beers and root different women," a less refined pilot opines.

Well, this certainly isn't Saigon or Hong Kong and the girls and grog have little going for them.

If the confusion about leave is not exactly morale-boosting, the restrictions on flying are galling.

"They want written flight plans hand-delivered to Tel Aviv, 48 hours before the flight," explains Flt Lt Mike Mackerras.

He's standing in the muster room of the terminal building, a scraggy collection of empty rooms on the edge of the desolate runway.

"That works out at about three days notice — and then they won't always give permission for what we want to do. We can't even fly around the base. I suppose we'd be a bit unhelpful if we had to give away Northern Territory to Indonesia to make peace!"

This is strictly pioneer territory. The men have had to provide themselves with such things as workshops, ground control, and comfortable chairs to sit in.

It's a contradiction because these men are trained for combat but spend most of their time warring with boredom.

"Ah, Battle of Britain pilots," remarks one of the ground crew flashing on the scene of the moustachioed pilots sitting around in the sun in the big lounges made from packing crate timber and thick foam container padding. Most are in flying suits and wearing sun-glasses against the strong Sinai glare. There's one just in shorts: a body-builder type, solid muscle. They say he's okay until he starts turning green.

Boredom rules every conversation and deed as pilots read sci-fi, and tease the young blokes (ho-hum) about possible adventures in Egypt. The anecdotes are wearing thin.

They tell of the time in Ismailia; one of their mates didn't see the kid on the bicycle and ran over the back wheel. As the crowd gathered, the driver said to his mate he was going to get a translator, and shot into the hotel nearby, where the other blokes were viewing the growing crowd from the verandah. The driver joined them for a beer while the hapless passenger attempted to explain it all to a crowd that didn't speak English.

While the pilots sunbathe, or play boule (a game of bowls where you throw at the jack) with Frenchmen who share the terminal building with them, and the men hunt around for things "to make do" with, some lucky ones are preparing to go to Tel Aviv, on the pretext of buying electrical cord or cotter pins. It means a trip out of

(continued on page 150)

Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores might have sprung forth from a fantasy recorded in a shipwrecked sailor's log: "After 40 days on the open sea I washed up on a South Pacific beach. I lay there virtually lifeless for I don't know how long. Suddenly a native girl appeared; a dark-haired angel.... I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not hallucinating..."

Miraculous Lourdes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Lourdes (pronounced Loor-dess) is no hallucination. She exists in the old town of Haleiwa, in the Hawaiian Islands. Part Hawaiian, part Filipino, part Spanish, and part Tahitian, she is one of 22 members of the Estores family, a good chunk of the total population of Haleiwa. Her father was an Army musician and part-time fisherman, so it is not surprising that her two great loves are music and the sea.

Lourdes keeps in shape as a physical fitness instructor for a local health spa. She also moonlights as a cocktail waitress and delivers cosmetics on her bicycle around her part of the island. It's a vigorous life but by no means hectic. "We're not in a hurry here," she says. "What's the rush?" What does it take to be so content? "Practice," she says. "You have to practise enjoying life."

GUIDO

listen. guido is talking about money, drugs and power. about his calabrian heritage

THE THOUGHT was making him thirsty, so we drank wine. Red wine and slightly bitter. Was he ever bored? I asked. He looked first at me, then at the red distance. It is my curse, he said. Very simply.

The summer grasses had already dropped their viable seed and parrots dashed across the sky, diving and squabbling over a few pods clinging to the stalks. To the south, several kilometres distant, a red sausage of dust chased an invisible car, coloring the horizon. The end of a hot day in the flat country.

The nights were already becoming cold, but the wine was in our bellies. He lay propped by one elbow on the old sofa, a little drunk perhaps, for his inhibitions were cracking. His black, black eyes focused on me again.

"I'm going to tell you my story and when you have written it, you will know why. You're smooth, but I trust you," he added, smiling his dark intelligent face. You're pretty smooth too, Guido, I thought.

He poured more wine. "Why don't you take notes?" he asked.

fiction by stephen brouwer

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

"You'd find it inhibiting."

"And one flew over the cuckoo's nest," he replied.

"Tell your story, Guido."

"Okay, listen. I was born in Tuscany. Three brothers. One mother, one father who taught us to love the Pope, made us go to the village church twice on Sundays, confess on Saturdays and work like dogs for the rest of the week. Man, you've never worked or seen work like that. Wine. We made wine. Stinking, rotgut wine. My old man was el cheapo. We worked from dawn to dark under vines and with kerosene lamps when the harvest was happening. Quantity. Sheer quantity. This wine is a Rothschild compared to the vinegar we made." He held the glass to the light.

Guido: Dark, maybe 35, taller than the Calabrians in the area. Not quite three axe-handles across the shoulders, but a solid human. Living alone in that red dust country where people have made the land into treeless plains and fenced it into squares. A huge chessboard upon which humans sweat and die on their own little squares. It helped mould Guido the man. Given him years of isolation in deep thought.

He never minded my occasional contribution. Just drifted his eyes across the night and patiently listened before resuming.

"So, there I was. Basic rural education in up-country Tuscany, bored and 17. Father, mother and the priest were not amused when I announced I was going to Rome to find a job. I had a little money, found a share flat through the newspaper and couldn't find a job. I knew some guys in Tuscany who were running dope across the border. Only hash. I was buying from them and splitting it into deals. Lasted three years before I was caught. Did a year in an Italian prison. Learned the ropes. A big boy's club, really. And there were moments which bordered on manic-depressive, but it was experience.

"When I came out, father met me with an envelope with an air ticket and about 100 Australian dollars. Darken my doorstep no longer, he said.

"I invested that in some hash which I sold to some Italians in Sydney. I couldn't do business in Italy again. The police become annoyed at a second offence. I'd been sponsored by my uncle, he doesn't live far from here. The fat sod came out of the same sausage factory as my father. We worked from dawn to dark, at harvest times with lights, growing rice. So I read.

"I learned English, I learned French. I read Faust and I read Carlos Castaneda. I carried Shakespeare in my lunch box. And I didn't go to church. I read Buddha and Krishna and didn't look forward to a life of servitude under my Uncle Gino.

"They had a sort of a maid or an au-pair girl or whatever she was. My Aunty called her a lazy slut from Rome, who was only tolerated because she was a god-daughter. We, the two cousins and I, made love to her when she wasn't repelling Uncle Gino. Good God-fearing Catholics. I wonder if they all told the priest.

"You know, I used to come to town on Saturday nights with the cousins in the farm truck. The Uncle used to blackmail extra hours from us for that lousy truck. Saturday nights. Picture it. We had little money, no Australians wanted to know three hot-blooded Italians. So we got drunk with all the other hot-blooded Italians and fantasised about Italian fathers letting their Italian daughters out of their locked doors.

"But, there was a big difference. All the other guys were driving the latest-model cars and building some rather remarkable houses on their own land. I'd been here about three years before they trusted the cousins and me.

" 'Want to earn some extra dollars?' a guy asked us one night. (He knew some people I knew in Rome.) 'In Italy they say you're okay and we know your cousins for many years. We know you won't do anything silly.'

"He said that emphatically. Meaningfully is probably a better word. We met him three nights later. We had to hire the truck from Uncle because it wasn't a Saturday night. The rendezvous was on one of the little dirt roads around here — it doesn't matter which one. We sat in the truck for a while, about two hours, cursing those guys and wishing we were in bed with Renata. Generous woman. It was midnight, dark and cold. They were amateur dramatists. They sneaked up on us, engine and lights switched off and scared us by turning everything back on at the last moment.

We got drunk with all the other hot-blooded Italians and fantasised about Italian fathers letting their daughters out of their locked doors.

"We got into the back seat of their car. Three of them in the front. The surprise was the old Italian man sitting in the middle. 'Boys,' he said, 'I understand that you may interpret this as an act of degeneration and distrust. It's neither. You are to be blindfolded for your safety and our safety. If anything goes wrong, you know nothing.'

"The old man's dead now, so it doesn't matter if I tell you what he looked like. His face was like my hand." Guido cupped the palm into a maze of wrinkles. "Wizened and brown and silver-grey hair. Very distinguished, but just a servant in the local social register. He was a little man, dressed in a dark suit which was out of place in the land of singlets and shorts.

"We knew what we were doing. Picking marijuana for three nights. Great pay, $500 a night. We loved it. That was in the days before the helicopters came. They had, would you believe, 12 pickers working from midnight to dawn. They issued us with miners' helmets, heavy-duty plastic bags, secateurs and we went for it. We'd get home, rub the hashish from our hands and start work for Uncle. Tired, rich, stoned and very interested.

"Those people, those lovely Italian people, were growing acres and acres of the stuff, irrigating, cultivating and selling pounds upon pounds, upon pounds of it. And they got very rich. We Italians have a soul about being rich, for us it is spiritual. For you people it is capitalism. So American."

Guido stopped. "I was in love with a dream once," he said, looking into the dark. He poured more wine, looked down at me sitting on the floor, propped against a verandah post.

"Everybody has that problem," I replied.

"My dream. . ." He sat down without looking, the wine spilling unnoticed on his trousers.

"My dream was a world where women wanted to know me, where I did not work like an animal. 'Want' was not a word in my dream."

"Guido," I said, "this may sound cynical, but many of us share or have shared this dream, some get it, some don't, it depends on how much you want it. And fate."

"Fate!" He exploded. A rarity for Guido.

"Fate is in your own hands."

"Guido, that's hardly Buddhism," I said.

"All religions are crutches for cripples," he said.

"Okay, Guido."

"The cousins wanted new cars of their own to kill themselves in. One eventually succeeded. We got some seed from our employers and used a back paddock of Uncle Gino's 2000 acres. He never went there, we did all the work on the farm. He supervised from a rocking chair in the kitchen. A bit of a tyrant really, little wonder Renata repelled him, he shouted all the time.

"We ploughed five acres, fenced it high and irrigated from the canal. In those days, kangaroos were the only hazard. We harvested 400 pounds that year and ended up with about $30,000 each. We told Uncle Gino we won the money at the races. The boys took him and the Aunty for drives in their new cars and everybody was happy. I bought this place. Do you like music? I'll play for you."

Guido walked into the house, returning with a fine old acoustic 12-string Gibson guitar. "You should write down the words."

"Sure."

They came from all around,
To listen to the sound
Of Dirty Bert,
And his fine guitar.

When Dirty Bert would play,
His music seemed to say
Come fly with me,
I'll take you right up there.

A record man heard Bert,
Hey Bert, stop scratching dirt
Come with me,
I'll pay you a top dollar.

Old Dirty Bert did well,
But he made his private hell
Shooting dope,
And telling lots of stories.

They found him dead one day,
I heard his woman say
Old Dirty Bert got hurt,
From playing with his needle.

Guido took the guitar inside.

"You too tired?" I called.

"Bored yet?" he countered.

"Not me."

He started talking from the kitchen where he was working the cork from another bottle.

"I played you that song because Bert was my next partner when I moved from the Uncle's house. A big, gentle Australian was Dirty Bert. That was his guitar. Didn't need the money. He eventually came back here and overdosed one morning.

"We were freelancers, Bert and I. Up here that means we had nothing to do with the local Mafia, although that's who eventually bought the marijuana. They didn't mind, the more the merrier. Demand always exceeds supply in this business. We did one crop the first year and I did a year's world trip and built this house with the proceeds. You like the house? So do I."

Sure enough, it was a good house. Not the usual Art Mediterranean monstrosities (as he called them), with their blond brick pillars and arches and aluminium windows, for which most of the Italian expatriates would sell their daughters' virginity.

Guido's house was good because it made me feel comfortable. Wooden and glass doors leading on to a wide verandah all around. A high corregated-iron roof and a cool garden watered by a bore. A spot of green in the red.

"Yes," said Guido, sensing my admiration, "I live in comfort. A life many men would envy. Travel, culture, desire. Yes, I've had it all."

"And happiness?" I asked.

"Ah, happiness. Elusive happiness." He paused. "Are you happy?" he asked.

"Sometimes".

"How happy?"

I plucked an answer. "Twice a week, never on Mondays. And you, Guido?"

He pulled at his moustache. "I amuse myself," he said.

"Is happiness in amusement, Guido?"

"No, and it isn't in travel, culture, desire and drugs. It merely fills in the time. Tomorrow I'll speak a little philosophy with you. You have to know some more history, it's really quite intriguing."

"You seem to lack a purpose, Guido."

"You'll see," he said. "Now listen.

"When I came home from my travelling and culturing, several remarkable things had happened. The local anti-drug crusader, Donald Mackay had disappeared. The conservative politician. They still haven't nailed anyone for that. No don't ask me anything, just believe that they'll never find him or the hitman, that's all I know. I've heard it said that it wasn't worth the heat, but again, we Italians look at things a little differently.

"The law is an ass, okay? So, with a healthy contempt for the law, we go about our own business growing healthy little grass. Look, it's a herbal remedy for depression and insomnia. Ignorant people led ignorant people and Don Mackay disappeared. Some one blew him away. Last year the local Member of Parliament, Taylor is his name, Jim Taylor, started calling for the death penalty for dope growing. Can you believe it?

The law is an ass, okay? So, with a healthy contempt for the law, we go about our own business growing healthy little grass.

"The other thing that changed was the growing. While I'd been away, they started using helicopters. The police were out to get us, they didn't take too kindly to the Italians blowing politicians away. Too close to home. They busted as many growers as they could the first season after Mackay got it. Some people went down the steps for 10 years.

"And the big growers who didn't get busted paid an arm and a leg to get their crops through. Bert and I did one more crop, we called it The Golden Mile. Actually, it was the golden five miles. Plants in single file, one metre apart, along the river. We irrigated and fertilised heavily. Three metres high and booming.

"The local detective had a fair idea we were growing, so the helicopters gave us a rough time, but they didn't find it. We retired after that, Dirty Bert and I. And that's enough for tonight, my friend, you're not going to remember all this. See you in the morning. Early."

●

Towards the finish of summer in the west, sunrise is a hot, red ball. Red. Everything is red. I woke to it, and the big Italian leaning over my prone body blowing a long, gentle stream of breath into my ear. I woke quietly, but turned to him in surprise.

"What are you doing, Guido?"

"An American Indian trick. No alarm, a subtle awakening, wasn't it? Just thought I'd show you."

Fresh-from-the-garden orange juice, fruit salad and thick coffee in Guido's quarry tile courtyard. Very tasteful, I told him.

"I'm crazy, you know," he replied.

"You also start early in the morning."

"It's my craziest time."

My reply was gentle. "Listen Guido, 95 percent of the world is crazy, it's not so special."

"That's very kind of you."

"Not at all, Guido."

"I'm an anarchist."

"Because you're bored? The coffee was delicious, could I have another cup, please?"

"You're not taking me seriously," said Guido with good humor.

"Oh, I am. You're a very intelligent and resourceful man and I'm quite looking forward to some philosophy before I leave."

Guido's pride poured me coffee and we were silent for a time.

We sat perhaps a metre apart in natty Roman campaign chairs, the ruins of breakfast between us. A German Shepherd lay on her side, blissful, ribs rubbed by her master's restless foot. The man's hands rolled an extravagant concoction of strong-smelling hashish which he heated with matches and mixed with equally strong-smelling French tobacco. He held the cone creation aloft, admired it and set fire to it. The cigarette burned savagely and he attacked it with equal fury. When battle was done and the tone was shattered, later subdued, Guido turned his eyes to me.

"Look, someone lied to me." He spoke softly now. "This, the world we live in, is not the world they said it was."

"Who, Guido?"

"My parents, my priest, my schoolteacher, my parole officer, my Prime Minister. They: the status quo, the establishment. They lied and they go on lying to themselves and hoping that they don't have to change their values until they die, because they're scared. These people are prepared to take away my liberty, have taken away my liberty, because they're scared of truth. Who's the criminal? Not me. I'm the mad person who has faced reality. Now, I'm going to fight for it."

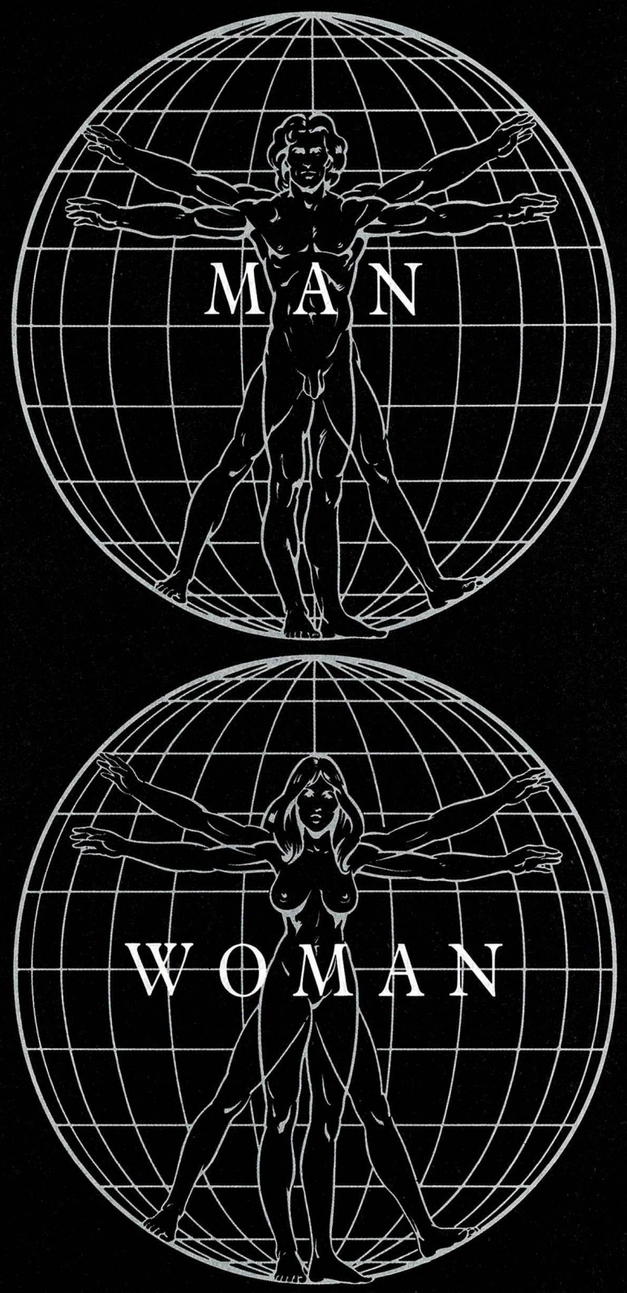
"That's crazy," I said. "You're here in your own little Utopia. Bigger and better anarchists than you have tried to bring a little reality into the world. Look at what little effect it's had. Maybe you need a woman?"

"Done that," he said, dismissing my suggestion. But he wasn't annoyed. He scratched the back of his head and rattled his big toe down the German Shepherd's ribs. "Do you know what real power is?" he asked.

"I've got my opinions."

(continued on page 140)

PRISONERS OF CULTURE



concluding the series by jo durden-smith and diane desimone

FUTURE SHOCK. A world controlled by a giant interlocking nervous system of computers. Population: between seven and eight billion, doubling every five years. In the West, robots replace laborers and even skilled workers. Unemployment becomes, not temporary, but permanent. The average work week is 15 hours. The group, the mass, the collective, is now the most important social unit. Continuous cities stretch across continents. And there are enough nuclear armaments on earth to destory our local system of planets or light up a new sun.

Such is the world, say some futurists, that the children now entering secondary school will inherit when they leave university around the year 2000. And it's a world towards which our culture is even now hurtling us. "We're like a car rushing forward at gigantic speed," says Stanley Lesse, neurologist, psychiatrist and editor of the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*. "It's no use looking out of the side windows any more, because the scenery at the side of the road, by the time we register it, is already in the past. All we can do is look ahead and do what we can to try to steer. The culture is moving too fast."

The culture is moving too fast. Everywhere one looks, the signs are beginning to show, especially, as Lesse and others say, in the relations between the two sexes. They seem to be bearing the brunt of a more general anxiety. In a recent, unpublished study, for example, George Serban of New York University Medical Centre found us to be a population stuffed to the gills with tranquillisers, sedatives and mood-changing drugs, and riddled with stress and depression. Sex, he says, lies at the root of it. Sexual permissiveness is a prime source of anxiety in fact, the most significant predictor of stress: 53.8 percent of men and 81.8 percent of women are disturbed by it. But close to sexual permissiveness come "the new social roles of the sexes" and "interactions with other people." Over half of single women and almost half of single men are under moderate to severe stress due to "the superficiality of their emotional relationships" and the insecurity caused by them. Marriage seems to leave us no better off. Loss of interest and a "general resentment" mean that only 23 percent of women and 37.9 percent of men are content with their marriages.

The question we want to ask in this last chapter of *Man and Woman* is: why? What is there about this particular, developing, Western culture that seems to make men and women so uneasy, so dissatisfied with one another? Human beings, after all, are marvellously adaptable creatures. They are obsessive makers of cultures and civilisations. And they are born into the world with an underdeveloped brain, capable of assimilating, learning and growing into virtually any sort of environment. What is it about *today* — and the future into which we are rushing — that is so threatening to the relationships between us?

In the past five articles in this series, we've explored the biology and brain of men and women, the long evolutionary journey they've taken together and the separate evolutionary programs and constraints that are likely to influence their abilities and their behavior. Human beings, though, are both biological *and* cultural: they pass on not just genes, but also knowledge and institutions from generation to generation. And in this article we'll be looking at the different sort of evolution this involves: *cultural* evolution. As we've seen, biological evolution moves at an extremely slow Darwinian pace; in this sense, we are still the hunter-gatherers who roamed the earth until 15,000 years ago (if hominid life is counted as a single day, then our movement into settled communities was six minutes ago). But cultural evolution — the gathering burst of knowledge that's ushering in the new age of cybernation and enforced leisure — has in our recent history begun to move faster and faster. And as one scientist says, it's now moving so fast that seniors at universities can no longer understand the attitudes and aspirations of incoming freshmen. The real question we have to ask, then, is whether or not our cultural evolution, as it flashes forward, is forcing us as men and women into roles for which we are biologically ill-equipped. Could it be in this, the last quarter of the 20th century, that the culture we have inherited and are accelerating towards is finally at odds with the conservative legacy of our biological evolution? Has what we're being taught to want and are being asked to become come unmoored from who we are? Is this why we're as hag-ridden by stress as George Serban and Stanley Lesse think us to be?

That is an extremely difficult and controversial question to answer. It's controversial because it suggests that we may not be able just to "go with the flow," willy-nilly taking on the shape that the culture requires of us; we may have to pay — may already be paying — a considerable price.

Even to entertain such an idea strikes right at the heart of our fondly-held belief that we can instantly transform ourselves into "new" men and "new" women, happy partners in some future paradise of absolute sexual equality. That, quite simply, may not be possible without considerable personal and social upheaval — because of the basic differences in our biologies.

The question of friction between culture and biology is a hard one. Not only are our basic drives and instincts buried deep under a welter of different individual experiences and odds, but everyone is hoping for the right man or woman to appear. And neither men nor women want spontaneous, casual sex nearly as often as they're supposed to. Instead they want integrity, sensitivity, kindness and understanding, and above all, intimacy and responsibility.

What's going on here? Are the men and women of today simply dumb optimists, hoping against hope for something that's no longer available? Or is there coming through the static and turbulence of these changing times, a still, clear call from biology? Some scientists — a very few — are beginning to ask that very question.

●

The first thing we have to do, if we're to see through the thick mist of this culture, is to challenge a few myths that are fundamental to how we think about ourselves. The first is that our generation, having invented sex, must be the sexiest bunch of people yet to exist on earth. That's just not true! It's true that Americans, in particular, have never had much time for the past — Huck Finn said he had no taste for the Bible, it being full of dead people and all. But if you want to find a time not unlike our own, you don't have to go back as far as the Bible — just to the 1920s. "In the past 50 years," the newspapers of the time were much given to pronouncing, "the divorce rate has increased by 1500 percent. The birthrate is falling. And men and women are marrying late, if at all. The position of women," they used to clarion, "is being radically altered. And there is today a revolution in morals, spurred by the invention of the new latex-rubber condom. Statistics show, alas, that both pre-marital sex and extra-marital sex are up. And the family — yes, the family — is in crisis."

Yes. And the bookshelves and magazine articles of the time — the contributions of the sociologists and psychologists — would be every *bit* as familiar too. Self-help books and sex manuals in the 1920s sold extremely well. And the titles offered to the public by the publishers are eerily reminiscent of what we are seeing today: *What Is Wrong With Marriage?, Factors In The Sex Life of 2200 Women, The Bankruptcy Of Marriage* and *Divorce And Readjustment.*

Sound familiar? "The fact is, it was our *parents'* generation that was the aberrant one," says Alice Rossi, professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. They were the ones who, after the Depression and World War II, settled down to the business of peopling the suburbs of America and having babies. Our grandparents' generation, on the other hand, were much more like us. They were the Kinsey generation, the generation that was the first to tell us about sex in America. And what they told us was happening was very much like what is happening today.

"All right," she says, "so we're not as entirely new as we think. Now we can look *beneath the surface of the similarities* between this generation and the generation of the 1920s and see if we can find any important difference between them. And I think we can. Take pre-marital sex, for instance. In the 1920s, though it was widespread, it meant sex between couples who usually accepted that if pregnancy occurred they'd get married. Pre-marital sex was limited, in other words, to couples who intended to get married and usually did. Now, of course, the picture is quite different.

"The thing you have to remember is that men can be cuckolded and women cannot; a woman *always* knows that a child is hers. This fundamental biological imbalance lies at the heart of all sexual exchange between men and women. It lies at the heart of marriage. Marriage, after all, is essentially a trade-off, a consequence of this biological imbalance — the extra resources the male provides in order for the female to bear and raise children in return for a guarantee, hedged about by all sorts of social restrictions, that the children are actually his. What happens when the guarantee is weakened and made less believable? You have stress — stress that affects all our sexual relations. And you have extreme ambivalence in men about such issues as abortion, female sexuality and the economic independence of women."

●

The new pattern of pre-marital sex in women is, everyone agrees, the result of advances in contraceptive technology. But here we come to the second myth that we want to challenge: the idea that female contraception is the best thing to happen for women since they secured the vote, and that it has no social consequences except a grand new freedom for both men and women.

"No one has any *real* idea of what the personal and social effects of widely available female contraception may be," says Lionel Tiger, professor of anthropology at Rutgers University, sitting across the table from us in a little Spanish restaurant, in New York City. "Take the pill, for instance. We just didn't know what it means for a woman to walk around in a state of technical pseudo-pregnancy for most of her reproductive life. And scientists are trying to find *better* pills rather than studying the long-term effects of the ones they've already invented. Nor do we know what effect this state may have on the man or men she's with. It may have a considerable effect, if my work with macaque monkeys is anything to go by. Macaques are a lot like us in many ways: they mate all year round and the males pair off with specific females. But they're just not *interested* in their favorite females, if we put the females on the pill."

In a series of books written both with and without his friend and colleague Robin Fox, Tiger has continually stressed that human beings are animals — complicated animals, maybe, but like all other animals part of nature and subject to biological constraints. And he believes that female contraception is in subtle ways interfering with and undermining those constraints. "Look," he says, "in human evolution, in human history, the possibility of pregnancy has always been a control that men have exercised over women as well as a lever by which women have obtained what they wanted from men. It's been the issue around which men and women have

traditionally organised their sexual transactions *and* their responsibility for one another.

Now let's look at what's happening today. For the first time in history, the human female is completely in charge of our genetic and reproductive future. She's taken over a responsibility that used to be shared. How does this make the male feel? And how does it make *her* feel? Think about it. What's happened in the last two decades is that the female has taken control of the issue of whether or not she gets pregnant. As far as men are concerned, she's separated sex from reproduction and absolved them of any responsibility for reproduction. In effect, she's liberated the mate — whether he likes it or not, and that's another question — but *not* herself. Let's face it, men don't even ask any more.

"The irony, then, is that what is seen as freeing is actually imprisoning. Women now feel a terrible guilt if they get pregnant, as if it's their fault, as if the man had nothing to do with it. And they often have abortions, with psychological consequences that we know little about. At the same time, because of female contraception and the freer exercise of sexual choice it allows a woman, a man really *does* have less confidence in his paternity if a pregnancy occurs. It's a vicious circle."

●

The third myth is created, in part, by belief in the other two: given that we've been liberated by contraception (Myth II) and are now able to enjoy entirely new sexual opportunities (Myth I), then — according to Myth III — the life of the single person today is the best possible life, because it's happy, self-contained, independent and allows for sex without the dead weight of commitment.

In a recently published book, *Singles: The New Americans,* Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll analyse the results of an elaborate poll and behaviors, but those different experiences and behaviors are also played on by so many different forces in the society — advertising, the media, contraception, fluctuating populations, — a constantly changing industrial and economic climate. So if we're going to find anything useful to say about what's going on between men and women, we're going to have to ease apart all the influences at work on us and see how they hang together to affect our current attitudes to each other.

We think it's worth the try. Because stress and anxiety aren't the whole story. Yes, it's true that a whole army of psychologists, sociologists, market-researchers, census-takers and best-selling authors have pelted us with convincing, frightening accounts of how things have gone wrong. The news from the sexual front is of the rise in single-person and single-parent households and the boom in the divorce industry — of how men and women don't trust each other and don't want commitment from each other any more. But listen again to those voices, pay closer attention to those and other reports, and a different song is playing. For all the fuss and bother that the media play up, the ideal in this society is still to get married and have children and live happily with another person.

Equally interesting is what Simenauer and Carroll have to say about the intensely traditional values that singles, beneath all the supposed frolic and glitter, actually maintain. Seventy-five percent of the men questioned are indifferent or opposed to sleeping with a woman on the first date. Neither men nor women seem to like casual sex. Instead, they want commitment — in fact, marriage. About half of the women and over a third of the men think that living together is a less than satisfactory option, precisely because "lack of commitment stops it from being totally fulfilling."

But the singles life, for all its freedom, is lonely, unsatisfying and incomplete — rather than glamorous, fun-filled and free-wheeling — then why are so many people inexorably drawn to it? What forces are

What's happened in the last two decades is that the female has taken control of the issue of whether or not she gets pregnant.

there in this society that impel people to do something that they don't seem, at bottom, to want to do — to delay or decamp from their marriages and stay out there alone?

One underlying force is obviously the uneasiness and mistrust between men and women that Alice Rossi and Lionel Tiger talk about: the stress caused in all our relationships by female sexuality, contraception, the loss of assurance in paternity and the arrogance of the liberated male.

But there are other forces at work in our culture that underwrite and underline the lack of trust, and at the same time peddle the myth of the singles life. We'll be looking at some of them later. For the moment, though, they can best be focused in one word: media. As one woman in Simenauer and Carroll's book puts it: "The concept of a singles lifestyle is the invention of the 'free market' of the United States, purely in order to sell us more useless products: for example, 'natural make-ups', hair blow-dryers, deodorants, singles clubs, singles vacations, bar life and so on, *ad nauseam.*"

Two singles buy twice as much as one couple — it's nearly as simple as that. And a man and woman who are single are much more likely to be *both* at work than if they are married. Even when she is married, though, it remains desirable for a woman to work — so that she'll continue and even increase her level of consumption. The result is the confection of one of the most persistently peddled images of our culture: the working, carefree and essentially *single* women, freed from the drudgery of home and motherhood, freed from attachment to any one man and freed from any and all biological constraints on behavior. No matter that the image is one that men, deep within them, find unsettling. No matter that such a lifestyle — easy come, easy go — is actually very difficult for most women to enjoy. What's important, as Barry Day, vice-chairman of McCann Erickson Worldwide, says, is that, "the American working woman has an earning power of $115 billion a year. She outspends her non-working sister two to one."

If you think that's fine — women's work promotes their independence and buttresses their social equality with men — obviously we'd have to agree with you. But it's the *image* we're talking about — not the humdrum, usually boring and underpaid reality. And the image of the "new" woman — continuously displayed as strong, sexually adventurous and luxuriantly self-contained — does have, like it or not, personal and social effects that strike right at the heart of the biologically-defined roles of men and women and disturb the contract between them. First, as we've seen, it glamorises the singles life for both men and women, shedding over it an unreal and unsustainable glow. But second, it *devalues,* by implication, pregnancy and motherhood, as well as the co-operation and commitment necessary for the getting and raising of children. And it's helped produce a generation of women who are intensely conflicted: conflicted when working, conflicted when not working and especially conflicted, Alice Rossi says, when faced in their early 30s with the prospect of future childlessness. The singles life may have been fine to that point. The working life may have been satisfying to that point. But the biological drive to reproduction — which governs the sexual relations between men and women — can then be heard as an insistent voice, calling for something a lot less glamorous than the "new" woman's life, something a lot more central to the processes of our evolution.

●

Three myths — and a little reality, we hope. But it's time now, to step back from all the confusions and complications of our culture, with its clamorous talk about equality, and review the idea of equality in biological and evolutionary terms. What are the *essential* roles of men and women beneath all the myths and masks and conflicts? What is the nature of the basic contract between us?

To state the case bluntly, there is no human society on earth in which men and women are fully equal. The reason is simple: man and woman have different reproductive life-spans and a totally different investment to make in the central and crucial process of reproduction. A woman has to commit to it the resources of her entire body when young, while a man — at any age — can get away with supplying just one tiny cell, a sperm. In a hundredth of a second he can spit out more of his reproductive contribution than she can provide of hers in a whole lifetime, so the inequality is fundamental.

All the way through nature it's the same story, of course. The female of the species always makes bigger and more expensive reproductive cells. And in mammals like ourselves she goes even further — actually carrying her developing young inside her and taking on all responsibility for incubating and nourishing them. Very unselfish, you might think. But in fact it's precisely this that puts the female in charge of the whole reproductive show — it's what constitutes her special power. For it gives her control over the ultimate evolutionary resource, the thing males *must* get access to if their genes are to continue into the next generation — her egg, her reproductive machinery, herself. She becomes the most important commodity in nature.

The rule for every species is the same. Sex, reproduction and whatever it takes to help the female and her offspring to survive are inextricably linked in a genetic program that is ultimately dictated by the female. For it is she who takes on most of the physical responsibility for the continuation of the species. Whatever qualities she chooses in a male — and whatever qualities there are in her that encourage her to make a successful choice — are then bred into the future population, becoming part of the general blueprint that governs the sexual and reproductive behavior of both males and females in the future.

But in a few species — most prominently ourselves — a *new* element has entered into the terms of the sexual contract. Male parenting — which humans provide in greater measure than any other species — is actually a remarkable step forward for the female, a vast improvement over the old fight-hit-and-run system. For it frees her from having to take sole responsibility for providing for her offspring. And it allows her to have more infants than she otherwise could have.

It comes, however, with a price-tag. For if male parenting is to be established as a pattern, the female has to give up some of her old power. She has to do something to correct the biological imbalance. In the old days, it didn't much matter to males whose children were whose — assurance of paternity isn't part of the polygamous package. But if a male is to be expected to provide resources over the long haul of human child-rearing, then he has to have some guarantee that the children are actually his. This is the key element in the human sexual trade-off that Alice Rossi talks about — the trade-off that governs our sexual and reproductive behavior. And for hundreds of thousands of human generations it's been steadily built into our genetic program: resource-producing males and faithful, mothering females coming together and remaining together for the sake of their children. That's why the human male is bigger and stronger than the female. That's why the human female tends to marry an older, more reliable male. And that's why the human brain — allowed to develop slowly in the dependent infant as a result of their *joint* provision and protection — is so uniquely adaptable.

As far as the genetic program that governs our sexual relationships is concerned, then, we're still stuck with something very old, in which the drive to sex and the drive to reproduction are essentially the same. Yes, males have a tendency to play around — but that's because in evolution they could get away with fathering a child they didn't have to take care of. And no, they don't marry "promiscuous" girls — because in their *own* women they want some assurance of paternity.

In a few species — most prominently ourselves — a new element has entered into the terms of the sexual contract: male parenting.

The point is that, despite all our modern sexual arrangements, we're still locked together in an evolutionary two-step for which we are unequally primed. That doesn't mean, of course, that biology makes men and women *socially* unequal. On the contrary. In the hunter-gatherer society in which we evolved, there was a clear division of labor, but no lack of equality. The more expendable males took care of attack and defence, protection against predators and the hunt — providing the rich stocks of protein that mothers and growing children needed. But the females, besides bearing and raising children, gathered the other elements in the diet — the plants and fruits, the insects and small animals. They cooked and they probably made clothes. And they exercised their own special power as mothers through elaborate kinship systems. When the first Christian missionaries arrived in North America, they were horrifed by what they found among the "savages" — the unexpected prestige and importance of woman in many of the tribes.

They were horrified because their own culture — the culture they were peddling to the Indians — had virtually enslaved women. And that's the heart of this particular matter: it's *culture* that produces inequality, *not* biology. When agriculture took over from the earlier hunting-gathering way of life, the new system gave a new importance to men — since they were bigger and stronger and not tied down by child-rearing. The power of women began to ebb, for land and property — suddenly central to human life — were now passed down through the male line. And women became chattels, required to bear the large numbers of children necessary to work the land.

Two hundred years ago, though, human culture took a new turn. It entered the industrial phase, and little by little, began to free Western women from their isolation and slavery. For the industrial phase, as it developed, needed not slaves, but educated, intelligent, individual workers. Women became important as educators and mothers, preparing the generation of the future for the necessary business of work and consumption. Of course men were still crucial to industry because of their size and strength. They still fought the wars. But women began to be surrounded by elaborate rituals of respect. They were seen as the providers of a vital support system, and motherhood was glorified. For the first time in 15,000 years, say Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox, something like the original equality of the hunting-gathering community reappeared.

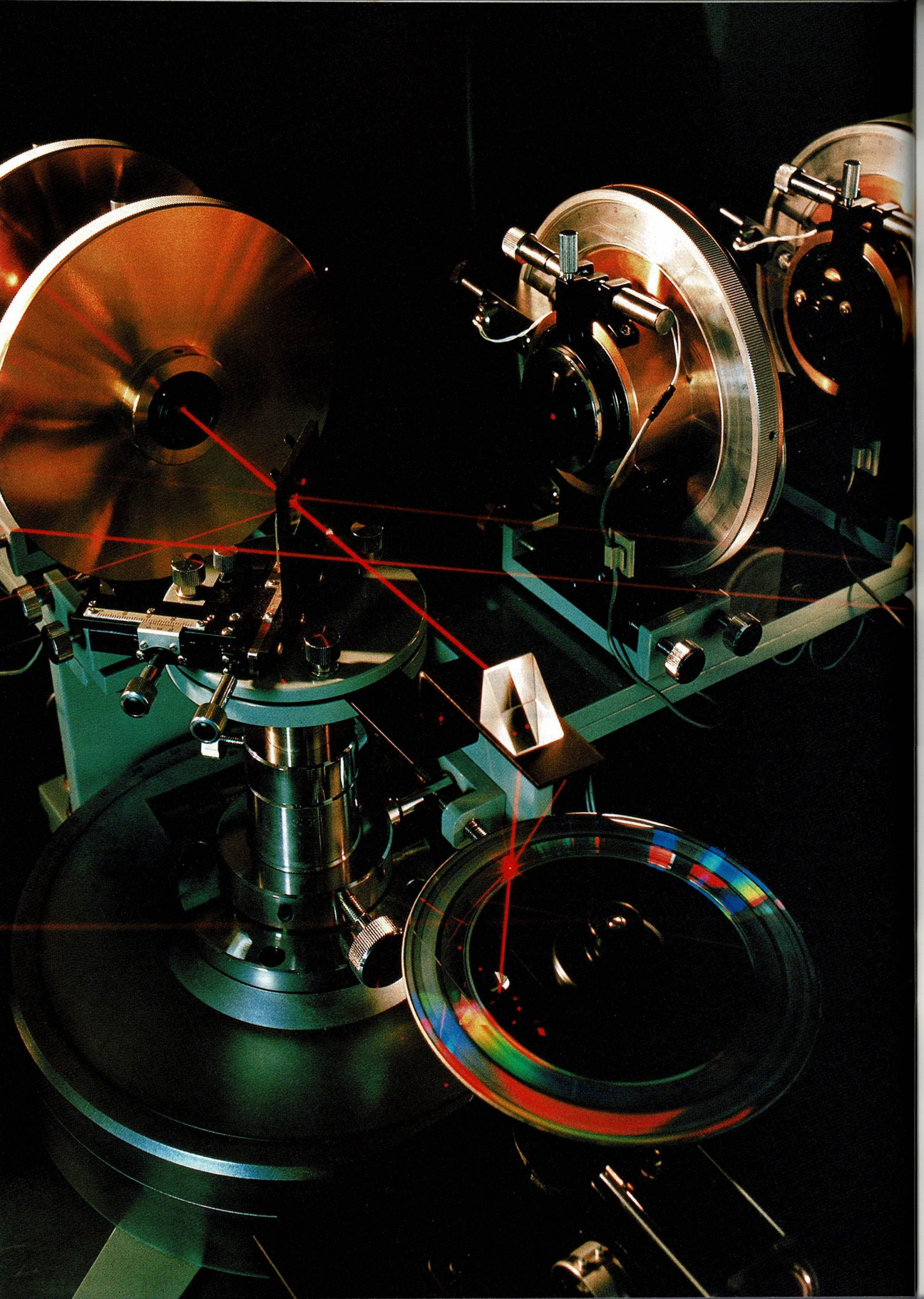
That brings us to today. And when we look at the forces and expressions of human culture today, what do we see?

"Well," says Stanley Lesse, "we're no longer in the industrial era at all. We're rapidly becoming a post-industrial, cybercultural society in which males no longer have any essential roles to play. Their size and strength are increasingly unnecessary to industry. They're fast becoming obsolete as the fighters of wars. They're no longer the one necessary provider. And they're no longer involved in the issue of whether a woman becomes pregnant or not. This is something that's already profoundly affecting the relationships between men and women. I think it has to do with the rise in male homosexuality. I also think it has to do with the increasingly large number of male patients I see who have no respect for their maleness."

For the past 20 years, Lesse, a stocky, broad-faced man in his fifties, has been poring over the great forces at work in our society in an attempt to identify present psychological stress and the future demands that will be made of us as men and women.

"Everything you see, hangs together with everything else, it's all inter-connected. Big business, for example, no longer needs the high turnover of replacement workers that the nuclear family used to provide. So motherhood, children and the idea of family are downgraded. At the same time, the fast-growing service sector of the economy needs cheap labor, without much training. So women become a new and important resource. The idea of work is glamorised

(continued on page 138)



DIGITAL DYNAMICS

laser technology is paving the way for better sound systems

IT HAD to happen. Laser technology has zapped its way into the realms of sound and recording. Later this year, or early in 1983, a new disc-record system using laser tracking will be landing in a galaxy near you. It's the Philips CD (Compact Disc) and is incompatible with earthling analogue and other proposed digital record systems.

With support from Sony and a number of other large manufacturers, Philips has developed an intriguing technique for recording and playback of sound waveforms in a PCM (Pulse Code Modulation) format, promising improved performance and a dramatic reduction in the kinds of noise and distortion we hear from conventional systems. Philips' CD system is one of three major proposed PCM systems that in the next few years are destined to bring about dramatic technical changes in home audio and video to possibly become the vehicle for proper, believable surround-sound and also for high quality wide-screen home video, of a quality vastly superior to today's somewhat compromised color TV.

Let's firstly concentrate on the CD system as I can't really imagine the major alternatives becoming a future PCM standard, their technical limitations giving scant room for performance improvements even though their greater simplicity makes them more economically viable. Another very important point in favor of CD is its potential longevity, since there is no mechanical tracing of the digital "groove" and the records are claimed to remain playable without loss of performance if allowed to become

article by richard timmins

Laser experiments by ellipsometer. Sharp is researching new information systems, such as high density recording systems, video discs and compact audio discs, for light communication. Photo by courtesy of Sharp.

dusty or scratched —quite a change from conventional discs.

The basic PCM system is based on the use of binary numbers, each digit being either zero or one, assembled into "words" to create a code system with inherently simple characteristics. And, depending on how many digits or "bits" used in each "word", giving enough combinations to label a required number of conditions. A sound waveform consists of continuous variations of pressure in respect of time, so if the electrical analogue of this waveform can be sampled at regular intervals, the instantaneous voltage level can be measured each time and allocated the PCM word which most accurately describes that level. The more bits that can be used, the more words that can be provided and consequently the "quantising" and labelling of level will be more accurate.

Word size must be limited to the number of bits that can be accommodated during the period of each sampling interval, bearing in mind that certain set words must be reserved for synchronisation purposes so that the whole mass of numbers can be properly unscrambled on playback. The sampling rate must obviously be high enough to describe the minutest possible change in the original waveform; during playback waveform reconstruction becomes rather like a "join-up-the-dots" puzzle and the equipment cannot know what goes on between each sampling. At present, most PCM exponents are basing their systems on a sampling rate of 50,000Hz, two and a half times the accepted higher frequency limit of hearing. Using 13-bit words, for example, the equipment must therefore be capable of handling millions of bits per second and this is technically feasible, with reasonable cost, at the present time.

On the other hand, are the words big enough to give sufficiently accurate quantising and is the sampling rate enough to fully describe the waveform? Quite a number of critics have voiced doubts in this direction, and current analogue issues of music recorded via PCM in the studio, giving excellent dynamic performance and a freedom from tape hiss never previously available, seem to have a characteristic "uneasiness" in their sound which can be somewhat fatiguing for the listener.

As an example, Stevie Nicks' *Bella Donna* album, though not so credited, is instantly recognisable as a digitally-processed recording. The album contains a couple of very good songs which in my opinion suffer musically and emotionally because of an indefinable incompleteness — they never quite seem clear, even though superficially the recording is excellent. The sound doesn't compare as an emotional experience with the earlier Fleetwood Mac *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours* albums, involving the same lovely lady. These low-budget productions had their fair share of studio tape hiss and the occasional drop-out.

If this is to be the sort of sound we're going to get from the PCM systems, then firstly, the kinds of problems likely to be experienced must be fully realised. Otherwise we'll be in a situation where the new system merely offers a change in compromise rather than a genuine advance.

At least the CD system appears to have the potential for handling larger words at a higher sampling rate, and certainly any system introduced now must have the potential for handling technical improvements whilst remaining compatible with present conditions. The CD system is based on a 100mm disc, silvery in appearance and shimmering with the colors of the rainbow. This should indicate to those with some technical knowledge of the wavelengths of light, much about the magnitude of the embedded information in the disc surface. The binary numbers are carried as "pits" in a reflective material, coated in a tough transparent surface. Light from a laser is focused on the spiral of pits in such a way that dust and imperfections of the surface material have little effect on the intensity of light at the point of focus. It is this property that gives the compact disc its performance durability.

As the disc rotates, the light reflected back from the disc is modulated into pulses by the pits and follows the same path back towards the light source until reaching a prism arrangement where a modulation detector — a sort of light-sensitive cell capable of producing an electrical output — converts the modulated light into modulated voltages. These electrical pulses are then routed to the electronic circuitry which sorts out all the pulses into words and thence converts to analogue, giving a conventional waveform of the sort you get from a tuner or tape recorder.

The system, although complex, is technically by far the most elegant of the proposed PCM systems and while likely to be more expensive in terms of the equipment itself and appropriate software, looks like being the most satisfactory long-term prospect.

Going back now to the practical use of PCM systems, I feel it would be folly for anyone to invest in any of the new systems until a clear single standard has emerged. The commercial interests involved have been battling this one out for some years and we now have a field of three main contenders, whittled down from some 15 original proposals. The firm whose standard is eventually adopted — and it is logical that only one standard can survive in the future — stands to make an enormous amount of money so the competition is becoming increasingly fierce with a strong possibility of full-scale industrial warfare.

I've maintained for the past few years that analogue won't be entirely superseded until around the turn of the century, because that is how long it will take for a PCM system of sufficiently improved performance, at an affordable price, to become available.

In PCM, we have the basis of a technique capable of improving the quality of reproduced sound by several magnitudes and it would be a very great shame if the pressures of commerce forced upon us a system insufficiently developed and, more fundamentally, inappropriately conceived to take advantage of what can and will be possible within a very short period (comparatively) of technological development. At present, CD offers much of the desirable potential, and we'll know within the next few months whether the present state of the PCM art yields results comparable with analogue at its best, when it can be absolutely superb. Watch this space for future developments.

"The Taxation Department does not try to 'screw' people, as you put it, and you will pay dearly for saying that."

SAVE UP TO $238.00!

Solid 9ct Gold 1 gm. Ingot for $17
Solid 9ct Gold 5 gm. Ingot for $69

for every lucky Playboy reader who replies by 29th September

As part of our continuing advertising test programme we will send a 1 gram SOLID 9ct. GOLD Ingot to every Playboy reader who responds to this printed notice before the last mail 29th September next for the sum of $17 plus $1 postage, handling and insurance. For $69 plus $1 postage, handling and insurance we will send you a 5 gram SOLID 9ct. GOLD Ingot **(less than half the shop price).** Each is chained and comes in a presentation box. This advertising notice is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know as this information is helpful to us in determining response patterns. Should you wish to return your ingots you may do so to the address below and receive a full refund under our 5 year Money Back Guarantee. If you return the ingots after 12 months we will refund the amount you paid **plus 15%** to cover inflation. There is a limit of one of each ingot per address due to fluctuating gold prices but if your request is made before 22nd September you may request a second 1 gram ingot by enclosing an additional $17 plus $1 p.h.& i and a second 5 gram ingot for $69 plus $1 p.h. & i. No request will be accepted past the dates noted above unless delayed by a mail strike. Please enclose this *original* notice with your request. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: **MAILEX INTERNATIONAL, Gold Ingot Test Dept. GPBI,** 14 Sydney Rd, Manly, N.S.W. 2095.

P.S. Pay by Bankcard/Diners Club card if you wish — write your number clearly below your address. Don't miss this one. You may never have the chance again.

Enlarged to show detail
.375
Solid Gold Ingot

WENDY BACON

(continued from page 39)

There are allegations of verballing in about 90 percent of cases where a confession has not been signed.

was arrested, dragged into the middle of the Cross and stripped. That was a devastating and humiliating experience. I was standing in the street and two constables came up and said: "You're under arrest." I asked what for and they said: "Anything you like." Eventually it turned out to be unseemly words. They dragged me up the street by the neck and were ripping at my clothes. It was a bit of a tug-of-war between them and the people I was with. I said "Stop it," and they said "Don't worry — you'll be naked soon." Later they denied they had stripped me and said somebody else in the street had done it.

When we finally arrived at Darlinghurst, one of them said: "We don't know what's going on. All I know is that we've got Bacon." They were definitely sent down there to get me. When I finally appeared in court on the unseemly words charge, I had so many witnesses that the charge was dismissed half-way through the case. It was all too embarrassing for them.

PLAYBOY: Some women's groups charge that police are often guilty of sexual assaults on women they arrest. How prevalent is this?

BACON: I know of one case where charges were actually laid, but finally withdrawn. I don't believe it happens every night, but there is one inner-city police station where it has certainly happened a lot over the years. In Mulawa I met women who said they had been raped by police. This happened sufficiently often for me to believe it. It is said to happen particularly with women who are arrested when they are drugged. A few police have regarded them as fair game — and when a woman is drugged and in a police cell, you can't begin to talk about consent.

PLAYBOY: How prevalent is the practice of police "verballing" suspects?

BACON: Barristers acting in the criminal courts every day estimate that there are allegations of verballing in about 90 percent of cases where a confession has not been signed. In most of these cases there is some other evidence, although in quite a few, the entire Crown case consists of a few words of contested confession. In many cases against children it is the only evidence. Verbals are only one issue and they are by no means the only technique for ensuring convictions. Other ways include planting evidence, the use of false witnesses and media manipulation to create hostility to the accused in the public mind.

In the end, the issue is the power of the police to decide who should be put away and for what reason. Some police are prepared to say, off the record, that this happens. But they justify it by saying that guilty people would escape otherwise. This may be true in some cases, but anybody who accepts this argument is naive.

Police have many motives for arresting people. They may arrest those who resist their authority or who won't co-operate and pay bribes. They may be boosting their number of convictions or acting with a political motive. To accept the practice of police fabrication of evidence is to make a mockery of the court system and to give the police a huge informal power in addition to all the formal powers they already have. As a barrister recently said in a television interview, if the trial is really going to take place in the police station, let's be honest enough to admit it. Unfortunately, many lawyers and judges refuse to do that. Also while the campaign against verbals has not succeeded in bringing the practice to serious public attention, those who have been involved have suffered an enormous amount of police harassment. "Jockey" Smith and Dr Bertram Wainer, who were both very involved in the Beech Inquiry into police malpractice in Victoria, are examples. It's a pity most of the media have failed to recognise this.

PLAYBOY: Are there many innocent people in jail because of verbals?

BACON: There are at least some. Examples are Ray Denning, the Ananda Marga prisoners, "Jockey" Smith, Daryl Burke. They are in jail on evidence I believe to be fabricated. Even if there were only one person, the idea of that person sitting there for one day should upset anyone who believes the criminal justice system is fair. If other people can be verballed, so can you or I. It can happen in very small cases, where someone is arrested in the street for something and they suddenly find they are supposed to have yelled something out to the police. It can even happen in traffic cases. Once the State has weapons like this at its disposal, it can happen to anybody. That's why the issue should be of concern beyond the prison movement.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the media as too uncritical of the police?

BACON: There are obviously critical journalists in Australia who don't believe all the propaganda the police put out. On the other hand, we have police roundsmen who depend on police tip-offs for their survival as journalists. They drink with the police and get absorbed into the police ethics. It's almost as if the police have their own PR machine. Sometimes I think any journalist should be ashamed of not being at least slightly critical. That doesn't mean you never write anything good about the police. I have a much more sympathetic view of the police when it comes to an issue like domestic violence. But there are other things — like the systematic fabrication of oral evidence — that all journalists should be concerned about.

The Ananda Marga case is a devastating example of the effects of a link between police and certain sections of the media. Three members of the Ananda Marga are serving 16-year jail sentences for conspiracy to bomb the house of a Nazi Party member, although many people, including the Australian Shadow Attorney-General, believe they were framed. Verbal evidence played an important part and an agent provocateur was involved. When you look at the role the media played in their trial you know they had no chance. About 10 days before the trial, one journalist wrote that police had told him the Ananda Marga were responsible for the Hilton bombing. Why did that journalist believe that and why did the paper print it? Then look at the television coverage of the trial. On the first day, they showed police on the roof of Darlinghurst Court and police searching bags. There were only there for the media. They didn't reappear on subsequent days. But once the television footage had carried the message that the Ananda Marga were terrorists, they never had a chance.

Darcy Dugan is another case where the police have used the media to create an image which is much larger — and worse — than life. In 1971, a Sydney daily published a series of articles about Darcy Dugan's arrest that year. It was all sourced to a man who is now dead — Fred Krahe, the then head of the Armed Hold-up Squad, who had master-minded the arrest. There was a suggestion in these articles that Darcy Dugan was a child kidnapper.

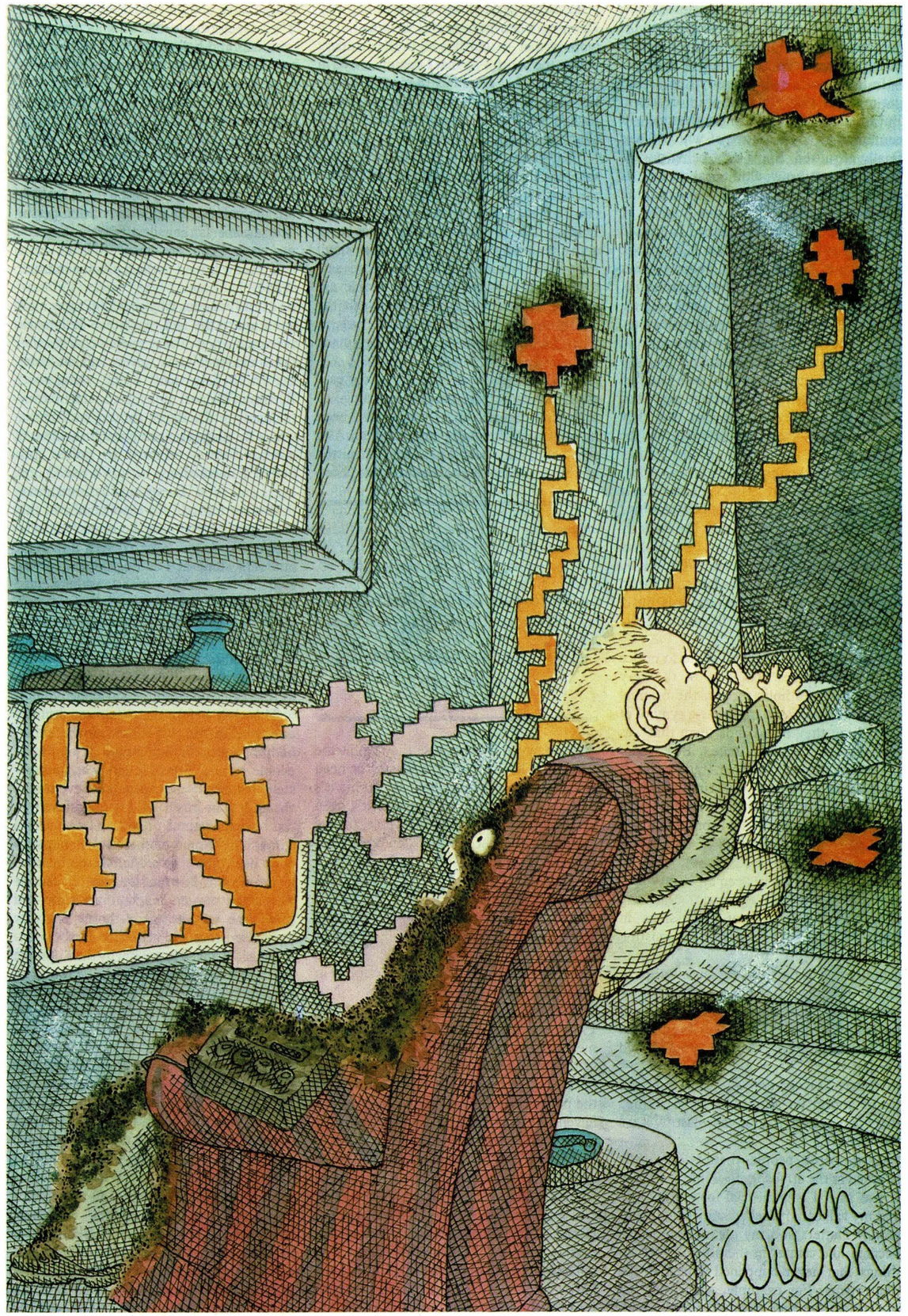
Darcy Dugan has committed armed robberies, but the one thing I believe him *not* to be is a child kidnapper. I'm not saying armed robberies aren't violent, but it's not the same personal violence that is involved in kidnapping and molesting a child. There is something about people who continually escape that captures the Australian imagination. It relates to Ned Kelly and our convict past. I think the police were threatened by this growing myth of Darcy Dugan. So they set out once and for all to destroy it — with the help of the newspaper.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go through with the law course? With your history of law breaking did you think you had a chance of being admitted to the Bar?

BACON: I did think they'd admit me. Perhaps that was naivete on my part. Quite a lot of people have been arrested, got convictions and still been admitted. I know someone who copped both contempt of court and an assault charge — and still got admitted. Certain lawyers have been to jail for parking fines.

PLAYBOY: But your difficulties with the legal establishment began as soon as you applied. How?

BACON: When I finished law in July 1979, I put in an application, but was told that it



"Mummy, Mummy! Daddy lost!"

had been deferred. Then they wanted me to get the deposition of every single case I'd ever been involved in — which would have taken ages and cost thousands of dollars.

In fact I made every inquiry I could and got together a huge bundle of information. But I had another case going at the time — a contempt of court matter of which I was finally acquitted. But it kept being put off and the Board just wouldn't hear my case. It took 18 months before they had a meeting about me. That meeting voted 14 to 11 against me. The bail matter had happened in April 1979. It was a matter of public record, but nobody asked about it. But without that, 14 barristers voted against me. One of the Supreme Court Justices later circulated a letter setting out their reasons. They included the nun's habit episode and the fact that I had once pleaded not guilty to a charge of using unseemly words and had been found guilty. This meant my word couldn't be believed. The fact that they could say that, shows no experience in the courts at all.

PLAYBOY: Although you were a prize-winning law student, the Supreme Court also refused you admission to the Bar. Why?

BACON: The first reason is that I had a fairly long and consistent radical past. I was arrested many times between 1970 and 1980 — a period which covered a lot of issues. So they couldn't say: "Look, she was upset about the Vietnam War. So was half the world. Dismiss that!"

I was someone who had come to notice quite a few times. To some of the very conservative Catholic judges, the original anti-censorship issue made me a symbol of everything they hated. For them that was probably a central issue. But more important was the fact that I got involved with issues to do with the criminal justice system. This happened when I went to jail over the censorship issue. From then on, I was consistently involved in issues like prison reform and police corruption. Since the late Seventies, I've been involved with a group of people trying to do something about the fabrication of confessions in court. We've been involved in assisting some defendants and some have been acquitted. I think this has caused a lot of anger in some of the more conservative areas of the profession. The reasons given for refusing me were different from those, but I think they were a complete red herring.

PLAYBOY: Observers of your Supreme Court appeal for admission say it seemed that you were on trial for your past. Was it a fair trial?

BACON: Most people there were really shocked at the atmosphere within the court. It was as if I was on trial for my lifestyle and my values. My lack of knowledge about money matters and my general vagueness became like crimes in themselves. Certain things that never happened appear in the judgements. For example, when they list the issues I've been involved in, it is said: "She demonstrated for the prisoner Ray Denning when he was still at large." The truth of that — which is all in the evidence before the court — is that I demonstrated in support of Ray Denning 18 months before he escaped. It was when he was being bashed in Grafton Jail after the Royal Commission into Prisons.

That's one mistake of fact. Elsewhere it is said that I was involved with efforts to have the prisoner Darcy Dugan released from jail. In fact I had some sympathy for Darcy Dugan inside my own head, but I was never actively involved. To me these small mistakes of fact indicate that the judges saw a conspiracy in the fact that people are getting together to try and bring out the corruption in the criminal justice system. They felt under attack and so they made mistakes.

Another thing that came up in my case was the issue of people choosing to represent themselves in court. I've been involved with helping people do that. As a result of it, some people have been acquitted of charges when they wouldn't have been with a lawyer. It's because they've hit the issue of police verbals straight on the head and talked to the jury about it. To me it's perfectly legitimate. In England it's been practised since 1975. Yet in my case, Justice Helsham described it as: "an abhorrent forensic technique used to help notorious criminals." If that's not pre-judging the issue, I don't know what is.

The first reason the Supreme Court refused to admit me to the Bar is that I had a fairly long and consistent radical past.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Supreme Court judges viewed you as too friendly towards prisoners to be a good barrister — both because of Prisoners Action and your role in the bailing out of Sellers?

BACON: I think that hits it right on the head. I'm not saying I like all the prisoners I've met over the years, but it's true that I have sympathy for some of them — especially the ones who have been less co-operative with the police than they could have been. They haven't been prepared to pay the police, or work with them, and have then become victims of police harassment. "Jockey" Smith is an example. He was labelled as Public Enemy Number One when he was arrested. But I find him a very decent sort of human being — somewhat superior, as a person, to some of the lawyers I meet. I'm not a close friend of people like Smith, but I have visited him to assist him in his cases. Besides that's not the point. I think the judges have bought their own propaganda. They label people like this as dangerous criminals and believe there should be a big gap between them and professionals, like lawyers.

The fact that I — and others who are also under attack — could even have sympathy for these people makes us somehow inappropriate candidates for the profession. It's because we don't share the court's view of these people. Every time a name cropped up, the judges had an image of that person and saw me as their best friend.

PLAYBOY: You are angry that so much attention was paid to the bail issue in court. Why?

BACON: I wonder why they don't pay more attention to the fact that Steve Sellers was twice acquitted of very serious charges after false evidence was given against him. Steven Sellers had been, along with Bertram Wainer, one of the main complainants in the Beech Inquiry in Victoria, where he alleged he had been pushed out of a second-storey window by police. Just before I finished law he was arrested on a break and enter charge and I assisted him in defending himself. Two policemen in that case gave eyewitness accounts of what happened, claiming they'd seen him come out of a store in Paddington and giving evidence of verbal admissions he denied having made. Massive contradictions came out in that case. The evidence didn't stand up and the jury showed that by acquitting him in half an hour. It would seem to me that some police officers gave false evidence in that case but nothing was done.

Then just before the maximum security unit at Katingal was closed down, somebody broke in and attempted to help some people escape. Steve Sellers was immediately named as a suspect and eventually charged. The main evidence against him was circumstantial. The rest was verbal admissions. Some of these were meant to have been made at a Melbourne hospital where he was in intensive care. In fact he was in an oxygen mask at the time and there's no way he made those. The jury recognised that and acquitted him.

What I want to know is why the Supreme Court was so concerned with the source of the money used to bail out an innocent man when it was clear that the police forces of NSW and Victoria were trying to frame him.

PLAYBOY: It seemed that you could have made things easier for yourself in your Supreme Court case by calling Vivian Altman as a witness, to confirm your story that you thought the $10,000 you borrowed from her was her money, not Sellers'. Why didn't you?

BACON: At the beginning of the case, I decided I wouldn't call any witnesses. There were so many matters that could have been considered relevant. My understanding was that I would answer questions and produce character affidavits and that would be it — unless someone produced evidence that contradicted what I said. During the case it became clear that it wasn't going to be like that. The court was very hostile and suspicious towards me. It was obvious they didn't believe me about the bail or other matters. In the last stages, they put a lot of pressure on me to call Vivian. I didn't want her to have to appear and I'm not surprised she didn't want to. It would be naive to suggest that she only would have had to say she lent me $10,000. It would have involved exposure of her personal life, her financial affairs and those of her family, her friends and political activities. I knew how traumatic that would be — and I knew they wouldn't believe her. So what good would it have done? All I would accomplish would be a lot of damage to her. After all, it was only a legal career and a principle to establish. But at what price? In the end they made a lot of the fact that I didn't call Vivian. But if it hadn't have been that, it would have been something else.

PLAYBOY: But you are adamant that you didn't know the money you borrowed was not Vivian Altman's inheritance. Would it have mattered if it wasn't?

BACON: At no stage did I believe the money was not Vivian's. But it isn't necessarily so important that she got it from others. None of the money belonged to Sellers, which is a very important point. Some belonged to Bert Wainer, some to Steve's sister. It's true I believed it was all Vivian's, but if I hadn't, that wouldn't have made what I did illegal. In court they also suggested there was something wrong with Bert Wainer's money because he was a friend of Steve's. In the judgement Bert Wainer is described as "a Seller's source". In their minds, anyone who was a friend of Sellers became part of a conspiracy.

Every time there is a demonstration in Sydney there is a bail fund. According to these judges, every time people go and bail money out from a collective source that is somehow a criminal conspiracy. If this is true, it's something based on very old law — maybe 14th century — and nobody knows anything about it. The money was legally mine when I did the bailing. I borrowed money well beyond my means. For some people that might be a strange thing to do. But for me it wasn't. I'm very determined when I'm worked up about something.

PLAYBOY: Have you appealed against the Supreme Court decision?

BACON: I filed an appeal in the High Court of Australia at the end of last year. But by the time this interview appears I will have officially withdrawn it. At first I felt I should follow the legal process through to its conclusion — and you always hope that somehow you'll win. But I've come to realise it's just a waste of my time and resources. More importantly it's a waste of time for the people who would do all the work on the appeal. Not everybody realises you can only appeal to the High Court on a point of law. You can't argue about findings of fact. The issues you can raise are very narrow. The best I could hope for would be a sympathetic comment from one or two judges. It's pretty much a foregone conclusion that I would lose. Some people might interpret that loss as an endorsement of the way the Supreme Court handled the case — which it wouldn't be at all. The key problem in my case was the bias against me — and it's very rare that a case is won on those grounds. That bias is partly due to my reputation and past. But even more, it's due to the composition of the Supreme Court itself.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to keep up the fight for admission in other ways?

BACON: Of course. To me it's more important now to fight the backlash — almost a witch hunt — against radical legal workers who have been confronting corruption at all levels in the NSW criminal justice system. My case is by no means the only case. Last year the Bar Association tried to strike off John Basten, who started the Australian Legal Workers Group — a group for radical lawyers and other legal workers. He was also one of my lawyers. John passed on demands made by Ray Denning two weeks after he escaped from Grafton to the press and the Government. At that stage it seemed that Ray could well be shot by the police. Some conservative lawyers believed that in the process John breached some of the less well-known ethical rules of the Bar. In the end that was settled. Recently, the Bar Association has been trying to debar Peter Livesey, a young radical barrister who defended "Jockey" Smith and Steve Sellers and took a stand against police verbals. Unfortunately, when we fight each of these cases legally, the real issues and connections between cases get lost in all the technicalities. No wonder people outside the immediate cases get confused. I'd rather put my energies into publicising this backlash and keeping on the offensive in cases like Ray Denning's and the Ananda Marga's.

I also think it is more constructive to work for changes in the structure of the legal profession. There should be community involvement in discipline and admission procedures. And what about the Supreme Court itself? The Supreme Court is overwhelmingly male, middle-class, middle-aged and Anglo-Saxon in background. In court at times I felt I was trying to prove myself to people from a completely different culture. Yet these men are deciding crucial issues — abortion, the rights of the natural mother, the limits of police behavior and environmental issues.

They obviously don't think that I'm a good character but perhaps the focus of the debate might be changed and we could look at *their* characters — both individually and collectively — and try to change *them.* But I would only have a hope of practising law if the Government were to make some legislative changes to both the admission procedure and the way of selecting judges.

"The problem is, she's the prettiest girl in town."

PHOTO BY JAN WHITING/SCOOPIX

ANOTHER INDIA

the world's most densely populated country has thousands of empty beaches

READERS of travel journalism may be familiar with the kind of opening paragraph which depicts the writer, lucky guy, seated before an aperitif and a fine sunset and about to deliver himself of sentiments which will encourage you, the reader, to pay good money to come soon to where he, the writer, is presently situated.

I should like to begin in this way. For one thing, it is easy. For another, it pleases all the travel agents and government officials who may have smoothed the writer's passage. But I fear I cannot. At this moment I am seated in a hotel room in Calcutta, swallowing water and a stomach drug and making full use of the flush system. The view overlooks a home for the aged run by the Little Sisters of the Poor. I have just returned from a tour of the beach resorts of South India, every one of which was being swept by the monsoon. Nonetheless my message is one of trust and hope. Like that of the travel writer seated before his aperitif, it says: come to where I have been and do (mainly) as I have done — with the proviso of doing it at a different season and benefitting from this writer's mistakes.

The truth is that I have never been fortunate at the Indian seaside. Some years ago on honeymoon in Goa, I tripped in the shallows and cut myself and my wife on jagged rocks. We still bear the scars. Now I have been unlucky enough to witness the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar beaten by grey seas under skies the colors of a bruise, their palm trees bent by wind, their roads awash with rain and red mud.

It began well. I came by sea. The usual way to get to South India is to fly to Bombay and then change planes for Cochin, Trivandrum or Madras. The other way, which has everything but simplicity to recommend it, is to fly to Colombo in Sri Lanka and then take the overnight train north to a pier called Talaimanar, where you catch a ferry across the 40 kilometres of sea to India. It is a fine journey, full of the surprises, frustrations, delays and beauties which once meant travel. The sea crossing is by the turbine steamer *Ramanujam* (built by Hendersons of Glasgow in 1929; 1982 may be its last season) and takes three or four hours.

You sit in wicker chairs on the upper deck and drink sweet South Indian coffee until the *Ramanujam* drops anchor in blue seas off a yellow beach and a brown collection of warehouses. You are decanted into small boats.

This is Rameswaram. This is India.

"Passport — passport — passport. . . currency form-currency form-currency form. . . tax-tax-tax."

Here, it seems, officialdom does not only write in triplicate; it also thinks and speaks in it. Sri Lanka, the country you have left behind, has been made bland by the dictates of tourism (it's said that Sri Lanka has more foreign tourists per year than the rest of the Indian subcontinent put together). But the great mountain ranges of Indian bureaucracy cannot be worn down in this way. The Indian official's belief in official paper seems absolute and overwhelming. Much has been made of it by both foreign and Indian writers. And yet, with a little polite encouragement, the Indian official can cast it aside entirely.

In the Customs shed I meet the Deputy District Collector. He says he signs his name on pieces of paper 10,000 times a week. Gee, really? "Yes-yes-yes," says the Deputy District Collector. As it is now too dark to inspect Rameswaram's famous temple (1500 metres of corridors), I inquire of this man if I might not find a cool room and an alcoholic drink to while away the hours before the night train. Drinking in the state of Tamil Nadu, outside the so-called "permit rooms" of the best hotels, requires written permission — chiefly because writing the permits and collecting the fees keeps a lot of people in work.

The Deputy District Collector muses. The only place to find alcohol in Rameswaram is funnily enough, in the premises of the state co-operative society. He detaches a policeman to guide me there.

travel by ian jack

We climb a ladder to an attic. An assistant unlocks a case to reveal quantities of Indian brandy (rotten) and a few quarter-bottles of Indian rum (good). We purchase the rum. No official paper changes hands. Nobody is unhappy.

Indian rum, mixed with a little fresh lime and soda water, can be a wonderful solace when the going gets tough. Soon it becomes so. By slow steam train and then by taxi, we approach Madurai. The taxi breaks down, is repaired, breaks down, limps forward in the gathering dusk. Nightfall reveals it to be a car without any lights. I miss the magnificent temples of Madurai but we do eventually reach the airport by a process of navigation which involves the driver and his assistant leaning out of each side window, peering into the night and shouting warnings of our approach to the cows, bullock-carts and goat-herds which strew the road.

Then, at Madras, the rains come. They dampen the splendors of the long beaches and the new "beach resorts" (a phrase which means a collection of bungalows hidden by palm trees) which stretch 45 kilometres south of Madras to Mahabalipuram. They cannot, however, modify the attractions of Mahabalipuram itself. It is worth coming a long way to see — quite simply, in the words of *Murray's Guide to the Subcontinent*, "one of the most remarkable places in India". There are ancient temples and elephants carved from single pieces of stone; another temple on the beach, weathered by sand and sea, with bats hanging from the roof; and the great bas-relief of the Penance of Arjuna, carved from a rock face in a multitude of animals — snakes, birds, cats, rats — which surround the ascetic, Arjuna, as he meets the god, Siva.

You know immediately why you have come to a place like Mahabalipuram, but many other towns reveal themselves much less obviously. Sometimes you think: why on earth am I here? Such is the case with Cochin, an hour by plane across India on the west coast, the old Malabar coast of the Portuguese and Dutch spice trade. Cochin — the name conveys tea clippers and coolies struggling beneath sacks of cardomom seed, which have been rowed down the backwaters by country boat. In fact, drizzle cloaks railway yards and container stacks. You drive to the waterfront and the Malabar Hotel through a grid of dull streets lined by sheds and offices all painted yellow, with the growing conviction you have pitched up in Pyrmont.

You have not. The Malabar Hotel (ah, the Malabar Hotel: sludge in the swimming pool, a vast menu in French but no gas to cook it with, Gwen and the Blue Flames at the microphone, nightly) faces an estuary that is grey certainly, but the greyness is reefed with great beds of water hyacinth the rains have swept downstream. Boats with primitive sails and laboring oarsmen drift 20 metres from the Malabar's lawn. You sit on the hotel's private pier with an official from P and O who tells you about the coming containerisation of tea, watching the ships come and go and the crabs scuttling among the rocks.

I make the recommended excursions: to the old Dutch house of Bolghatty (now a hotel but avoid it; the mosquitoes are ferocious) which sits among melancholy parkland; to the beautiful 16th-Century synagogue which still caters for Cochin's dwindling community of Jews; to the church which once housed the body of Vasco da Gama, where punkah-wallahs still pull the fans that keep the congregation cool on Sundays (the ropes go through little holes in the wall, which means that the wallahs pulling the other end stand outside the church and are thus removed from the congregation's view).

I decide Cochin is a fascinating town and leave it by train with regret. The train moves south through the coconut groves to Trivandrum and the Kovalam beach resort. The regret deepens. The Malabar Hotel in Cochin can be excused its foibles because it lacks pretence. With the Kovalam beach resort this is altogether more difficult because it pretends to so much.

The real madness of the traveller who insists on idling on the beach is that he has turned his back on India.

Kovalam is the hotel which "loves honeymooners almost as much as they love one another". It has a singular lack of double beds. It is one of "the 300 best hotels in the world". The only way the management can control its frigid air-conditioning is to stuff a towel in the vent. Its travel desk lacks any kind of railway or airline timetable. Its bookshop contains precisely 67 books. Its menu offers crunchy-munchy salads and jumbo groveburgers, but on one day could not supply butter.

And it is suffering: a room occupancy rate of about 50 percent, losses; questions asked in Delhi. The management are brave men (and kind, especially after I collapsed with fever and a bad stomach) but they are struggling against difficult odds. The hotel's workers are split among five trade unions, each of which represents a different strand of Kerala State's highly-complex politics. There have been sackings and strikes.

All this makes Kovalam an interesting rather than an awful place, perhaps, because its surroundings are beautiful and its massage therapy (with oils mixed to ancient Indian recipes — you emerge smelling like a pickle) excellent. But during the monsoon its remoteness and imperfect poshness can produce bleak afternoons. The monsoon season, according to the tourist literature, lasts roughly from June to September. I hesitate to say this information is dishonest, but it is certainly disingenuous. The coastal climate of South India is not quite that predictable. In October it rained throughout most of 10 days spent on both coasts, to varying descriptions from local inhabitants. Sometimes it was the north-east monsoon, sometimes the south-west, sometimes pre-monsoon rain and sometimes post. One man had the courage to look up and call it simply "rain".

The facts of the matter, gleaned from friends and Professor S.K. Bhattacharya's *Modern Indian Geography* (Book Three), are these. From June to September the Indian coast is very wet. From September to December it is quite wet (especially in Kerala and Tamil Nadu) and can be stormy; the Ramanujam does not sail from mid-October to early January. Indian bathing beaches have therefore a short but splendid season during January, February and March; April and May are also fine if you can stand the heat.

Finally, some words of warning to the hedonist who may think of switching his vacation from Club Med. India has 45,000 kilometres of coast and a thousand empty beaches — but the person who bypasses the paradises of the South Pacific and flies all the way to India to lie on a beach is mad.

True, the sea is warm and the sand and palm trees stretch unbroken towards the horizon. True, the coast has been left untouched by the multi-storey hotel. But there are sound reasons for this virginity. The harsh sun seems hardly the same sun that sets behind Honolulu. The breakers that sweep in from the Arabian sea and the Bay of Bengal are not the limpid waters of the Greek Islands. The ramshackle towns of the coastal plains are not Portofino. And toddy, brewed from the date palm, does not slip down quite so welcomely as the fermentation of the grape.

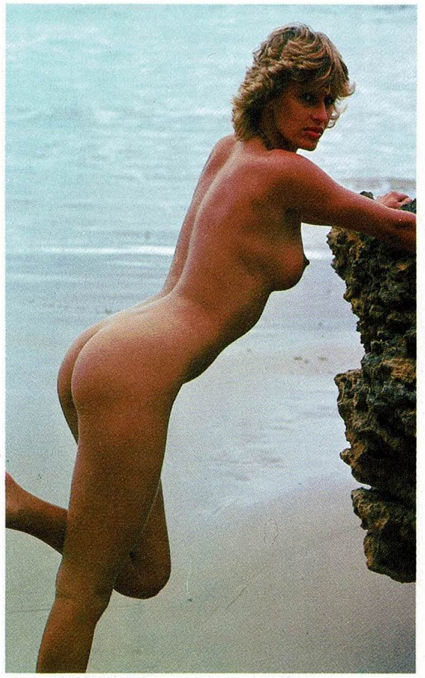
Beach culture, for the lack of a better phrase, is a Western idea, the product of spare wealth and increased leisure time. It does not transplant to India easily. Here people, traditionally, have escaped from — rather than into — the sun.

But the real madness of the traveller who insists on idling on the beach is that he has turned his back on India. A similar posture might not matter much in, say, the islands of the Caribbean, where all that lies inland are fields of sugar-cane and (sometimes) an ill-disposed population. But here he is ignoring the most varied, the most fascinating country in the world — filled with people ready and indeed anxious to give you the time of day, which is why, in my view, the Indian beach resort makes most sense as a refreshing bolt-hole, as a base for travel. A beach is a beach; India is something else.

COOL CHANGE

ELIZABETH CHAPMAN REVISITED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

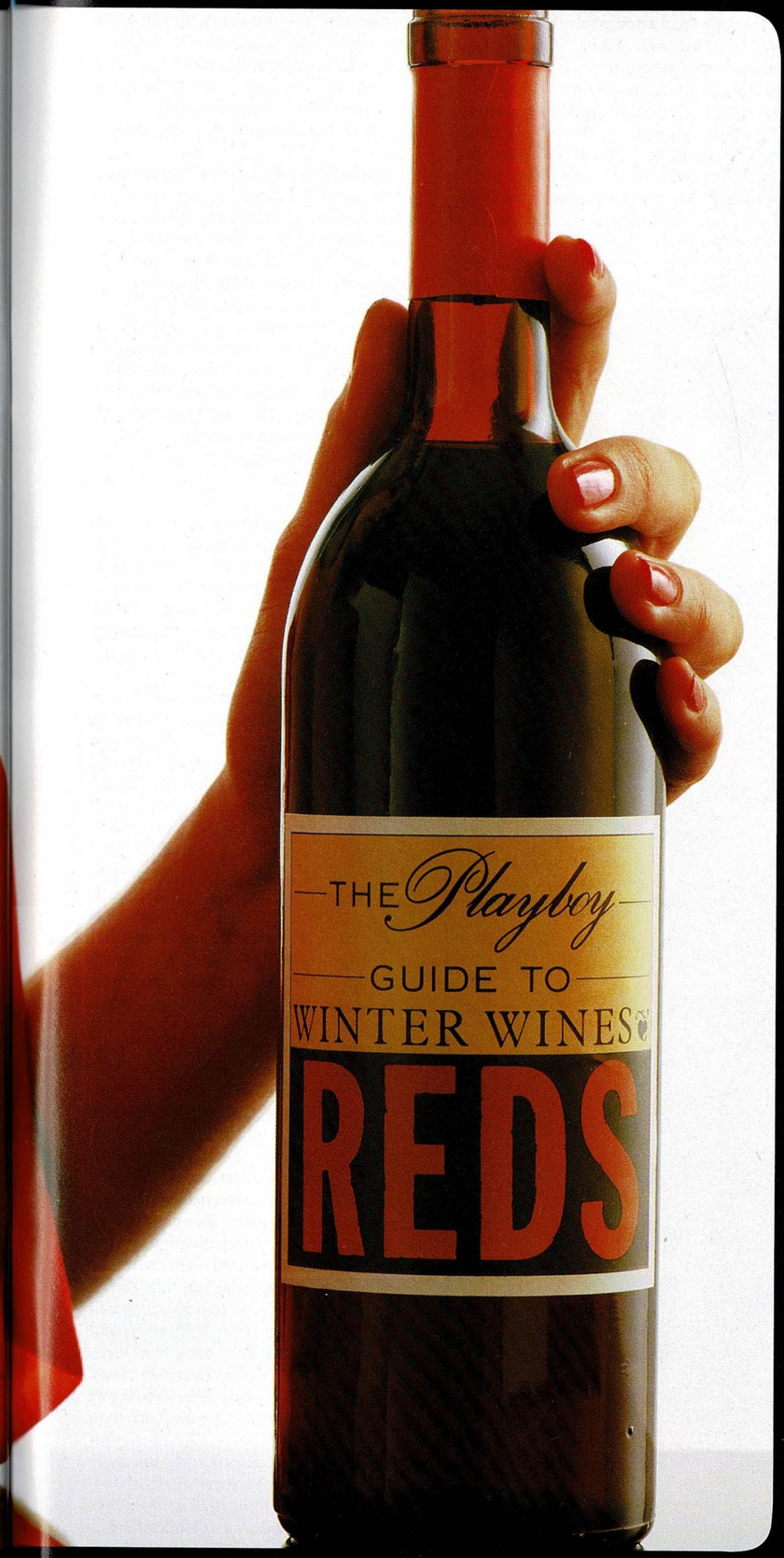


After the steamy, and somewhat heady days of last autumn, when she competed as a finalist in our Playmate of the Year contest, lovely Liz Chapman just had to get away. For the beautiful Aquarian it was time, as the song says, for a cool change.

Born in Sydney, raised at Port Macquarie and a frequent resident of Queensland's Gold Coast, footloose Liz has a special hiding place far from the madding crowds of the northern summer. On the rugged West Coast of Victoria she finds peace and solitude at a friend's log cabin nestled into the foot of the Otway Ranges.

"I love the nightlife," says the 20-year-old blonde stunner, "but I also need a shot of tranquility now and then. Here I can run along the beach naked and never see a soul. I cook simple meals, read a novel — Hesse, Joyce, Huxley, whatever takes my fancy — by candlelight and sleep 12 hours a night. After a few days of that, Big Smoke beware, 'cause baby I'm dangerous."

PHOTO BY TANDY ROWLEY



TWO CHANGES are taking place in the Australian red wine market, one subtle, the other more pernicious than inflation. The quality of our red wines at one end of the market place is improving as new wine styles evolve; and the price of all quality red wines is about to go through the roof.

The message, whether the Treasurer carries out the long-rumored threat to tax domestic wines or not, is to get a few wines into our cellars — but make sure they are good wines. One of the great messages which comes through from the First Great Red Wine Boom (1965-1975) was that many of us put down an unfortunate quantity of crook reds; the wine industry

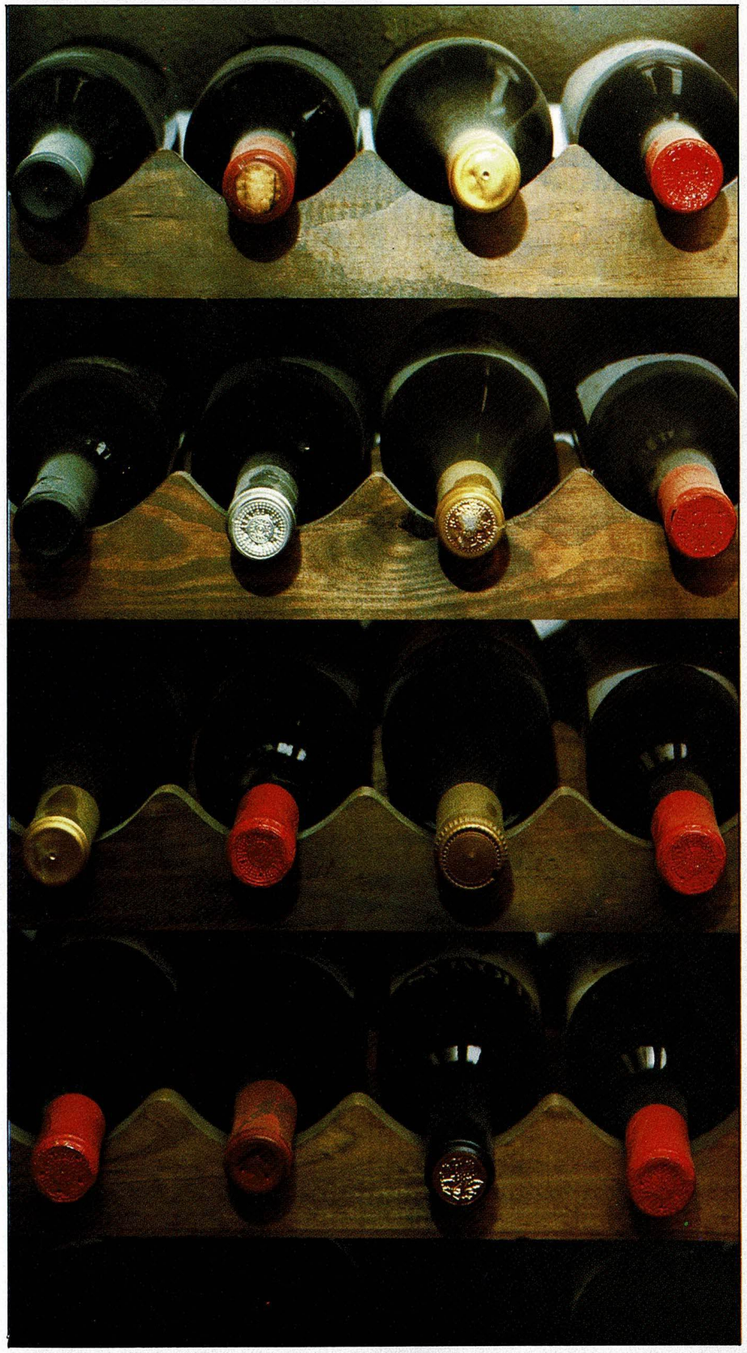
article by robert mayne

responded to this boom by cramming more mediocre reds on to the market, and too early.

Somehow, they managed to seem surprised when people reacted adversely as these wines were unmasked as inferior cellaring investments.

Sure, other things contributed to the white wine boom which emerged in mid-1975: much better white wines suddenly became available because of new wine-making technology. I have a strong suspicion that the advent of female wine buyers also had a powerful effect on buying and drinking wine habits. Women have a more honest perception of wine: they were and are, I think, looking for fruit in wines rather than wood or bottle age. Hunter Valley winemaker Dr Max Lake puts it bluntly when he suggests: "Women have better noses for wine because they used to go and gather the flowers and herbs while the fellas bludgeoned the dinosaurs to death."

Perhaps. But if women had a great influence on our present white wine drinking habits — we drink four times as much white wine as red wine in Australia today, and women make more than one third of the family's wine purchasing decisions — their influence is likely to carry through to our changing red wine preferences.



If all this *is* the situation in a very complex marketplace, I intend to vote with the female palates, as I think the development of the elegant white styles with emphasis on fruit and a little residual sugar is marvellous. Today there is plenty of evidence to suggest that the Australian palate — that amorphous beast — is drying out; Australian wine drinkers are slowly but surely going for wines with less sugar, maybe for the wines with solid fruit and more complexity. The grape variety chardonnay is the strongest example of this; a bottle labelled chardonnay is certain to sell well, initially at least. It's the white wine for red wine drinkers.

The funny things about the white wine boom is that the sales of quality red wines didn't shrink. Wine drinkers voted with their palates against shoddy reds; good reds (judged by price) have increased sales by between 10 and 15 percent over the past few years, keeping pace or better with the annual inflation rate.

The message today seems clear: Australian winemakers are making better reds as the market message sinks in. Prices are going up, and will rise even more over the next year or two as a reflection of vineyard prices, costs of imported oak, labor costs and market demand. Small and discerning winemakers, particularly those in the higher, cooler areas (such as central Victoria, the higher parts of South Australia, Cowra in New South Wales, and the Margaret River in Western Australia) are setting the pace, and bigger winemakers will follow with higher prices for good reds. Most of our top reds are still well below comparable wine prices for Bordeaux, Burgundy and California — but wine-making is an international business, and the winemakers can see the writing on the wall. With the current vintage of Grange Hermitage — 1975 — costing around $15, winemakers like the Leeuwin Estate in Western Australia, part-owned by the noted Californian winemaker Robert Mondavi, feel unabashed about asking $16 for a bottle of very young chardonnay.

Buy early and buy often seems to be the best advice, provided you can buy wisely. With this in mind I picked 10 Australian reds to drink now, or at least soon; and another 10 wines to keep for a few years, some longer; I have suggested some tentative cellaring periods. Like all cellaring recommendations, they are fraught with

---

Sydney journalist Robert Mayne was national promotions manager of the Australian Wine Board from 1977 until earlier this year, and is the author of Understanding Australian Wine *(Rigby).*

WYNDHAM ESTATE

Bin 444
Cabernet Sauvignon
1977 Vintage

Show Results

		Trophy
Class 9	–	Hunter Valley 1981
		Gold
Class 9	–	Hunter Valley 1981
		Gold
Class 12	–	Griffith 1979
		Gold
Class 58	–	Melbourne 1980
		Silver
Class 38	–	Adelaide 1979
		Silver
Class 6B	–	Lilydale 1979
		Silver
Class 12	–	Griffith 1980
		Silver
Class 46	–	Melbourne 1981
		Bronze
Class 34	–	Melbourne 1980
		Bronze
Class 34	–	Melbourne 1981
		Bronze
Class 51	–	Canberra 1980
		Bronze
Class 2D	–	Lilydale 1981
		Bronze
Class 56	–	Canberra 1981
		Bronze
Class 12	–	Griffith 1981
		Bronze
Class 33	–	Perth 1981

A magnificent red wine that clearly shows its noble breeding – Bin 444 Cabernet Sauvignon from Wyndham Estate

variations, and testing a bottle every now and then is not only pleasurable, but wise.

Of course, recommending wines is like suggesting blind dates: tastes vary, but nice surprises occur. I have tried to range across tastes, through various areas, between different grape varieties and vintages, and experiment with makers. It seemed pointless to recommend some of the wonderful wines made by a number of tiny but meticulous makers (for example, Murray Robson in the Hunter; Dr Bill Pannell in Western Australia; Tom Lazar's superb Virgin Hills wines, among others, from Victoria); you can't get them unless you live next door to their mothers.

The 20 comprise wines from across Australia's two dozen or so wine areas, mainly, but not entirely, from significant commercial makers who are selling wines on the market at present. They break down into the two styles I foreshadowed: the old Australian reds, typically "big" and thick, often inky, wines of which the Grange lines are classics, and which many of us love but some people now find too tannic and chewy; and the new styles, typified by some of the Coonawarra cabernets, with plenty of fruit, long-lasting grape flavor, lightness, yet the ability of live on for some, if not many, years.

The balance of wine-drinking public opinion seems to be swinging to the new styles, and this is where many new wine drinkers, women prominent among them, are making a mark. Here then are two metric dozens, with my comments about potential and drinkability:

TEN TO DRINK SOON

1. *Tyrrell's Long Flat Red 1978* ($3.50): One of a series indicating the popularity of the blend of the grape varieties shiraz, cabernet and malbec; not very "Hunter" in style, probably because little of it comes from that area, but nonetheless eminently drinkable and can be kept for two or three years. Part of its durable appeal is indicated by its continuing selection for in-flight service by Qantas.
2. *Lindeman's Bin 45 Claret 1978* ($3.60): Lindeman's have always tried for fruit before oak in their reds, and this excellent and economic wine shows how well they have succeeded. Highly recommended at the price. Can keep a few years if wished.
3. *Yalumba Galway Claret 1975* ($3.60): A few years make the difference, and these Galway wines are fine examples of this Barossa maker's attention to quality. Clean and light.
4. *Seppelt Reserve Bin Pinot Noir 1980* ($4): Few Australian makers have found their length with this grape variety, the stuff of Burgundy itself. Still, a light and likeable style from an excellent range of "Reserve Bin" wines from this big winemaker, demonstrating how Seppelt have got their act together over the past two years.
5. *Mildara Coonawarra Cabernet/Shiraz/Malbec 1976* ($4.70): Another blend employing the fruit of malbec to soften the result: very agreeable wine now.
6. *Wynn's Coonawarra Estate Cabernet Sauvignon 1978* ($6.90): Like its companion vintages, worth keeping; but the 1978 is lighter than the usual light Coonawarra styles, making it a most drinkable red. Two bob each way? Sure, but that's flexibility in a cellar.
7. *Brown Brothers of Milawa Shiraz/Mondeuse/Cabernet 1972* ($8.15): John Brown senior, the patriarch of the famous Brown family in north-eastern Victoria, has been making this blend for many years. Big and rich, not for lunchtime drinking, but a top, and different, older style Australian red now at its peak.
8. *Penfold's St Henri Claret 1977* ($10.50): Another of the traditional Australian reds, made from shiraz (or hermitage) grapes from South Australia, this is a wine for Grange drinkers who can't wait. If you can, keep it for at least a few years; if not, it's a wine with big tits.
9. *Lindeman's Nyrang Hermitage Bin 3610 1967* ($11): Lindeman's have a policy of releasing some selected older wines at regular intervals. This is one — a "cellar blend" or a result of reds put skilfully together at their Nyrang Street HQ in Lidcome, Sydney — which shows the fruits of their labors. Good special occasion wine.
10. *Lindeman's Hunter River Burgundies Bin 3100* or *Bin 3110 1965* ($27): Another aged wine Lindys release from time to time, these two brothers are enormous, rich Hunter golden oldies. Great for impressing overseas visitors, they are Australian classics in the shiraz (hermitage) lines.

Brokenwood Hermitage is one of a series of young reds made by a small Hunter Valley winery run by a partnership of solicitors.

TEN TO KEEP FOR A WHILE

1. *Penfold's Koonunga Hill Claret 1979* ($3.80): Penfold's are among the masters of red winemaking in Australia, and this is a junior partner in the Grange-St Henri-Bin 389-Bin 707 families. Top value for money, and worth two to five years lying down (made mainly, if not entirely from shiraz).
2. *Huntington Estate Cabernet/Shiraz/Merlot FB 17 1979* ($4.50): Bob Roberts runs this medium-sized winery at Mudgee, New South Wales, and the results are eminent wines, with the promise of better to come. This blend employs merlot, one of the varieties of Bordeaux, to heighten the intensity of fruit. "FB" stands for Full Bodied — so keep this wine for at least five years or so.
3. *Taylor's Chateau Clare Cabernet Sauvignon 1978* ($5): From Watervale, South Australia, a short to medium term keeper — two to five years.
4. *Stanley Leasingham Cabernet/Malbec Bin 56* ($5 or so): A delightful blend from a top maker in the Clare Valley of South Australia. Up to eight or nine years.
5. *Brokenwood Hermitage 1981* ($7 from the winery): One of a series of young reds made by a small Hunter Valley winery run by a partnership of solicitors. Limited availability, but all the wines are hand-made, and will improve for six to 10 years.
6. *Lindeman's St George Vineyard Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon 1978* ($7): In limited supply, but if unavailable try the Rouge Homme 1978 Coonawarra Cabernet — made by the same big maker in the same area, and showing similar delightfully "minty" fruit. A top example of the new style reds which are ready to drink now but will repay some years' keeping. Tops.
7. *Yalumba "Harry Mahlo" Blend Cabernet/Shiraz 1977* ($7.90): One of a continuing and excellent "Signature" series of premium reds from S. Smith and Sons, trading under the Yalumba winery name. Harry is their cooper, and presumably made the oak barrels in which this fine South Australian red was matured. Age it for another five years or so in bottle.
8. *Balgownie Cabernet Sauvignon 1980* ($9): One of Malcolm Fraser's favorite reds, made in his home State near Bendigo it is, like the Prime Minister, big and long-boned. Like many other small Victorian wines, hard to get, but admirable if you can.
9. *Penfold's Bin 707 Cabernet Sauvignon 1977* ($12): Penfold's have concentrated most of their energies on the shiraz (hermitage) grape variety in reds, but they can do great things with cabernet too. Rich, delicate and needs five to eight years.
10. Of course, *Penfold's Grange Hermitage, 1975* the current vintage, (about $15): You can't keep many wines for your infant's 21st birthday party, but this is one that should make the long haul, given the right cellaring conditions. Still a great wine of immense complexity, despite the increasing quality of the challengers yapping at its heels. The '75 is a good vintage, too. Don't drink before 1990!

●

The prices quoted vary throughout Australia, but where possible the prices reflect the makers' recommended retail suggestions.

Many of the wines mentioned above will be available through discount outlets at lower prices. Addresses and phone numbers for the winemakers mentioned can be obtained from Wine and Brandy Associations in the mainland States — if not already listed in telephone books.

DAYS OF WINE & RED NOSES

australia's premier (though gout-stricken) wine consumer looks back, more in agony than anger

I HAVE HAD a long and mainly incomprehensible association with red wine and, on considering the matter, I believe I have actually spilled more and had even greater quantities of the stuff hurled at me than I have managed to consume.

Now given the state of gibbering pretentiousness that surrounds the entire Australian wine industry these days, one is not supposed to make remarks like that. One is supposed to ramble on about the great bottle of Grange that struck the middle palate in the manner of a shower of rose petals back in '72 when one was sitting in an absolutely undiscovered little Sydney bistro, toying with a plate of guinea fowl brains.

And to complete the picture, one's newly-discovered life's companion of any of the three sexes was sitting opposite. And he, she, or it, immediately swooned away over the beauty of the moment in which the magnificence of the instant bonded the depth of the wine, the guinea fowl brains, and yourself, herself, himself or itself into the perfect *frisson* while the kitchen staff sang Nearer My God To Thee. Or some such rubbish.

Most wine writers are like that. They rip the plastic seal off a bottle of shonky red, seize the hand of a girl with a bad case of acne (well, you can't touch her face, can you?), and after taking a sip of the wine and drinking in her eyes, instead of spitting out both, go somewhat round the twist.

I used to half believe that sort of stuff myself once. While I had enough wit to realise that a packet of cigarettes would never get me upright on a pair of water skis, nor transport me without ticket, passport or money to a tropical paradise, I did have a sneaking hope that a bottle of the old red material might do something about my dreadful taste in clothes.

Sam Orr lives in the bush and drinks a power of piss.

You see, when I was somewhat younger the cult of youth had not been invented. When one was 18 one prayed night and day to be aged 40 as soon as possible. One desperately tried to be a mature middle-aged man before one's time. So help me, there was a whole bunch of us running around in double-breasted suits looking like nothing on God's earth. And those were also the days when Tooth's beer ads featured men in white tie and tails with Mandrake the Magician moustaches sitting down to an after-theatre supper with some lunatic of a waiter pouring out foaming glasses of Resch's DA.

Everyone else drank tea with milk with their oysters mornay.

So if one ordered a bottle of red wine to go with a meal in a restaurant, one had to be sophisticated. The trouble was in those days that most sheilas didn't really drink at all, let along red wine. After the initial hysterical demand for the wine list, one was left with a whole bottle of the stuff. Not that that bothered me even then. It was just that I tended to lose it in the tram on the way home. I usually lost the girl of the moment as well. Having managed to get both of us expelled by the conductor for disgusting behavior in some suburban wilderness, while sitting in the gutter I used to see them stalking resolutely off with their evening shawls flying (they all wore bloody evening shawls in those days), while all the rat-nosed foxies of the neighborhood snarled and slavered through the picket fences.

It was then I decided that if that was red wine sophistication you could shove it. I also pawned the double-breasted suit and tore up the ticket.

And that's another thing. Red wine has cost me more clothing than any other single fluid. And I'm not talking about spillage here. That's easy. As any handy hint section in mum's cookery book will tell you, all one does is bury the offending garment in a barrel of salt for a week, dust it off and go around looking like a side of unsmoked bacon for the rest of the piece of cloth's lifetime.

No, it is the fact that under the influence of a bottle of red, items seem to float away from me; coats, sweaters, underpants while I've still got my damned trousers on. It's never-ending. It's got so bad lately that I'm seriously considering sewing every item on to my skin before attempting another night out.

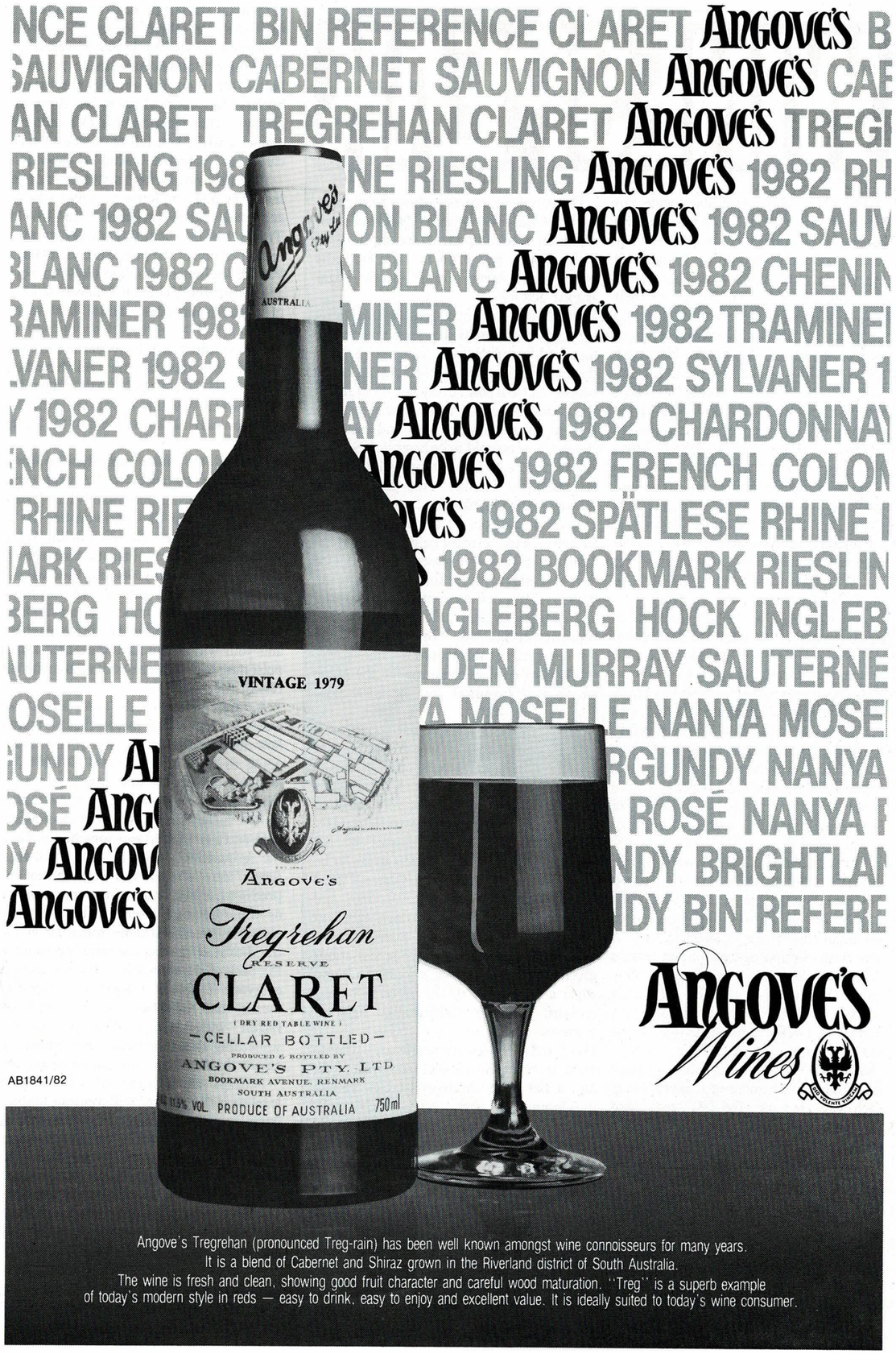
That is why I view the whole red wine business with some suspicion these days. In fact, the whole family views it with some suspicion. My old man, now aged 79, gave up drinking port at the ripe old age of 18 after being thrown into a horse trough in the Adelaide suburb of Glenelg after a night on the stuff. He made a historic pilgrimage back to the city of churches a year ago and was proud to report that the horse trough still stood. Adelaide is like that. I believe there is a city ordinance that specifically bans the destruction of horse troughs into which drunken 18-year-old bipeds have been thrown. And good old uncle Bill suddenly switched to *domestic* champagne this year after a bottle of Rouge Homme bit deeply into his kneecaps. This switch has been of dubious benefit to those nearest and dearest to him, as he now collapses into a rubbery heap instead of hobbling around the room screaming.

The other thing that shattered my early confidence in all this sophistication was that the wine companies, after years of pretending that their red stuff was tarribly precious, turned around and started to put it up in half-gallon glass jars. They abandoned their gentlemen hoarders and status seekers and threw it at the heads of the beer swilling masses in vast quantities. A little later the term "quaffing wine" was invented just to give it some slight status. I mean, you couldn't call it chug-a-lug fluid, could you? Personally, as one who had always quaffed rather than sipped, it came as something of a relief. I thought then that one wouldn't have to go through all this middle and back palate nonsense anymore.

I was wrong, and this is where the wine writers as a status body started to come into their own. A reason had to be found to keep the shattered sophisticates drinking the local brew rather than hurling themselves at a Froggy bottle now that the wine of the country was being smashed back by every dunny cart purveyor under the sun. I mean, Fred, Bruce and Raelene were pouring the bloody stuff over their tuna-noodle ramekins before falling senseless to the lino. One had to have a damned good reason to continue to gargle the stuff back with the jolly old duck in IXL marmalade and then crashing through the fucking French windows into the rose garden. I mean, didn't one?

And at the same time, the wine

humor by sam orr


ANGOVE'S
AUSTRALIA
VINTAGE 1979
ANGOVE'S
Tregrehan
RESERVE
CLARET
DRY RED TABLE WINE
CELLAR BOTTLED
PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY
ANGOVE'S PTY. LTD
BOOKMARK AVENUE, RENMARK
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
13% VOL PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 750ml
AB1841/82
ANGOVE'S
Wines
Angove's Tregrehan (pronounced Treg-rain) has been well known amongst wine connoisseurs for many years.
It is a blend of Cabernet and Shiraz grown in the Riverland district of South Australia.
The wine is fresh and clean, showing good fruit character and careful wood maturation. "Treg" is a superb example
of today's modern style in reds — easy to drink, easy to enjoy and excellent value. It is ideally suited to today's wine consumer.

WINESPEAK

"I DON'T KNOW much about wine, but I do know what I like," goes the worn out lament of the aspirant connoisseurs. They have a point but wouldn't it be better if this nervous disclaimer wasn't necessary? Probably the only impediment to their good winemanship was a limited vocabulary, or at worst a complete lack of understanding of the simple chemistry involved. Of course, ignorance of the fact that Hunter Valley riesling is really semillon and that hermitage is actually the shiraz grape is understandable, given the advertising snow storm. Besides even wine producers get surprises from time to time when clever little people trot out from France to tell us our albillo (SA) is chenin blanc; Clare Valley riesling (SA) is a semillon clone (crouchen); tokay (WA) is muscadelle; and blanquette (NSW) is clairette, whilst in SA it is a clone of doradillo. Confusing, eh?

This excursion to the confused land of ampelography is to reinforce your belief that what chance have you got if the guys growing the bloody stuff don't know what it is. To some extent you would be correct in muttering, "Who the hell cares. I may not know much about wine, but . . . etc!" Nevertheless a smattering of education on the subject is invaluable to the instant connoisseur and especially allows you to avoid the, "No thanks, I don't like hermitage, but I'll have the shiraz" clanger.

The next major area of knowledge to fill is what to say in response to the eternal question, "What do you think of that wine?" The virtuoso buffs are permitted the infamous "Hmm, interesting" or "A nice clean example of the style" and even a "Not bad". The rest of us, after mumbling one of these catch-all phrases, are usually racking the brains for more informative inanities. Useful non-aggressive diplomatic phrases are: "Nice varietal character"; "The wood and the fruit don't seem to have fully integrated as yet" (a top each-way remark for all reds and chardonnays); and "It has a nice, lifted, estery nose, don't you think?" (if it is a straight varietal wine). Naturally the best trick is to ask the question before it is asked of you.

Mike Lawrence writes on food and wine for a variety of publications.

Okay, bullshit artists — now you're ready for a winespeak primer. **Balanced** — means all taste components are combined in their proper proportions, especially the sweet/sour flavor from alcohol-sugar against acidity.

Extractive — a good term for criticising very big, tannic reds that look more black than red (provided you can see through them); or coarse, deep-colored, woody whites. In both cases every last bit of flavor and color has been wrung out of the grapes and the resultant coarseness and essencey character is too bold to be beautiful. **Stalky** refers to a smell of damp twigs, which is due to prolonged contact with grape stems during winemaking. It is part of the extractive character occasionally.

Lifted — a top term for heightened varietal fruit aroma usually detected on the nose (but it could apply to fruit flavors on the palate). Some varieties are very aromatic and **estery** and they contribute to a wine's **bouquet,** which also encompasses bottle age characters, fermentation smells etc. Remember only use **aroma** for the grape smells and **bouquet** for the total nose response.

Long Complex Palate/Nose — desirable feature in good wine, where the sensory sensation of lingering bouquet or aftertaste seems to go on and on. The term **length** is often used, or some say the wine finished **short**; or had a **gap in the middle palate.** Such sensations should consist of the interplay of many odors and flavors to be called **complex.** Such wines have a good **finish** when they have a crisp, firm, and distinctive end. This also reflects excellent balance. If the flavor is particularly mouth-filling and encompasses all the sensations given by acidity, tannin, alcohol, fruit and sugar a wine could be described as having **weight.** The less acceptable term is **bigness.**

Oxidised — when aeration, usually prior to bottling, results in a loss of fresh fruit flavor and a flat taste. At worst it can lead to development of acetic acid, which smells and prickles the palate. A faulty cork could cause oxidation. Strictly speaking a **corkey** wine is one which tastes of disintegrating cork; and a **corked** wine is an oxidised one, but **corked** is used in both cases today. **Bottle-sickness,** referring to temporary oxidation caused by bottling, will usually wear off.

article by mike lawrence

companies started to write short novels on the labels of their bottles. The words contained in these bottle blurbs were aimed at telling one quite simply that one was still better off than the dunny man mainly because he collapsed on to his cheap and greasy kitchen floor and his wife called the coppers, while you fell on to your Persian carpet and your wife called her lawyer.

And the wine writers started to tell you that they and you knew all about vintages and rare little vineyards run by ex-Transylvanian counts whose produce reminded one of the public urinal at Harold Park. Even better, you didn't have to worry about catching VD from a railway towel or to adjust your dress before leaving the bottle.

I must admit I quickly learned my way around both the columns and the labels. There were certain catch words and phrases that warned you that if you did drink the stuff you *were* liable to turn into the dunny man.

One of the most immediate warning phrases, for instance, is: "A wine with excellent cellaring potential." This means that if you open the bottle on the day of purchase and take a glass, it will kill you. If you stick it under the hall stairs next to the water heater for 10 years and then open it and take a glass, it will still kill you, but it won't matter so much because your superannuation fund will be in better shape and your widow can have the added fun of poisoning everyone else at the wake with the rest of the case.

Another word much used about red wines is "big". This means that no matter how long you keep the stuff, it is always going to taste like creosote. However, to look on the bright side, you'll never get white ants of the stomach. "Dry, clean, acid finish" means that a whole bunch of wattle bark and a lot of dead ants somehow got into the fermenting vat by mistake; "full fruit flavor" can be taken as a warning that the product has been made from rotten plums or imported grape essence; "full integrated wood" means that it came from a barrel that the dickhead driving the forklift pushed to the back of the shed about 20 years ago and everyone forgot it was there; "elegant" means that the bloody stuff is basically flagon wine but they've got to say something about the fluid; "well balanced" equals doctored . . . one can go on and on.

Perhaps my favorite of all the wine legalese is the phrase "will continue to show complexity". Translated, this means that the winemaker got drunk on lemon essence in the middle of the vintage and hasn't the foggiest idea of what he had made, let alone what color it will eventually turn out. However, he's been told to get rid of the stuff before it eats its way out of the expensive oak casks. It is best to drink this wine immediately, because after a couple of years it will probably explode in the bottle.

In the midst of all this detective work I came to the conclusion that I liked certain styles of Australian reds; mainly the heavier ones; the buggers that stain your teeth. And I also learned that the best way to enjoy a bottle was alone. In this country a person who drinks by himself or herself is automatically suspect. The fearsome phrase "closet drinker" is still muttered. I don't give a tuppenny stuff. A bottle is all the companionship I need. It doesn't talk back, doesn't break out in spots, and doesn't get bits of spinach stuck on its front teeth. It just sits silent and admiring on the table while I solve the problems of the world to my own satisfaction.

The only way it retaliates against me is the old family business of gout. But unlike my cowardly uncle I refuse to give up the dry red fluid simply because of the trifling matter of a mere week of sheer agony because of a bottle or 12 taken in the course of an abstemious evening. Actually, for at least two days after a 12-bottle night the trifling matter of my left leg is of no importance because I'm so crook everywhere else. I've also noted that flagon red gives me no gout at all, which I suppose leads to the conclusion that rich drunks can get crooker than poor drunks.

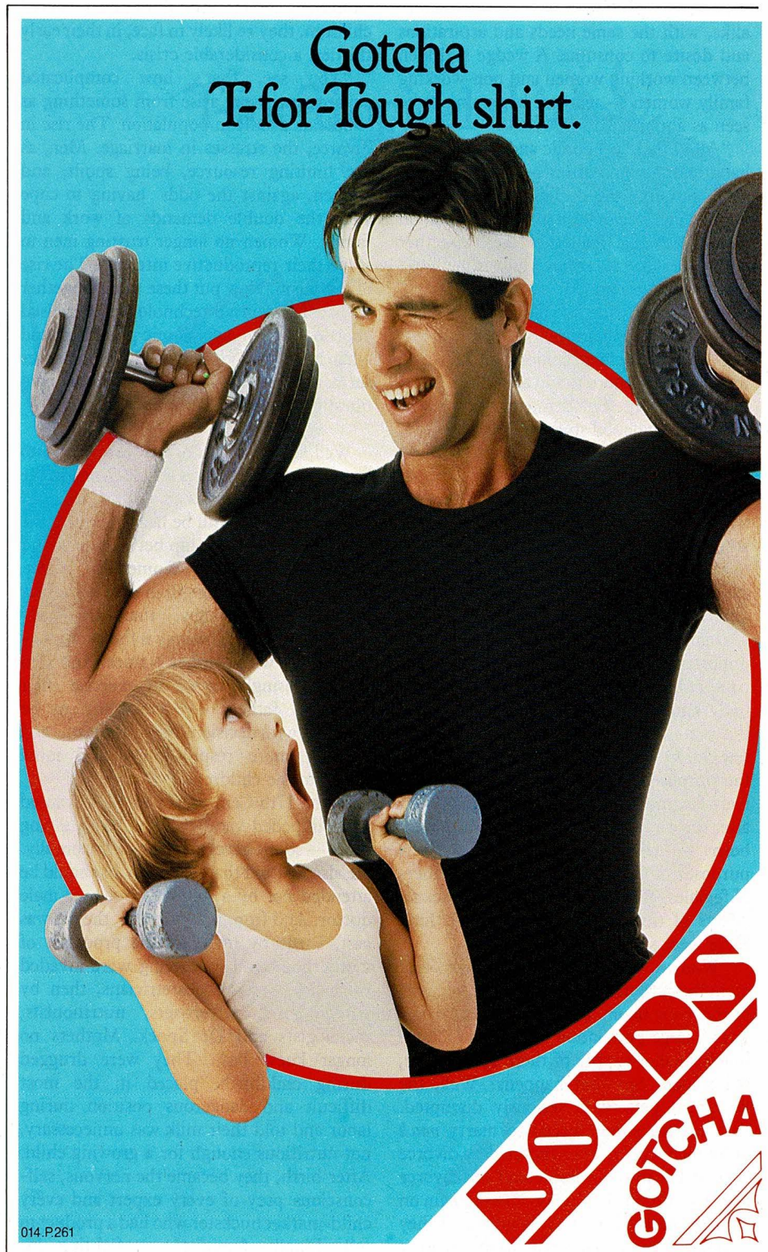
And, of course, I possess that old Anglo Saxon preference for port. Port, by the bye, was the original bad red wine. The cunning people of Portugal noticed that their red went off during its rolling voyage under sail to good old England. So reasoning that the stupid Poms couldn't tell the difference anyway, they started to doctor or stabilise it with brandy. This made it the first "well balanced" wine in the wine writers' world of blurb. The Poms liked the stuff, mainly because it got them drunker quicker, and the wily Portuguese, realising they were on to a good thing, started to proof spirit the stuff up with a vengeance.

Once again, like the dry red, port is a thing to be taken alone. In my present circumstances it is taken in front of a fuel stove in the kitchen. And I must admit that I do refuse on some sort of barmy principle to drink flagon port. It's my last remaining vestige of wine snobbishness. Flagon port smacks of the late night bus shelter culture with a packet of cold pies and newspaper sheets. There are certain depths that even I will not willingly jump into.

I must admit though I did once get mixed up, along with a mate (who had ordered it), with a quantity of the stuff that an enterprising Riverina wine merchant had put up in the old-fashioned oblong kerosene tins (they were *new* tins of course). It was a weekend I will not forget in a hurry, even though he insisted on decanting the stuff from the tin into a crystal container. It just wasn't right, and certainly wouldn't have done for the Pickwick Club. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't even have done for the Snake Gully cockroach stomping team. They would have at least had the couth to wrap a linen napkin around the wretched container before pouring it out. Full up, as I vaguely remember it at the start of the weekend, it contained a mere five gallons of the old imperial measurement. There was bugger-all left of it on the Monday morning, and there was bugger-all left of us two Australian gentlemen. And there was bugger-all left of our women either. Apparently, as it later transpired, they had left after the first half day.

I suppose the only conclusion I can draw out of all this is that red wine has the effect of driving away women, if it is enjoyed in quantity. I once knew a bloke who claimed he enjoyed it best when drinking it out of a woman's navel, but that always seemed to me to be a rather tedious and time-consuming way of getting pissed. Besides which, who ever heard of having a satisfactory political argument with a female navel? And it's a fairly heavy glass to lug around the room while making some deep philosophical point to the damned dog. Not to mention the tits getting in your eye from time to time.

No. As far as I am concerned, it's gin for sex, rum for fighting, brandy for declaring war, and red wine for solitary comfort for one's own brilliant thoughts. Silent and empty bottles don't argue.



CULTURE

(continued from page 109)

It's been recently found that human mother's milk contains a substance much like morphine.

and women are welcomed into the work force. At the same time, though, something else is happening. Because the population is growing more slowly, business needs an increase in *individual* consumption. So leisure is now equated with consumption. The home is devalued. And men and women are portrayed as more and more alike, with the same needs and aspirations and desire to consume. A wedge is driven between working women and non-working family women — who are beginning to be seen as abnormal.

"All of these economic and social forces, hang together and affect our relationships: work patterns, the decline of manufacturing, the increase in leisure time, automation and advertising. And they mesh together with *other* forces from which they can't really be separated: political forces, religious forces, the rise of feminism. Even the shifts in population."

If the word demographics stimulates you to do nothing more than yawn, then you'd better wake up. For demographics — the study of population shifts and patterns — is the final force at work in the culture. Demographics means that if you've just entered the work force, you're in terrible trouble. For by the end of the century — when you'll still be working — you're going to have a *massive* population of older people to pay for. If you think taxes and social security are high now, just wait.

Demographics, too, has had an incredibly important part to play in the gathering conflict between men and women. "Everybody knows," says Lionel Tiger, "that in the years of World War II, comparatively few children were born — which means, for the purposes of our discussion, comparatively few males. And everybody knows that after the war *huge* numbers of children were born — which means, again for the purposes of our discussion, huge numbers of females. What were the social and sexual effects of this rise in population? I think there were several.

"Women, remember, tend to marry older men; that's rooted in our biology. The effect of this baby boom, however, is that we now have a large population of women facing a much smaller supply of these appropriate, older men. So what happens? Well, the biological pattern is seriously disrupted. Women are either forced to marry *much* older men who've been recycled by divorce — that becomes desirable and the divorce rate goes up; or they're forced to remain on the job market for much longer than they ordinarily would. They only have two other options. They can either marry men in their *own* age bracket, who have inadequate resources, so they have to keep working. Or they can decide not to get married at all, unless the right man comes along. Chances are, he won't — given this demographic pressure. So those women who wait — and withstand competition from younger women — have to take all their satisfaction from their careers. And if they ever wanted children, they're likely to face, in their early thirties, a considerable crisis.

"You see, that's how complicated consequences can arise from something as simple as a shift in population. The rise in divorce, the stresses in marriage. Men, as the limiting resource, being spoilt, and women, against the odds, having to cope with the double demands of work and family. Women no longer trusting men to serve their reproductive interests. The rise of feminism. Now put these things together with contraceptive technology, liberalised abortion laws and economic pressures, and what have you got?" Lionel Tiger pauses for a moment, and then answers his own question. "Chaos."

●

Well, not quite. For as we've tried to suggest throughout this article — and in the other parts of this series — the clear call from biology can still be heard beneath the din. The old partnership between men and women is still with us. Women are, in fact, already giving up the pill in droves, feeling instinctively, perhaps, that artificially manipulating their biology is the wrong way to interfere with Mother Nature. And men are increasingly trying to exercise their rights as fathers — demanding to be involved with decisions about abortions and wanting more responsibility and more access to the children of divorce.

In the 17th Century, Louis XIV wanted an unimpeded view of his mistress giving birth — so she gave birth lying horizontally. He also insisted that palace births should be attended not by a midwife, but by a male doctor. And from that point on, the die was cast. Little by little, all the processes of motherhood and mothering were invaded by males: first by obstetricians, then by psychologists, advertisers, nutritionists, sociologists and Dr Spock. Mothers no longer knew best. They were drugged during childbirth, placed in the most difficult and dangerous position during labor and told their milk was unnecessary, not nutritious enough for a growing child. After birth, they became the nervous, self-conscious prey of every expert and every child-market huckster who had a product to sell. Finally feminists — fighting for necessary rights in the workplace, delivered what was almost a *coup de grace*. Motherhood is not innate, they cried; it's just a temporary inconvenience. Have a child, but then get back to your career. Mothers, after all, aren't that important. Any child-minder will do.

The problem is, this not only compounds a considerable injustice done to women, it's also untrue. There's now a bewildering variety of evidence that long-term mother-child attachment was of crucial importance in the evolution of our species and that this attachment is subserved today by neural and hormonal mechanisms in every female. They are basic to her biological design. Some of these mechanisms govern the way a woman is attracted to babies in general, the way she carries a child close to her heartbeat and the way a mother is automatically prepared for milking by her infant's cry. Others help control the pain of childbirth — which should take place, most naturally, with the mother standing or squatting. Still others regulate the automatic bonding of mother and child after birth — by sight, sound and smell. There's evidence now that if a child is taken away from its mother for too long at this stage, the result may be incomplete or absent bonding, a complaining baby and a distraught, sometimes cruel mother.

And then, of course, there's the business of suckling. It's been recently found that human mother's milk contains — in addition to the nutrients that help an infant to grow and protect it against infection — a substance much like morphine, so that the infant is kept calm and happy, and perhaps hooked on mother. It also contains protein levels that are characteristic of a species that gives, not widely-spaced breast-feedings as we do in the West, but virtually continuous suck. That pattern of feeding is characteristic of the !Kung San, a tribe of primitive hunter-gatherers in southern Africa. And the !Kung, as they're known, can tell us something about a style of mothering that may be central to the biology of our species.

"!Kung women have almost constant physical contact with their new-born infants," says Alice Rossi. "More than 70 percent of the time, as against 25 percent or less in Western societies. There's virtually continuous, rather than periodic nursing among !Kung women. And lactation continues until the child is four or five. The mother-child relationship among the !Kung is highly sensual, and their social system does everything to support it. The gap between births is about four years — continuous lactation acts as a natural contraceptive. And the children enter a multi-age heterosexual play group when they're three or four years old.

"I don't," she continues, "believe that Western women should be imprisoned by their biology in such a regimen. But I do think there are biological constraints on the relationship between child and mother: in no known society is the mother replaced as the primary care giver, and, when it happens, there is always conflict.

"The question *must* be, then: might we be making cultural demands of women and children that are alien to their biological needs? And, if so, what might be the signs of stress? Children who are hyperactive, fear change and have problems with emotional relationships? Parents who are dissatisfied with their children and become poor role-models or even child abusers? Working women who, as it is, simply can't balance out the separate attractions and separate demands of career and motherhood? We don't know. But we ought, I think, to think very carefully about the problem. Because we may have to change some of our institutions to come in line with what *may* be a crucial, biologically-inherited role. Businesses may have to be persuaded to make their work schedules much more flexible, to accommodate the working mother. They may have to provide, by law, much longer maternal *and* paternal leave. Bigger and better child-care facilities — which feminists are pressing for — may not be the adequate answer. They may make a woman's life easier, it's true. But they may mean that she and her children have to go on paying a price — a price that, as a species, we cannot afford."

●

The children. The future. The cybernated society towards which our cultural evolution is hurtling us, "like a car rushing forward at gigantic speed." How can we make that society one in which men and women can live together harmoniously? Well, the first answer is that man should remember the terms of the original contract, by which the female transferred some of her power to the male. They should remember that in order to receive they have to give. They should remember male parenting. In this context, that doesn't simply mean providing resources. Nor does it simply mean taking care of children and helping around the house. No, it means making sure that women in general are provided with something they need: a society flexible enough to grant them absolute equality of opportunity in the work-place but that at the same time gives them special respect and special treatment as potential and actual mothers.

The second answer is that women, too, should remember the terms of the contract. They should remember that it is from their role as mother that they derive their special power. In the value of motherhood, there is a real community. Men have been bent out of shape in this culture; they find it hard to find a source of pride in maleness. And they won't easily give up their traditionally-held privileges unless women can offer them something in return. What that something may be — a fuller involvement in the processes of reproduction, new directions for the institutions that dominate men's lives, women organising as mothers to save the planet from destruction — it is not easy to predict. But women — as mothers — must take the lead.

The third answer is that both men and women must learn to appreciate and understand the differences between them — all the differences in brain and body and inheritance, in ability, fragility and immunity, that we've been talking about in this series. Those differences are at the heart of our biology. They're the driving force of our biological evolution and the creators, between them, of our cultural evolution. They are what tie man and woman together in such a delicate interdependent balance. If we ignore the difference — if we pretend they don't exist — then we in effect cut ourselves off from one another. And from the possibility of solving together the problems of the future.

●

A postscript. At the beginning of this series we went to a conference in Cambridge, England. On the day before we arrived, Klaus Dohler, a West German scientist, showed slides of a number of magazine articles on the differences between men and women. His last slide was a mock-up of a PLAYBOY cover, featuring the words SEX AND THE BRAIN: At the time he knew nothing of the PLAYBOY series.

GUIDO

(continued from page 105)

Power is when you know what the score is and you still live your life the way you want.

"Power, my friend, is when you know what the score is and you still live your life the way you want. For many people, that comes with money, but that doesn't help most people who live on this planet and are going to live on this planet, because most people are poor and stay poor. You've got every right to be cynical about anarchism because it's always been a case of a few rich people being killed and their property redistributed amongst those who get in first."

"Guido, freedom is always difficult, it's slavery that's easy."

"I'm going to tell you something I've never told anyone," said Guido with a new intensity. "Please take notes because this must be right." I did.

On a Tuesday afternoon in the late Seventies, Guido visited his partner Dirty Bert in the city. He'd just arrived, sleepless, unshaven from the country. What he walked into made his strong stomach turn. Half the kitchen and most of the lounge room walls of the flat were splattered with blood. Papers, books, clothes and furniture covered the floors. In the bedroom, two figures lay at strange angles on the floor. He wiped the blood from the face of the larger figure, checked it was Dirty Bert and set to work bringing him back to life. He did the same for his wife, called a doctor and when the couple were stitched, bandaged and in bed, paid the medic ten $50 notes.

Guido nursed Dirty Bert and Janice for 72 hours, telephoning for food deliveries and medical supplies. He bought ampules of pharmaceutical morphine from some Italian friends and put it into his friends' veins because they were heroin addicts and he figured this was no time for them to be coming down. Then he pieced together the story.

Dirty Bert and Janice had been on a heroin binge, with Bert straightening up just enough to do a gig three times a week at some big club. He was billed as Dirty Bert and his Magic Guitar. One of the bouncers spotted Bert's pinhead pupils and figured out what was happening. Bert was a high-roller. He'd made his money and was just playing at being a star. Bert being generous, the bouncer asked to be turned on. Sure man, said Bert, come on around to my place after the show. The bouncer came with a friend and they beat Bert and Janice until they told where the money and the heroin was stashed. Go to the cops and you're dead, the bouncer said as they were leaving.

On Friday morning, at two o'clock, Guido sat in a Hertz rental car outside the club where Bert had been working. He smoked cigarettes until the last patrons were hustled out the doors. Another 30 minutes passed before the big man wearing a bow tie and dinner suit walked into the misty city light.

The barrels of Guido's shotgun rested on the car door, the butt was braced against his thigh and as the bouncer walked towards him on his way to a cab rank, Guido noticed that the top button of the white dinner shirt was open and the bow tie flopped as the man walked.

Guide quietly said: "You're dead" before he squeezed one of the triggers and blew the bow tie and the man's head from his body. He threw the shotgun in the harbor and dropped the Hertz car outside a suburban office. It was rented in the name of Mr X. Bouncair. Guido liked that touch.

"Well, Guido, I hope I get the story right." It seemed the only thing to say.

He smiled. "Come with me." And he led me back into the house, stopping in the hallway which led to the bedrooms. I couldn't quite see as he fiddled with a section of pine panelling which slid upwards, revealing a sizeable cavity. There was a rectangular metal box in the compartment and Guido asked for my help in laying it on the hallway floor. The object was a nondescript grey, bore no markings, and was heavy. "My liberation from oppression," he muttered the words with tonal respect. He slipped open the three catches on the side and allowed himself some drama in the way he swung the lid open.

I'd seen a magazine photograph of a 12-year-old Afghani boy posing with one of those shoulder-held rocket launchers. The story was that the child had just shot the bottom from a Soviet helicopter gun-ship. It was difficult for him to miss. The rockets are heat-seeking and can be fired at obtuse angles and still reach their target. The Russians simply dropped from the sky. What was left of them.

"You know what it is?" asked Guido watching my silence.

"Yes."

"What do you think?"

"I, um, think it's rather drastic Guido. You might find life in prison slightly boring. But I'm sure you gave that consideration before you got this thing."

"I can't tell you how I got it," he said in a voice that was live without, dead within. And he stroked the metal thing.

"I don't think I want to know, but thanks for the story."

"Just protect the innocent." Those were his last words at the car door.

Just protect the innocent?

Sure, Guido.

"Oh sure, it probably looks good to you at the moment. The pay is decent and the hours are short, but I tell you, boy, it's a thankless job."

CAVIAR

when it comes to the virgin sturgeon, few of us need much urging

A MOUTHFUL or two of the best caviar evokes a taste sensation to which few other foodstuffs can aspire. For many it is an awesome extravagance to be relished only on the rarest occasion. To enjoy it on a regular basis denotes a certain status and *savoir-faire* as the retail price in Australia for the best caviar is around $18 an ounce (28g).

The word "caviar" is derived from the Turkish *khavyar* which means "fish roe", but it is often erroneously applied to the roe from other varieties of fish such as salmon or lumpfish. True caviar, however, comes only from the three fish belonging to the Acipenser family: the *Ocietrova* (sometimes referred to as *Osetrova* or *Oscietra*), the *Sevruga* and the *Beluga*.

The *Beluga* is the largest of the three sturgeon from which caviar is taken and it is generally considered to be the best. Its eggs are the largest in size, have a pearly lustre, and can vary in color after processing from a very dark steel grey to an almost bluish white. Some connoisseurs prefer *Ocietrova* or *Sevruga:* the former sturgeon produces medium-sized eggs which range in color from golden brown through green to grey, while the eggs of the latter are the smallest, and the darkest in color.

In 19th-century Russia, the main meal of the day began with *zakuska* — a variety of hors-d'oeuvres of which caviar was the most important item. These hors-d'oeuvres were presented in advance on a table in the hall or reception room. In some households, especially in Moscow, the *zakuska* table was permanently set up and constantly replenished so that guests arriving at any hour would be immediately provided for. The amount of caviar offered was an indication of both the host's financial status and the guest's importance. One noble family owned a cut-glass barrel which held 20kg of caviar and was refilled every day.

Caviar has been getting scarcer during the past 130 years or so. Before the middle of the last century, the rivers flowing into the Baltic, Rhine, Atlantic, and the North American lakes all contained sturgeon. But due to the pollution and the increase in shipping and dredging following the industrial revolution, the sturgeon disappeared. Most caviar now comes from the Caspian and the Black Sea.

Rivalry between the two main caviar producers, Russia and Iran, has also caused havoc in the caviar market. Up to 1953 there was a concession between Russia and Persia (as Iran was then known) which granted the Russians the main fishing rights for the Caspian sea. When the concession expired, however, Iran gained the main rights.

"To many French gastronomes, the Ayatollah Khomeini's chief crime against humanity has been to deprive the western world of a major source of its fresh caviar," wrote Robert R. McElroy (*Newsweek,* September, 1981). But McElroy also reported that a French businessman, Jean-Pierre Delaby, has obtained a contract to buy 195 tons of Iranian caviar over the next three years. According to McElroy, this will mean an increase of approximately 65 percent in caviar supplies to the West.

The quality of caviar partly depends on the individual fish — even its age, food supply and environment are taken into account. The treatment the roe receives further determines its quality and price.

The best grade caviar is called *malossol* (not a brand name, but simply the Russian word for 'lightly salted'). For *caviar malossol,* only the finest roe is selected and sieved by hand to separate membranes, fibres and fatty matter from the eggs. It can only be produced in winter, and it is difficult to preserve. Even when it has been sealed, it must be kept under constant controlled refrigeration. It cannot be frozen, however, as freezing may break the eggs and ruin the quality of the caviar. Only a little salt is added for flavor — approximately one part salt to 41 parts of caviar. After salting, it is packed in specially-treated and prepared tins. All this takes about one month. Pressed caviar is usually prepared from very small eggs, larger eggs that have been damaged, and eggs which are unlikely to keep well. They are more strongly salted in brine, then hung in linen bags to drain. The eggs tend to break in the bags, forming a more solid mass. They are finally packed in small barrels or hermetically-sealed tins. Pressed caviar costs only about a third of the price of whole-egg caviar — even though its flavor is often very good — as caviar is assessed by appearance as well as taste.

Caviar is best kept at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Some caviar is pasteurised and the sealed jars do not need to be kept under refrigeration — but a connoisseur would not select this variety. Any caviar must be consumed immediately the container is opened.

Mock caviar or lumpfish roe is much saltier and smaller grained than the real thing. It can be a useful substitute however, especially as an addition to hors-d'oeuvres dishes or as a garnish.

The traditional accompaniments to caviar are lemon wedges, finely-chopped egg yolks and whites, finely-chopped chives or onions and thin freshly-made toast. Allow 50g of caviar per person and serve it in a glass bowl surrounded by crushed ice.

The ideal drink to have with caviar is vodka. Or you can really perpetuate the tradition of "champagne and caviar tastes" by popping the cork on some well-chilled French champagne. It's a habit that could prove hard to kick. — DIANE KNIE

McCORMACK

(continued from page 67)

When he sits in the Royal Box at Wimbledon, Mark McCormack masters nearly all he surveys.

Wimbledon, fuelling the long-standing feud between him and the Swedish press. It was pointed out that Borg was playing a relatively unimportant clay-court tournament in Stuttgart the following week and everyone assumed that McCormack must have a cut of that event, which he denies. Peter Worth, who manages Borg's affairs in Europe, claims not to have that much influence over Borg's schedule — which sounds disingenuous. "He just likes to have one tournament without too much pressure," says Worth.

Yet Bob Kain freely admits to keeping Borg out of the United States "to avoid the 70 percent taxes. We bring him in only for good television exposure — the US Open, the Alan King Classic in Las Vegas, the Pepsi Grand Slam and the Master's tournament."

By contrast, few of McCormack's clients played in the Washington Star International, a mid-summer tournament run in the US capital by Donald Dell. The draw was dominated by such Dell clients as Yannick Noah, Ivan Lendl, Gene Meyer and Brian Gottfried. Likewise: "When McCormack is involved in a tournament," says Heinz Brenner, promoter of the German Open Tennis Championships in Hamburg, "it seems impossible to get any of 'Dell's boys'.

"I tried very hard to get Ivan Lendl to play this year, but without success. His father claimed he had a rest week." McCormack has a contract with Brenner to help run the German tournament.

Running tournaments is another way to capitalise on the game beyond merely marketing the manpower; McCormack can also stage events.

IMG now runs or helps run a dozen golf and tennis events in Europe as well as both men's and women's Canadian Open Tennis Championships. In Germany, McCormack runs the golf championships, the American Express Bavarian Open for women in Munich, as well as the men's tournament in Hamburg.

In the three years since he signed the German Open, McCormack has tripled receipts and driven attendance up from 55,000 to 80,000. "But the most important thing he has done," says Brenner, "is bring in new sponsorship."

Before McCormack, the tournament was partially sponsored by Romika, the shoe company. McCormack went big league: he brought in Ford, one of his oldest business partners. He also showed Brenner how to sell five-metre advertisements on the walls along the sides of the main court. Then he helped him erect hospitality tents that bring in VIP guests and sell an extra 800 seats per day.

Tennis and golf are not the only sports McCormack runs. Forseeing the rise of popular participation in running and track, he has begun merchandising events such as the Bislett Games in Oslo, where his new client Sebastian Coe, the Olympic gold medalist, set a new 1000-metre record last summer. He has also signed American distance runner Craig Virgin and master marathoner Bill Rodgers. In two trips to Peking, he acquired representation of the All-China Sports Federation, for which he plans to stage a Great Wall Marathon this year.

In Indonesia, he is becoming heavily involved in table tennis, which draws up to 15,000 spectators for a match.

It is true that nowhere in McCormack's far-flung organisation chart is there any curling, the arcane Scottish art of ice-bowling; nor any porpoise-riding, whale-harpooning or car-cannibalising. But wait until next year. . .

●

When he sits in the Royal Box at Wimbledon, Mark McCormack masters nearly all he surveys. Bjorn Borg is a walking display of McCormack contracts, from his Belgian Bosteel socks to the V.S. gut strings in his racquet. The ball boys are resplendent in their new McCormackian outfits from Japan. On the scoreboard, for all the world to see when the television cameras face that way, is the new "flying W" commercial logo of Wimbledon that McCormack is marketing internationally on clothing and accessories.

Near it, the new elapsed-time clock with the Rolex trademark — another McCormack deal. Behind the players' heads during court changeovers, three bottles of Robinson's Barley Water come into plain view on television.

Nobody at Wimbledon has ever been known to drink this yellowish substance, but it is a hot item in Australia, where it is endorsed by veteran champion Ken Rosewall — also a McCormack client. Even the pictures being transmitted around the world belong to McCormack — he owns the overseas television rights. The only film crew on Centre Court, with choice positions beside the Royal Box and on the sidelines, also belongs to McCormack.

Every year, his film division produces the only documentary of the famous tournament.

Even the soft green grass of Centre Court has the McCormack touch — he sells to Wilkinson, the razor blade and garden tool company, the right to mow the greensward and then brag about it in their advertising. No matter the outcome of the final match, McCormack is the biggest winner at Wimbledon. Oddly appropriate that the American commoner should be invited annually into the Royal Box — he is the king of the game.

McCormack makes no bones about his power. "I suppose we could change the face of just about any sport we're involved with — tennis, golf, skiing. But it doesn't make any sense to do so. It's better for them to be run by the national federations. Benevolent despotism is the best policy. It's the best way to run anything, including the government."

No one before McCormack has had such a genius for making grown men acting like little boys so rich. Why, instrinsically, should Bjorn Borg, a 26-year-old man who spends his time in short pants, make $7 million a year? Tennis alone can't do it — he won only $631,000 in 1980. But for McCormack, it is like a biological need couched in the unshakable belief that the athletes, with their limited lifespan at the pinnacle of their sports, deserve to live for the rest of their days on the fruits of their youth.

"The fans tend to be children," McCormack once said. "They try to pretend that the athelete of their fancy is out there doing what he excels at for some greater good or glory than a buck."

McCormack knows better. He knows best of all that a player is not an athlete but an "entertainment property". This is what makes every player and every deal and every country so interchangeable and interconnected.

This is why McCormack's marketing is so circular, deals within deals like overlapping orbits of concentric circles.

Marketing these entertainment properties is a mania McCormack can no more resist than the compulsion to eat strawberries and cream at Wimbledon. During conversations, when his attention drifts off slightly into the middle distance, one senses the wheels of a new deal, some revolutionary idea spinning in his head — like the marketing of the Pope or the televising of the Nobel Prize awards, which he plans to do. His need for a daily fix of taking another leap ahead of his non-existent competition is neatly summed up in the eternal question he pops when meeting a colleague in the hallway or elevator of one of his offices: "Any bulletins?" Not just news, but *bulletins* is what McCormack wants from life.

"It's a competition with himself," his wife once explained to an English journalist. "Mark considers himself the best in the world at what he does," says John Webber, his financial manager in London. When asked if he agrees, McCormack answers collectively for IMG: "Oh, yes — by miles."

"Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity."
SAMUEL JOHNSON

6 GOLD MEDALS National Wine Shows

MILDARA

1979

Coonawarra
Cabernet Sauvignon

VINTAGED & BOTTLED BY
MILDARA WINES LIMITED COONAWARRA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

E 2015

WINE MADE IN AUSTRALIA 750ml

AB 1400/81

Gold
1979 Brisbane Show
Class No: 6

Gold
1979 Melbourne Show
Class No: 16

Gold
1980 Sydney Show
Class No: 9

Gold
1980 Melbourne Show
Class No: 24

Gold
1980 Canberra Show
Class No: 21

Gold
1981 Brisbane Show
Class No: 39

Silver
1979 Melbourne Show
Class No: 16

Silver
1980 Sydney Show
Class No: 11

Silver
1980 Brisbane Show
Class No: 13

Silver
1980 Melbourne Show
Class No: 25

Silver
1980 Perth Show
Class No: 9

Silver
1980 Hobart Show
Class No: 36

Silver
1981 Sydney R.E.S.
Class No: 15

Silver
1981 Sydney R.E.S.
Class No: 17

Bronze
1979 Melbourne Show
Class No: 15

Bronze
1979 Adelaide Show
Class No: 38

Bronze
1980 Brisbane Show
Class No: 14

David Felsman Trophy
1981 Brisbane Show

THE MASTER MILDARA WINEMAKERS

HASL0200P

Luxury (continued from page 87)

The Japanese are taking the Australian motoring public for the luxury ride of their lives.

are taking the Australian motoring public for the luxury ride of their lives.

The former giants in the market place have only themselves to blame. The Australian-based manufacturers failed to move along with market demands for refinement, sophistication, and plain old sales gimmicks. Neither did they carve out successful prestige images for themselves.

The Europeans, aghast at inflation-induced runaway pricetags, detuned their packages instead of taking a deep breath and confronting the market pressures head on. The fact that they had systematically plundered the consumer's resources at the service, spare parts and warranty end of the deal, tended to act against them too.

By comparison, the Japanese looked like knights in white. They had developed a reputation for nailing ordinary old family hacks together and keeping them brand new during the warranty life of the vehicle. Failures were few, warranty generous, maintenance requirement virtually nil, spare parts reasonably priced.

True, there was some discontent out in the sticks, but 95 percent of the market was city based so the rumblings didn't ruffle the broad surface of the market. By the time the Europeans re-grouped and the Australians got their new act together, it was too late. The Japanese had done it cruising, and they had the market by the throat.

There is some evidence of a real old-fashioned dogfight developing between the old and new factions in the market place — a war that can only benefit the consumer. In the past 12 months, there has been an avalanche of new European models, solidly supported at the service end of the deal. Some of this is due to a natural superiority in engineering technology from western Europe. Applied technology has extended service intervals, and facilitated rapid monitoring of vehicle functions as well as high-speed fault finding, thereby eliminating much of the labor component that had crept into the service end of European car ownership.

The end products are vehicles generally featuring 12 month/unlimited mileage warranties, and offering computer plug-in service monitoring. There again, the Europeans have learned to load their charges Japanese style with every available option. Competing head-to-head with the Orientals, most Euro-offerings feature as standard equipment laminated screens, rear demisters, intermittent wipers, cloth trims, tinted glass, glue-on body-protectors, electric-function windows/mirrors (and sometimes seats), radio/cassettes, and central-locking systems. Extra-cost options are frequently confined to "air" (sometimes standard), sun-roof, alloy wheels, metallic trim and super music.

The Japanese, by comparison, just can't help themselves, and have already stocked their lowline Light Luxury units with extras once exclusive to Mercedes and Cadillac schools. The Mazda 929, for example, includes full function cruise control (not quite Merc quality, but close), trip computer, and seven-way adjustable seats.

Europeans know no peers when it comes to mechanical specifications. Precise (but light) rack-and-pinion steering, four-wheel-discs, supple, road-faithful suspension systems are standard fare on almost anything that makes the long haul by ship from the free West.

Leyland has achieved quite outstanding success with the newly-acquired Peugeot line by stabbing the totally equipped 505 into the upper end of the market. It includes everything except transmission and engine options (petrol/diesel). It's a sure-fire formula for rapidly recouping the $10 million opening investment with strong sales already recorded.

LNC Industries is yet to come firmly on stream with the second arm of the broken-up French conglomerate which it acquired. But when it does, you can expect Renaults to be a strong force in the market place again. Meanwhile, the company which is top heavy with European names has consoled itself in recent months with successful launches of the latest Audi (5+5 and Turbo 200T topliner), and the Fiat Superbrava Mark II (a softer, not necessarily better, but potentially more successful version of their rally-bred sports sedan).

Alfa soldiers on with a total market offering ranging from the Alfasud (newly amplified with the reintroduced four-door), Giulietta sedan, Alfetta sedan and GTV (due to get the 2.5 V6 engine). They've had some competition from LNC's third-line Euro-sport, the Lancia, heavily discounted to stir up market interest in anticipation of a model revamp.

Volvo's staggeringly successful barbecue-belt status symbol is produced in an ever widening model range which caters to the financial whims of social climbers with funds well below and above the $20,000 mark. The Volvo marketing drive knows no imaginative limits. For long the most successful product under the safety image, Volvo has lately injected the concept of sporting motoring and long-life into its evergreen range.

SAAB, stabilised under the national SAAB-Scania network, is pushing ambitiously along with well-equipped, expensive, prestige models and has a chance of expanding its market. By comparison, Citroen has taken a slide and faces a long uphill battle back to regain popularity.

There are so many Japanese in the fray, it is difficult to define a starting point. Honda is a wild card at the bottom end, pushing strongly into the near-$10,000 market with a range of sedans and coupes (Accord and Prelude). Chrysler has Sigma Turbo and Scorpion, and Toyota has updated Celica.

Mazda is trying to take over the next sector, shooting 25 percent of its allowable quota into the $13-$15,000 bracket with the up-market 929 sedans and coupes. And this is in defiance of Datsun's strong contender, the Skyline, Toyota's traditional market terrier, the Cressida, and the old dog, Crown. Both Datsun and Mazda have big performers in the sporty car market further up the line. The Datsun 280ZX is the most successful sports car seller and the RX7 is up there and going for it.

Inflation-affected Australian up-market family cars now pin down a large share of the middle ground of this market. Top shelf Commodores and Falcons are tagged between $15,000 and $17,000, and are getting pretty sophisticated in their included features.

Ford has retained its Fairlane line to amplify penetration in this market; while price escalation has forced the Big Two, Statesman Caprice and LTD, up into the $23,000-plus category.

Notable absentees from this broad category are the Brits. It's a modern phenomenon, occasioned by uncontrolled inflation in the UK auto industry, whose major by-product at present seems to be uncompetitive cars. With the demise of the Triumph models in Australia (and some, like the TR7, world-wide) it was left to Rover to hold the fort. The embattled leader of the prestige sedan market grabbed a hold on the upper end of the under $20,000 market for some time, but has now abandoned it for the next level up — retailing for more than $24,000.

Of course, the wide span of a number of European car ranges has produced an over-and-under syndrome at the top end of the scale. BMW for example, has aimed its bottom liner (the 318) at the $18,000 mark, and three bodies in optioned-up, and engined-up form are priced up to $23,000 plus. The same goes for SAAB which starts on the charts at $17,000 but runs to a wild near-$30,000 for the Turbo models.

That's the overview of the market — a complex, sometimes confusing array of contenders scattered over a variety of vehicle types and classes. To make the selection task easier, PLAYBOY has sifted through the swelling ranks to present a Top 10 list in categories that simplify the selection process.

HAYMAN FOR THE LAYMAN

. . . or the layabout, or anyone who needs some effortless r & r

WITH TOUR brochures beckoning us to trek the Himalayas, get high in a hot-air balloon across the French chateaux country, join an African wildlife safari or do things with camels in Rajasthan, it seems a bit ho-hum to contemplate a holiday close to home.

There's a prevailing attitude that in order to clock up *meaningful* travel experiences one has to be an adventurer, a latter-day Marco Polo questing for the exotic and the unknown. You're unlikely to be the centre of attention at Trent and Tricia's next gathering for eight of the chosen if you've just spent a week mooching around Mollymook.

Well I happen to *like* a loll on the sand, a few good squirts of suntan mousse, a leisurely dip in the sea and a procession of Bloody Marys at sunset. And I'm sure I'm not the only one who enjoys such meaningless holiday pursuits. In fact I know I'm not. I was surrounded by at least 200 or so fellow sloths during a recent stay on North Queensland's Hayman Island.

Hayman's layabout lifestyle is only part of its appeal: the isle's prize location at the northern end of the Whitsunday Passage and its proximity to the Great Barrier Reef are beautiful bonuses. The setting is pure James A. Michener with gently waving palms, tumbles of boisterously-colored bougainvillea and hibiscus, expanses of creamy sand and alarmingly blue lagoons. Beach-front bungalows and lodge-style units comfortably nestle amid the tropical trappings.

The basic amenities are the same in all types of rooms. The decor is motel modern but there are good finishing touches like a supply of glasses of varying sizes for serious drinkers, big beach towels, color TV and a separate tap in the bathroom for drinking water. Lazy ceiling fans and superb prints of tropical fish by Blake Twigden also add a special flavor.

The ambience aspires to the internationally sophisticated — Katharine Hepburn planted a palm tree here, sheikhs have been known to glitter on the sand and Lee Majors and Farrah zipped through in happier times — but it's really more up-market Aussie. No matter. The food's surprisingly good, with a choice of two meal sittings in the main dining room, The Gold Room for a la carte (you'll pay extra for this indulgence), a snack bar for shakes and sandwiches and several bars. You don't have to put on shells or hula skirt for the special theme nights. Instead you can languish on cushioned cane in the Whitsunday Lounge, order a Pina Colada porcupined with paper umbrellas and you're unlikely to be talked about.

There's an activities co-ordinator but she doesn't look like Joyce Grenfell and you won't be rallied Billy Butlin style. Just check the activities board each day and choose from the effortless (coral viewing in a glass-bottomed boat) or the energetic (scuba diving).

Two Californians, Tony and Patricia Fontes, run the Airlie Beach-based Barrier Reef Diving Services with Maureen Prior, and they maintain a dive shop on Hayman. Novices can try on the gear in the Hayman pool and learn the basics, and snorkel and dive trips are arranged daily to Butterfly Bay and nearby sheltered spots, and on a regular basis to the Great Barrier Reef. Costs range from $5 to $33 for half and full-day snorkel and scuba trips, to $40 for a comprehensive full-day scuba course.

The delicate multi-colored coral, goggling and gaudy tropical fish, shadowy rays and myriad marine life are all fantastic. You'll dive down a curious visitor but you'll surface a committed conservationist.

There's game fishing too, or hand-lines for less ambitious anglers. Chef Otmar Scheer will turn your catch into a gourmet dinner if you ask nicely. Those who insist on being active can also try water-skiing, para sailing, wind surfing, volley ball on the beach or cruises to nearby islands. These activities are extra: the package holiday cost covers meals, accommodation and airfares including optional helicopter or launch transfer from Proserpine.

The Royal Hayman Resort is self-contained with shops (including a well-stocked general store for zinc cream, postcards, straw hats and all those other holiday essentials), a TAB, hairdresser and medical facilities. A good band, Kalendar, livens the evenings and Hernando's Hideaway is a beach-hut disco for those who want to bop 'til they drop. All this can cost from $577 to $863 ex Sydney for eight days/seven nights depending on the grade of accommodation and time of year you choose. Ansett has details.

Andre Maestracci, General Manager of the Royal Hayman Resort, has been living on the island for 22 years and he makes all his guests feel very welcome. He can show you lots of photographs of the old days, including some sad ones showing the aftermath of Cyclone Ada. He can also point out to you where a complex of new lodges and amenities will soon be built.

In the meantime, the island's pretty special the way it is. You won't find yourself basking in the smooth atmosphere of a Club Med, there's none of the chutzpah of the Riviera or colorful culture of the South Pacific or the Caribbean. You *could* get the same tan at Bondi or Burleigh, but Hayman Island presents a convincing case that a holiday near home doesn't have to be the last resort. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

MADNESS

(continued from page 47)

Fixing your own bike was normal, like feeding your dog, or drinking beer from the bottle. You didn't think about it.

turns numb, and your hands feel as though they're on backwards — and still you speed on, reluctant to slow the bike and interrupt the flow of motion.

Only your conditioned reflex can inhibit the experience, pinging your consciousness with everyday jottings of function and reality, dragging you back from the dream, nagging your foot to change down through the gears, to reduce speed, turn homeward bound and to lose it all in the ant's nest of human endeavor. It's down from the Big Rock Candy Mountain and back to Workaday Blues.

•

Fifties motor cycling was British to the core. Beesas, Ayjays, Nortons and Triumphs dominated the roads, with an occasional sporty Italian job or Harley bobbing up here and there. The Japanese had not yet made their move, and the English market felt secure and unshakeable. Everything was hunky-dory.

"Made in Japan" was a slogan of fun. Products thus marked were treated with contempt, and avoided as inferior junk. Indeed, much of it *was* junk, and therefore no indication of what was to come. Motor cycles from Japan? The British industry was entrenched in its high castle, and no serious threat seemed possible.

What actually came to pass is now history. The whys and wherefores of the British collapse have been tossed around by experts for over two decades, and still the issue is divided. It is a time-worn argument, and has no definite conclusion.

The only sure factor is this: once upon a clear Tokyo day, a group of wily engineers decided to take on the British giant, no holds barred. The result is legend. All other aspects of the drama are merely opinions and speculation.

•

But in 1955 the aim of life was good times. Good times meant many things. It meant taking your girl to a rock'n'roll dance, or getting as drunk as a monkey on pay-day. It meant riding a motor bike bare-headed. Crash helmets were neither compulsory, comfortable, nor fashionable. Bare heads in the wind were as much a part of riding as pistons throbbing in the engine. Skulls were considered to be fairly tough, and there was no point in worrying about a "prang". If you ran out of luck and found yourself cart-wheeling on the bitumen, for Christ's sake keep your head up off the surface. Everything was chancey — your head took its chance along with arms, legs and feet. Strict precautions against disaster were adhered to, the rest was in the wind.

Maintenance was thorough and personal. It was an easy-going chore, not a grudge against time. Time had a different meaning, there was more of it. In the Eighties, time has shrunk in proportion to the hustle bustle of urban life. There is little time to treat a task with enjoyment, other things keep crowding in, narrowing the scope of what is at hand.

Fixing your own bike was normal, like feeding your dog, or drinking beer from the bottle. You didn't think about it. Every nut and bolt was inspected, every wheel-spoke. You knew if something was not quite *right*. It was a feeling, and remained strong until the fault was located. You never rode out unless everything was spot on. It is a survival law, like a sky-diver packing his own chute.

Crash helmets were never seriously considered, however. Precautions against mishap were one thing, boxing your head in plastic and fibreglass was another. It would detract from the *essence* of motor cycling. Helmets muffled contact with the outside, blocked vision and hearing. Gone was the tingling sensation of naked force pounding and flowing through your hair. A rider with his head encased was losing the action of experience. He may as well round it off and buy a car, put his whole *body* in a shell. Sixty miles an hour, hair flowing free, that was the real thing.

Only one motor cyclist I ever knew wore a "hat". His name was Ossie Davis, and he sported a jet-black helmet with a white skull and crossbones logo, front and back. It was his trademark, his badge of existence. Ossie would no more ride out without his lid than he would knock back a bottle of booze on Friday night. Keeping his head in one piece was not the helmet's intended purpose. It was a case of absolute lairising — a demand for instant attention. We could spot Os a mile away, a black dot in the distance. Os and his headgear were accepted, in spite of the universal scorn for safety helmets. It was a part of him. Os + black hat = Os!

•

There is no middle ground with motor cycles — you either love 'em, or you don't give a hoot. Our second-hand Britishers were treated with devoted attention. They were polished until they sparkled, and constantly tuned and adjusted. New bikes were rare, but anybody with a job could afford some kind of machine. Everything else had to wait when the motor cycle was being attended. This was called "messing around with the bike", and many a wife cursed all two-wheelers into eternity.

There was a popular song that went, to the beat of a faked exhaust, something like this:

Well, he had a pretty girl friend
by the name of Mary Lou
But he treated her just like
he treated all the rest
And everybody pitied her
'cause everybody knew
He loved that doggone motor cycle best.

The song was called Black Denim Trousers and Motorcycle Boots, and although the music was as bad as the lyrics, it mirrored the flashy pop-glamor which was building up in teenage society. The hero received his just desserts in a sticky finish, thus his infidelity was rewarded with disaster, in true-no-loose-ends American fashion.

Australian youth was gradually being weaned from British influence to the raucous Stateside Dream.

•

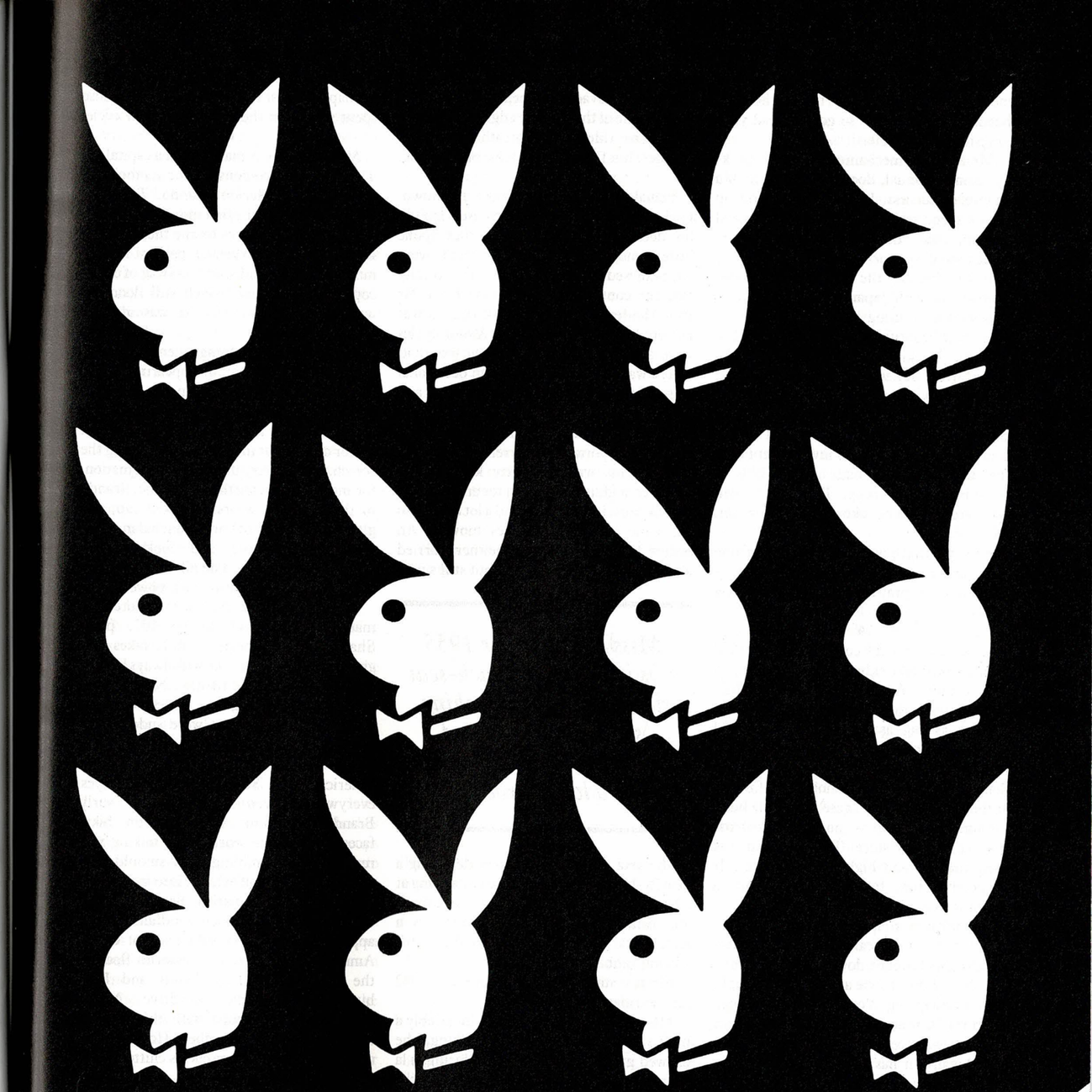
A dedicated motor cyclist was invariably a good "bush" mechanic. He could strip a bike down without batting an eye. He had no comprehensive manuals, or technical training — but a trial and error apprenticeship served on a dozen battered machines. "Getting her going" was a matter of personal pride and accomplishment. It was not enough to be an ace rider, you had to be handy with a spanner out on the road, miles from nowhere.

British bikes were notorious, after a couple of years' wear, for developing a vast array of mechanical kinks. A good bikie carried a good tool kit, and knew how to use it. Out on the road, a hapless traveller crouched on the edge of the tar with his head buried in a bike was a normal part of the scene. Bikes broke down with a regularity of a Courtship and Marriage episode. You couldn't ride a hundred miles without an oil leak, a knock developing, or a nut shaking loose. Out with the spanners and have a look at the bugger.

Okay — so what? So try it with a 1982 machine, that's what. Maybe a turbo rig for good measure. Miss a beat and it's back to the shop for an expensive look-see. Maintenance has been prised out of the hands of the owner. Just ride the bike, Jack, and leave the problems to me, your friendly Supercycle Man.

Eighties motor cycles aren't built for tinkering. These are not for Fast Harry to pull apart on his old man's back lawn. Gone are the days of tools scattered around the yard, and bits of grass going back with the clutch plate. They were rough and ready days, and the bikes were simple and tough. Like a '63 Holden, they just kept a-goin'. They were bikes the ordinary bloke could identify with, part of his easy way of life. Give him his tool kit and a piece of rag, a quid in his kick, and he was ready to go. Repair shop? That was a place for *push* bikes!

But tough luck in '82, all you would-be repairmen. Change the oil and adjust the mirrors, by all means, but don't get involved with that multi-cylinder big mama, or you'll finish up with a full-hand of



ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

PLEASE SEND.... AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $10.50 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

trouble and woe. (I'm talking about average motor cycle people, not top-of-the-class hotshot mechanics — so go and read your dragster comics, fellas).

Mr Average mechanic, even with back-up from a manual, doesn't have much of a chance of success. He's likely to wind up with a scene resembling a Cape Canaveral misfire, and then have to face the professional spannermen, who will abuse him for having the audacity to mess, *unqualified,* with Japan's finest. A clumsy knucklehead putting his grubby hands all over their beautiful machine. Sacrilege!

Soon, tool kits will be as extinct as the dodo bird. They will join drive chains and crash bars as curiosities from the past. The new-style repair shop expects to take over completely. The bike owner is being conditioned to accept less involvement with the machine, and huge repair bills if something goes wrong. The experts will take care of it — and take care of your wallet, too.

So if you have worked a year's overtime for your fancy road-rocket, that's great — but you better pray that nothing goes wrong with it.

●

Down in the cold country that I called home, motor bike riding was tough going in the winter. A normal freezing July necessitated serious survival gear: gloves or mittens as big as tennis racquets, lined inside (and sometimes *out*side) with rabbit fur; thick canvas pants worn over the usual denims; a scarf (or two) knotted tie-fashion at the throat; and to encase the whole body for total protection — an army greatcoat from a disposal store. The greatcoat was used for hell-and-high-water weather. It weighed a ton, but would keep out a blizzard. To round it all off, there was an item known as a lap rug, now lost in time. The lap rug was a canvas protective sheet which snap-fastened down over the legs and feet. You didn't tackle a mean stormy night without a lap rug. You could ride through slush for 20 miles without muddying your boots. It was great cold-and-wet gear, but, like chivalry, it has disappeared forever.

For the feet, flying boots were mandatory. They were best for both protection and style. They were tough as rhino hide, but soft inside with lambswool. The fashion was to wear them with the tops turned down, after the manner of World War II fighter pilots. Santa Claus is another well-known copier of this trend. Worn on motor bikes, however, the white lambswool soon resembled a dog's dinner, but no matter, it all fitted the image. No self-respecting rider would wear anything else. Heels and soles were seldom repaired. A badly worn heel-and-sole was the mark of the "gun" rider, one addicted to the hard-cornering habit. This was a prestigious skill, and involved skin-crawling exploits between rivals. A favorite performance was to lay the bike over on a tram line, so that the footpeg scraped the steel. The trick was to coax *sparks* from the steel-to-steel contact. It was mindless bravado, a peacock strut on wheels, one of the popular edge stunts of the time. The rider was a breath away from disaster, but that was the name of the game.

●

Female riders were almost unknown. Girls were pillion passengers used mainly for decoration. By and large, they spoke little, smoked like chimneys, and were cosmeticised like china dolls. To actually take the controls of a motor cycle was far from the female mind, and, of course, was not encouraged by the male. Motor cycles were a man's business, and that was that. There was the odd exception, an occasional woman rider, but she was a rare sight, and usually built like Killer Kolowski.

As well as male chauvinism, there was another important deterrent to female riding. This was the gritty kick starter, tough enough at times even for an old hand. It took muscle and sinew and a lot of balls to get some of those machines moving. An ornery bike was common, neither worried about, nor whinged about — but still a pain

Miss Motor Cycle 1955 was invariably a back-seat rider. When not smoking, she chewed gum and tried to look alluring, a la Monroe.

in the arse. There is a cartoon depicting a heavily-built bikie in full regalia standing at a bar drinking beer. He has one huge thigh and calf, the other side is skinny as a matchstick. The big leg, of course, is his kicking limb.

Electric starters are handy, ask any 1982 female rider.

Miss Motor Cycle 1955, was invariably a back-seat rider. When not smoking, she chewed gum and tried to look alluring, a la Monroe. She usually wore skin-tight slacks and sweaters if her body was eye-catching, and jeans and leather jackets if she judged herself to be less than startling. She was normally considered to be a moll by respectable society, and, sadly, by her motor cycle man. This was a generalisation that had become accepted as truth, but which had no basis in fact. The female pillion companion had as much love for the motor cycle experience as her male escort. Like him, her dress and behavior were outside her conscious control. She was a puppet-model, created and directed by fashion and advertising hype.

Her true personality was subdued by a tough veneer of movie-star glamor, sometimes never to emerge. She followed her second-hand dream through her teenage years, into fat housewife drudgery, never knowing the sources of her frustrations. Perhaps the best times of her life were those spent sitting on the back of a motor cycle.

●

Motor cycling is macho with a capital M. The man most responsible for symbolising that image is Marlon Brando. *The Wild One,* in 1953, was the first movie to snare, en masse, bikie audiences by the theatre-load. It created an unexpected payday for the movie industry, and started a swag of cheap copies and also-rans which still flood the world's picture screens. It was also an excellent movie.

Consider the opening scene: a dead-straight highway, disappearing into infinity. As the credits appear, tiny dots materialise at the far reaches of vision. They gradually grow larger until a tight pack of motor cycles roar into close focus, filling the screen. In perfect, unwavering formation, the motor cycles ride the centre line, Brando in the lead. He wears a peaked cap, sun glasses, and an air of bored nonchalance. He scratches his nose and looks about, completely deadpan. The bikes thunder on, dominating the highway with power.

Brando was typecast for evermore. No matter if he lives to be 107, plays Shakespearean theatre, and takes up growing watermelons, he will always be The Wild One. He was a natural. Nothing was ever the same again. Styles changed overnight. Peaked caps were suddenly in great demand. Short, straight, British handle bars gave way to the high, unswept American type. Sun-glasses grew on eyes everywhere, even at night, and surly Brando-expressions flourished on bikie faces all over the world. Fast talking was replaced by mumbling, and smouldering glances put the wolf-whistle into mothballs.

As usual, the market-place took full advantage of this sudden windfall. Brando apparel and gadgetry sold like hot cakes. American motor cycle accessories flooded the bike shops. The T-shirt and Levi business went into overdrive. Movie theatres couldn't cope with the crowds. Skirmishes greeted the House Full announcements. Motor cycles cluttered the streets outside theatres. It was a hurly-burly of color and chrome, night after night, while the mood lasted.

Mr and Mrs Suburbia went in fear of rape and torture. The image of crazed bikies, wild-eyed and dripping blood, was heavily dramatised by the media agencies, and, as always, had its biggest effect on the conservative sections of society. They stayed away from movie-houses in droves. The image of chain-wielding hordes was too much.

But who cared? Not the movie industry profiteers and hangers-on, nor the theatre bosses. Their only worry was getting to the bank fast enough. The occasional wrecked theatre was more than compensated for by the large amounts of pounds, shillings and pence pouring into the coffers. While the doubloons kept rolling in, they would show Brando every night until the moon turned to green cheese.

Just the same, the occasional theatre manager could be observed with a bad case of the jitters, like a one-armed waiter at a Buckingham Palace tea-party.

The police, too, suffered from nervousness. The Police Departments of the land were under strain. RSL and CWA forces, coupled with politicians seeking votes, were urging the law-enforcers to clean up the country, and make it safe once again from hooliganism. There were movements to ban bikie and rock'n'roll movies, to put an end to the rampant lawlessness everywhere.

But it wasn't quite as simple as that. Individual cops didn't relish the idea of taking on the mobs. They stayed in their cars, late at night, when bad feelings were running high. They developed a tactic of cruising the fringes of the bike crowds, like mechanised cockroaches on the prowl for crumbs. The nightly bedlam of bikes was driving them crazy. What the hell was going on? All this couldn't be the result of a single *movie.* They were expected to control these larrikins. How? Arrest them all? Tell your Aunt Fanny.

Thus the constabulary would sit, during those troubled times, hunched up, sweating, inside patrol cars outside the movie houses. Gravely they pondered the dictates of fashion and emulation, while inside, on the silver screen, Lee Marvin slapped Brando's hand away for the last time. When finally the movie rolled to a close, and all the social messages were locked away in buzzing minds for later interpretation, masses of leathered bodies tumbled into the streets. The waiting cops tensed. Look out! Hundreds of Brando look-alikes, heads full of macho-swagger and Stateside wise-crackery. The police usually adopted a wait-and-see attitude — unless they were present in larger than normal numbers, when they would show a bit more muscle.

Either way, it was all the same to the bikies. They took their time checking the machines and mounting up. It was a small eternity for the cramped cops, waiting for these mugs to move on. Then there was always the chance that they *wouldn't,* and what a bugger-up that meant! They had discovered that confrontation, except in emergency situations, just didn't warrant the results. It usually meant hard knocks all around, and few arrests to show for their trouble. So they sat in their cars, too-hot or too-cold, depending on the season. Why the bloody hell did they keep showing the picture? It ought to be sent back to America and shoved up their arse. What a mob, those Yanks.

Pocka-pocka-pockpockpock! First one, then another — finally a blast of sound from revving four-stroke engines. Burnt-out baffle plates and custom-exhausts added to the din. Back streets and alley ways reverberated with concussive noise. Blue smoke clogged the night air, hanging fog-like in the neon glare. The revving settled down to a staccato beat as the riders made further adjustments to their machines, chatted to each other and made faces towards the sulking police. The pillion girls sat smoking, sullen. The waiting game was part of the ritual, and had to be observed.

Upstairs, in the now-closed theatre, the manager waited too, anxious for the mob to depart. His mind was totting up the night's takings, but the noisy streets made him edgy. He wanted to get home to bed, and ponder on the miracles of profit before sleep. Home and bed, however, were the last destinations of a bikie and his mates. Plenty of time for that. Engines thumped steadily as the riders sat, straddled, eking out time, puffing on cigarettes. The squad cars had to make a move, on principle. No bodgies on wheels were going to clutter up the city *all* night. Glaring, they broadcast orders as they drove around the fringes of the pack.

"Move on. Move on."

Hoots and catcalls and a mighty revving of engines. The time-honored response.

The ordinary backyard kid turned away from race track horses, and saw instead the cruel, expressionless hoodlum as his criteria.

Tonight the motor cycle was king of the road, and its rider invincible. Hadn't Brando taken on a whole town? It wasn't his fault what happened, just bad luck. But the bikie was always on his feet when the shouting was over, just the same. No cell was strong enough for this powerful brotherhood, no policeman and his dog tough enough to move them on.

But time, their ally, eventually turned against them. The scene became boring. They were wasting petrol. Time to go. They had made their point. To the relief of the uniformed cops, and their plain-clothes "Demon" sidekicks, a single bike thundered from the pack. Chaos gave way to order as the machines took up formation and moved out, nudging slowly past the patrol cars, then blasting suddenly into the night. Under the influence of the great Brando, they rode heavy-eyed homeward.

The cops alternatively smirked and fumed. Bodgie bastards! Fancy having to let that bunch of bludgers go! Better to chain 'em together and seal off the streets till Doomsday. But they lacked the means, even though the will was strong. The handcuffs rattled emptily as they shifted in their seats, and fired their cars into action. They cursed quietly and cruised the city, hoping to fall upon a chance straggler or two with engine trouble. With luck they could provoke the victim into a resisting-arrest charge, and even provide a couple of knuckle sandwiches to settle the score.

But the bikies knew the rules of the game. Once on the move they kept going. No stragglers tonight. Hammering along the expressways, peeling off into various pockets of suburbia, their girls hugging them closely, they dreamed fantasies of themselves as surly, legendary heroes.

Tomorrow they would be back at work — in a garage or warehouse, or sorting out papers behind a desk. But tonight no man was their master.

The scene was repeated until Brando-mania ran out of steam, to be replaced by other imported dreams. Nervous cities relaxed as *The Wild One* lost its impetus, and, finally, vanished altogether.

The Brando performance left its mark wherever motor cyclists gathered. The "cool" rider had been invented. From that point, more than any other, American influence began to displace the traditional British attitude to motor cycles. The ordinary backyard kid turned away from race track heroes, and saw instead the cruel, expressionless hoodlum as his criteria.

●

It was loose, carefree riding in the Fifties. There wasn't so much to think about. The traffic was lighter, slower, less uptight. There were not so many scowls at five pm, and you didn't have to eat so much carbon monoxide going home from work.

In the world of the Eighties, your only chance of survival, long-term, is to treat every vehicle as your enemy. In spades.

Ride 10km/h through dense traffic. It goes something like this. Your lungs verge on capitulation, your head sweats and itches, your nerves jangle like a demented rock band going out on overload, and your face is tight enough to scare babies. Familiar? There isn't much fun left, unless you get way out in the country to live, and how many of us get to be so lucky?

It's a high risk form of transport, and there are more than a few one-legged ex-riders around as evidence. Switch to four wheels, they say, while you're in front. Tallying up the day's near-misses, you tend to agree. The stark image of a gravel truck, a metre and a half over the double-line, bearing down on you, is a wide-screen horror as you try to go to sleep at night.

It could be the beginning of the end for motor cycles. They are becoming too big, too specialised. Traffic is too dense. There just isn't enough room. There are too many deaths and broken bodies. The price is too high; maybe it's time to give it away.

But a motor bike rider is a motor bike rider. It's hard to give it up and ride in a tin can. Well, the only thing to do is to keep riding until the situation becomes *absolutely* intolerable.

After all, you can give it away any time.

LEGLESS IN GAZA

(continued from page 92)

The Aussies waited out week after boring week to earn a swim in what passed as surf near El Arish.

base and an overnight at a good hotel, courtesy they think, of the United States.

"We're on MFO business, they'll put us up at the Hilton," said one hopeful sergeant mechanic.

I remind them to avoid the Tel Aviv Hilton on a Friday night, where they serve only a Sabbath meal — salted fish that tastes like burned egg-plant — and where you are not allowed to smoke, except in your own room.

There is this myth about Israel that it is full of randy women — gorgeous nymphomaniac Jewesses or crazy European tourists losing their virginity a dozen times on kibbutzim. It's one of those things you hear in cafes in Istanbul, like where to get good hash in Pakistan, or advice to take Scotch into Burma. Israel is where you get laid. Such a story is meat to the Arabs, whose idea of sexual promiscuity is purely imaginary, except when on patrol along the borders with Israel. Having seen for myself the uninhibited behavior of Israeli holiday-makers at Eilat, I can well believe the story told me by a Jordanian soldier in the bar at the Hotel Manar about the patrol that spent an hour watching an Israeli border guard seduce a young maiden, while they debated whether to shoot the "filthy pig" or not.

Such tales infuriate the repressed Arabs. They just inflame the Anzacs. I fear for Diszendorf Street when they hit town. I don't fear for Eilat, the southern Israeli resort on the Gulf of Agaba, an arm of the Red Sea. It is in Eilat that the pain of giving up the Sinai becomes clear. Before, Israeli holiday-makers had the whole of this southern coast of Sinai to cavort in, to skin-dive, rest, explore, archeologise. Between Eilat and Shasm el Sheikh, at the tip of Sinai, the Israelis discovered the delights of tropical holidays. Not only the Israelis — about 10 years ago, the word got round the hippy trail that this part of Sinai was "just like Bali" — beautiful coral sands and cheap living. Dope? Well. . .

But not Eilat, where many of these hippies have ended, forced to move by the Israelis — cleaning the area for their Egyptian friends. Eilat is like all the hotels in Surfers Paradise plunked down on the one rocky bend in the Nerang River. The beach, just a gravel patch covered with a few barrow-loads of imported sand and re-planted palm trees, has such signs as "No Bathing".

When is a resort not a resort? Misleading notices direct unwitting visitors into the blades of roaring bulldozers, and sea urchins the size of pineapple plants proliferate. Eilat also has a lot of pretty girls, a lot more not-so-pretty girls, and 20 times more men. The Aussies will have to be pretty hot to score there. Should they, in righteous anger at the prices charged, for third-rate hotels there, destroy the place with hell-fire and brimstone, it would be a job well done. The Aussies waited out week after boring week to earn a swim in what passed as surf near El Arish. That constituted a weekend's leisure. The following weekend they were primed for a weekend in Cairo.

Based not far from El Arish where their grandfathers put the Turkish Army to flight with an attack of cold steel, these Anzacs aren't armed with anything more lethal than the over-primed weaponry they let loose with in the brothels of Cairo.

The helicopters are being used for reconnaissance and resupplying the out-posts. "If there's any trouble," said Pilot Officer Keith Dybing, from Morley in Western Australia, "we're off to Cyprus. We aren't equipped for war. There's an armor-plated seat and an infra-red suppressor which is supposed to confuse the guidance system of missiles. That's all."

What about banditos on the ground getting off pot-shots? Dybing explains that as long as the helicopters fly close to the ground, they are upon the ground forces before they can work out where the chopper is coming from. Nobody has time to get a shoulder-fired weapon up before the helicopter flies over.

Foreign pilots have been flying up and down Sinai for almost 10 years, and none have been shot down, yet. They've seen a lot of breaches of the no-military rules (usually just transport cock-ups) and a lot of smugglers, but never any trouble. The peace is holding.

How real a peace it is will be determined by time. As the Egyptians have been indoctrinated for the past 30 years to believe Israel to be an aggressive, imperialist foundling of the wicked, capitalist West and Jews intrinsically anti-Arab; they now have to readjust to welcoming Jewish tourists and American loans. President Mubarak has noted it will take time. Old rhetoric like "Israeli aggression", "into the sea" and "Palestinian homeland" can be heard in English from people who have little other English.

For the Israelis, the adjustment is not so radical. If you believe the Israeli claims for racial tolerance you will see the Israelis have to make little adjustment.

The people are making only as much adjustment as necessary. Cafes in El Arish change their name from the October Victory to Peace, from Saladin to Sholom. Businessmen expect most visitors to speak Ivrit (Hebrew), but when they find out you don't, you soon discover they still think of the "Yehudis" as before — aggressive arrogant cousins from whom one must now conceal one's contempt.

Same, same Israelis: "The Arabs are our friends, we harbor no hatred against them." But if they know their Arab friends have no English: "I don't want any more of this God-damned Arab bunch, let's get on the bus and out of this shitheap."

●

The big crunch for Israel came with the final withdrawal from Sinai during March and April, when the Zionist fanatics, of whom there is no shortage, mounted opposition to the pull-back. These groups played on the collective psychology of Israel — the paranoia and persecution complex — and re-occupied the building vacated by the less militant settlers. Many of these settlers, encouraged by the government to exploit the Sinai, felt betrayed, especially as the government's plans to compensate them for financial losses were in bureaucratic disarray. The commentators wrote of a "national trauma". Mass media coverage of zealots being evicted by Israeli soldiers inflamed pro-Zionist passions throughout the world.

As long as the helicopters fly close to the ground, they are upon the ground forces before they can work out where the chopper is coming from.

It bred such events as the arrival of a rabid rabbi from New York who jerried up a resistance group that barricaded itself in Sinai settlements and later it took a special meeting of the top rabbis to enunciate the doctrine that committing suicide for political reasons — at least these political reasons — is wrong.

Parliamentarians were down there protesting as well. The army chief of staff and the bloke in charge of the forces conducting the withdrawal were quoted as being in favor of the protestors.

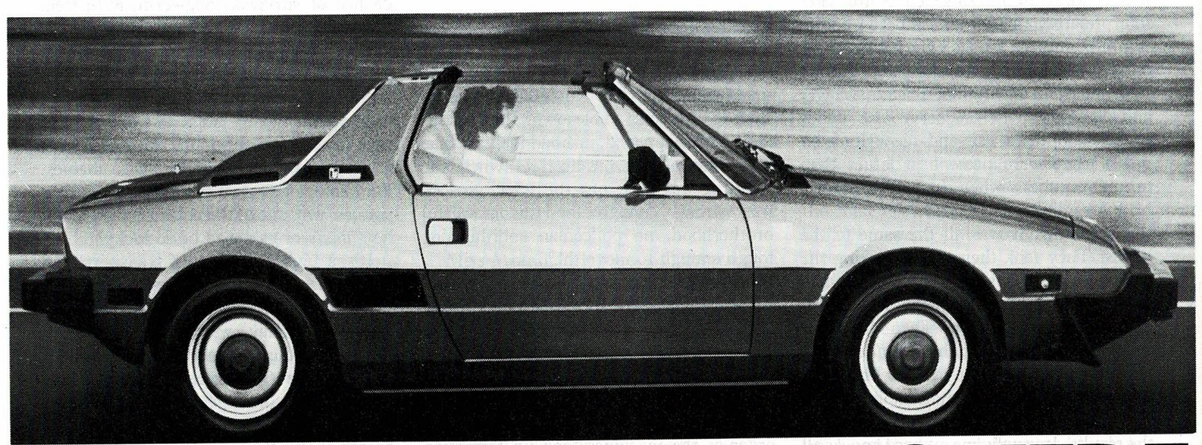
American girls cried tears over the loss of the Sinai which they knew only from their holidays there, while on the West Bank, Palestinian shopkeepers had their shop-doors welded up by soldiers for daring to strike in opposition to the Israeli occupation of their country.

It was also confusing when the Israelis wrecked their own buildings in the northern Sinai settlements — those around the town of Yammit.

The Israelis say they were asked to do so by Sadat — who's dead — and the Egyptians say they offered to buy them. Was it an emotive stunt? The only hassle left at the time of the Final Withdrawal was over a bloody tourist hotel, but it received spectacular coverage. Israel freaked out. Since before Easter there has been scarcely a day without riots on the West Bank, or stone-throwing in Gaza or Palestinians being shot.

It began earlier this year when, as if in recompense for losing Sinai, Israel formally annexed the Golan Heights, a tableland between Israel and Syria commanding the valleys below. This was another acquisition from the 1967 War. Israel justified it as a "security measure", on the legitimate grounds that it can't trust the Heights to Syria, who will use it to shell Israeli towns, or to launch a tank attack. Whatever, the 30,000 or so Arabs who fled from Golan in '67 weren't very happy about losing their land to Israel, and nor were the rest of the Arabs. "Zionist expansionism" they called it.

More astute observers call it "upping the ante"; which Israel has been doing for some years. One Israeli theoretician suggests the established image of Israel — Superpower



THE QUICKER X1-9 IS HERE.

The same stunning Bertone styling. The same amazing handling.
Under the bonnet, it's a different story. A new sporty 1500cc engine (0-80 kph in 7.7 seconds*).
A new five-speed shift for effortless freeway cruising.
With pop-up headlights and targa top, it all adds up to the most mouth-watering sports car package you can lay hands on.
And one that will go quicker than ever, in every sense of the word.
FIAT X1-9.1500 5-SPEED
*Australian Sports Car World July/Sept. '81

Distributed by: **NSW** – Grenville Motors (02) 888 7277, **Vic** – LNC Distribution (03) 791 5888, **Qld** – Annand & Thompson (07) 52 0161, **SA** – Champions (08) 211 8166, **WA** – Auswide Distribution (09) 451 5011.

PKB76.6184

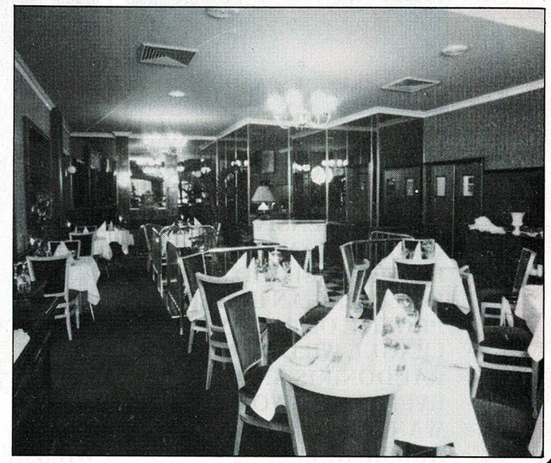
THE ROMANCE OF VENICE COMES TO SYDNEY

If you want: the most beautiful dining-room in the southern hemisphere, outstanding Italian cuisine, your own security car park, romantic piano to listen or dance to, then Danieli's is for you.

Lunch: Monday to Friday 12 — 2.30
Dinner: Monday to Saturday 6 — 10
Corner Riley and Cathedral Streets, Wooloomooloo, Sydney.

Telephone: 331 3876

Danieli's
RESTAURANT



(which the Arabs believe in) is used to keep the Arabs in line.

"We tell the 'little king' in Jordan that next time we'll cross the Jordan and take Amman for strategic as well as tactical reasons," he said. "If he has to flee the country, he knows we won't let him back on the throne."

Outside, young men are attending their militia meeting, their government issue guns at their sides.

"The Americans have given Israel all it's asked for," said Abu Jared Saleh, a Palestinian who was expelled from Israel in 1973. "Just like a spoiled child — it becomes a brat."

It is certainly histrionic. Annexations (which were banished from *our* side of politics with Czechoslovakia); calling councils together at gunpoint; dawn arrests of local mayors; detainments; armed vigilantes; quisling village leagues; then later, fatal repression of demonstrations and the terror wreaked by an American-born Zionist who ran amok in the mosque in Jerusalem.

To make the situation even worse, a Palestinian — or one of their sympathisers — eliminated an Israeli diplomat in Paris.

The Israelis let it be known they would invade south Lebanon and give the Pallo regulars a good hiding if they didn't behave. Yasser Arafat reportedly replied "Okay. Come and get us" but at the same time put a plan to Saudi Arabia to get the Yanks to lean on Israel. Instead Israel bombed a few Lebanese towns.

●

On Anzac Day, the last of the Sinai was officially handed over to Egypt; not out of any deference to Australia and New Zealand, it just happened that way. The handover was a complete anti-climax. It was not over-played, only a few brass bands and flags. Egypt realised the unnecessary bother it would involve to tread too heavily on cranky Israel's corns, and kept the celebrations low key.

Israel slumped back to contemplate its navel.

For the Australian and New Zealand contingent to the MFO in Sinai, Anzac Day was their first real day of work. There was a dawn service and then back to stations. At midnight, the airfield on which they are stationed was relinquished by Israel, and at noon Egypt took over.

The 20 or so check and observation posts, out in the desert, which are to be manned by the Fijians and Columbians, had to be stocked with men and supplies, and to those the Anzac pilots were flying. The other Australians were too busy on the handing-over preparations to have any time, before dinner, to engage in traditional Anzac Day observances — like drinking.

On that day, I wandered from the celebrations at the new border between Israel and Egypt near the Anzac base and saw that little Bedouin cutie. Maybe she was in a minefield, maybe not. But there was a sign forbidding foreigners to leave the main road, and enough soldiers around to enforce it. The girl joined the flag-waving for a minute, then strolled off into the desert, picking flowers. She had given her flag to a child. The Bedouin say the donkey doesn't care who rides it.

El Arish, April 26, 1982.

I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

AB1191/81 S527PB

NEXT MONTH

HOW I GAVE UP DOPE — AFTER TEN YEARS OF BAD JOKES, MEANINGFUL SILENCES AND WATCHING LATE NIGHT MOVIES ABOUT KILLER FISH, FRANK DUNBAR EXPERIENCES NORMALITY.

FOOTBALL SPECIAL — WE SWING INTO GRAND FINAL TIME WITH A COMPREHENSIVE COVERAGE OF OUR FAVORITE BLOOD SPORTS, INCLUDING AN IN-DEPTH PROFILE OF RUGBY LEAGUE WILD MAN TOMMY RAUDONIKIS AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT AUSSIE RULES.

MEET LOVELY LYNDA WIESMEIER — A GOLDEN SUMMER BLONDE TO CURE THOSE MID-WINTER BLUES.

The new internationals.

New, Peter Stuyvesant Luxury Length.

Luxury Length, the new international standard in smoking pleasure.
From Peter Stuyvesant.

PS1-C3-CC930/82